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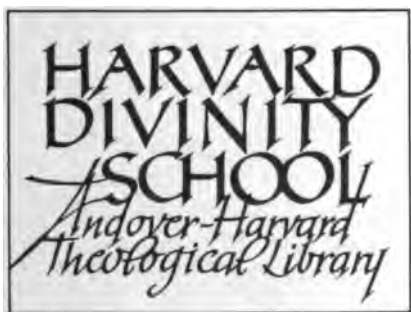
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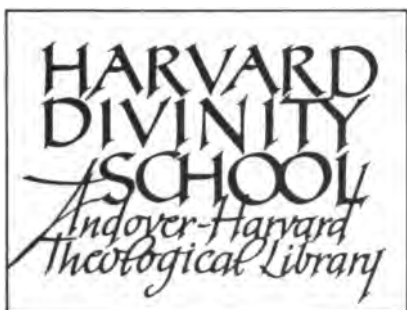
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THE ENGLISH
HYMN BOOK.

[*P. W. Dale*]



LONDON :
HODDER AND STOUGHTON, PATERNOSTER ROW.

BIRMINGHAM :
HUDSON AND SON, BULL STREET.

MDCCCLXXIX.



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395
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* Indicates that some change has been made in the original text.

[] Indicates that the hymn has not been compared with the author's text.

Congregations proposing to use this Book are requested to communicate with the Editor. Cheaper editions will be issued should it be desired.

P R E F A C E.

THIS Collection of Hymns is intended for the use of Congregational Churches, both Baptist and Pædobaptist.

I have called it "THE ENGLISH HYMN BOOK," because I have endeavoured, as far as possible, to insert only those hymns which seem to me to be in harmony with the characteristic type of English piety. The religious life of this country, in its healthiest forms, is distinguished by a certain manly simplicity very alien from the sensuous sentimentalism which has been encouraged by some recent hymn-writers; even the pathetic hymns of the Middle Ages, and the noble songs of German Protestantism, do not express very naturally the religious thought and emotion of ordinary Englishmen. Our religious life would, indeed, be greatly impoverished if we rejected the aids to devotion supplied by saints of other countries and other times; but, for myself, I am anxious to preserve the national type both of faith and feeling; and, therefore, while gratefully availing myself of translations of Greek and Latin and German hymns, when they appeared likely to enrich the worship of English Christians without transforming its character, I have avoided whatever seemed foreign and unfriendly to our traditions and habits.

The incessant engagements and distractions incident to the pastorate of a large church, in a large town, leave me none of those protracted periods of uninterrupted quiet which are necessary to ensure the accuracy of a book like this. When the brain and the eye are weary, or when one public duty is only just over and another just approaching, it is certain that "proofs" will be sent to the printers with many errors undetected. Nor have I always had access, just at the time I wanted it, to the original texts of the hymns which I wished to insert. *I should never have undertaken the task of compiling a Hymn Book had any existing collection of Hymns contained what I wanted for use in my own congregation.*

The task, however, has been a very pleasant one. Its pleasantness has been greatly increased by the extreme courtesy and kindness which I have received from authors, to whom I have had occasion to apply for permission to use their compositions—kindness and courtesy, which have often been most generous and cordial, on the part of those whose theological faith and ecclesiastical position are most remote from my own.

My grateful acknowledgements are due to Mrs. ALEXANDER (1), Rev. Dr. ALLON (2), Rev. Sir HENRY BAKER (3), Rev. R. A. BERTRAM, Rev. Dr. BONAR and Messrs. NISBET (4), Rev. Canon BRIGHT (5), Rev. BALDWIN BROWN, Rev. Dr. CASWALL (6), Rev. J. CHANDLER (7), Mrs. CHARLES (8), Rev. G. W. CONDER, Rev. THOMAS DAVIS (9), Rev. H. DOWNTON (10), Rev. E. W. EDDIS, Rev. H. W. EDDIS, Rev. JOHN ELLERTON, J. H. GILL, Esq. (11), Rev. S. BARING-GOULD, J. T. HAYES, Esq. (for permission to use the Hymns of the late Dr. NEALE) (12), Rev. NEWMAN HALL (13), Rev. W. WALSHAM HOW, Messrs. ISBISTER & Co. (for permission to use the Hymns of Miss A. L. WARING) (14), Rev. W. TIDD MATSON (15), Rev. J. E. MILLARD, Rev. Dr. MONSELL (16), C. E. MUDIE, Esq. (17), Rev. Dr.

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To the late Dean ALFORD (25), and the late Sir JOHN BOWRING (27), I am also indebted for permission to use their compositions, permission which was granted in both cases with characteristic kindness.

To Dr. BONAR and his publishers, Messrs. NISBET, and to Mr. T. H. GILL, my special thanks are due. No less than 58 Hymns in the Collection are selected from Dr. BONAR's well-known *Hymns of Faith and Hope*; and 39 Hymns are selected from Mr. GILL's *Golden Chain of Praise*. It is only justice to Mr. GILL, whose remarkable volume is comparatively unknown, to say that I have left unused a large number of his hymns which, though perhaps less suitable for public worship, are not less beautiful than those which I have taken.

From Messrs. LONGMAN & Co., and from Messrs. BELL & DALDY, I have received permission to use the translations of Miss WINKWORTH, and the Hymns of Miss ADELAIDE PROCTOR, on the usual terms.

I have to ask the kindly forgiveness of any authors whose hymns I have used without their permission. In one or two cases I have written for permission, and have received no answer; in other cases I have not known where to write.

R. W. DAL'E.

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 - (27) *Motets and Vespers: J. Green.*



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HYMNS OF PRAISE.

EXHORTATIONS TO PRAISE.

1 L.M. TATE AND BRADY.*
Psalm xcv.

1 **O** COME, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our Almighty King ;
For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's rock we praise.

2 Into His presence let us haste,
To thank Him for His favours past ;
To Him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to His name belongs.

3 For God, the Lord, enthroned in state,
Is with unrivalled glory great ;
The hills' great strength is in His hand,
He made the sea, He fixed the land.

4 O let us to His courts repair,
And bow with adoration there ;
Low on our knees, devoutly, all
Before the Lord our Maker fall :

5 For He's our God, our Shepherd He,
The flock of His rich pasture we ;
To-day, then, like His flock draw near,
To-day—if *you His voice will hear.*

FOR SERVICE
FOR SERVICE

FOR A FAVOR

FOR COLONIST

NATIONAL
General ..

Thanksgiving

Honorable

In Time

Thank

The T

MNS OF PRAISE.

RTATIONS TO PRAISE.

L.M. TATE AND BRADY.*

Psalm xcv.

COME, loud anthems let us sing,
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In presence let us haste,
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address, in joyful songs,
se that to His name belongs.

O the Lord, enthroned in state,
unrivalled glory great ;
great strength is in His hand,
the sea, He fixed the land.

O His courts repair,
with adoration there ;
r knees, devoutly, all
Lord our Maker fall :

our Shepherd He,
ch pasture we ;
His flock draw near,
voice will hear.

PRAISE.

2

S.M.
Psalm xcv.

WATTS.

- 1 COME, sound His praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing ;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.
- 2 He formed the deeps unknown ;
He gave the seas their bound ;
The watery worlds are all His own,
And all the solid ground.
- 3 Come, worship at His throne ;
Come, bow before the Lord ;
We are His works, and not our own ;
He formed us by His word.
- 4 To-day attend His voice,
Nor dare provoke His rod ;
Come, like the people of His choice,
And own your gracious God.

3

L.M.
Psalm c.

KETHE. •

- 1 ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice ;
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.
- 2 Know ye, the Lord is God indeed ;
Without our aid He did us make ;
We are His flock, He doth us feed ;
And for His sheep He doth us take.
- 3 O enter, then, His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto ;
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.
- 4 For why ? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

EXHORTATIONS TO PRAISE.

L.M. TATE AND BRADY
Psalm c.

- 1 **W**ITH one consent let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise ;
Glad homage pay with pious mirth,
And sing before Him songs of praise :
- 2 Convinced that He is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed,
We, whom He chooses for His own,
The flock that He vouchsafes to feed.
- 3 O enter, then, His temple gate,
Thence to His courts devoutly press,
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still His name with praises bless.
- 4 For He's the Lord, supremely good ;
His mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

5

L.M. WATTS.
Psalm c.

- 1 **Y**E nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sovereign King ;
Serve Him with cheerful heart and voice,
With all your tongues His glory sing.
- 2 The Lord is God : 'tis He alone
Doth life and breath and being give ;
We are His work, and not our own,
The sheep that on His pastures live.
Enter His gates with songs of joy,
With praises to His courts repair ;
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honours there.
- 4 The Lord is good, the Lord is kind,
Great is His grace, His mercy sure ;
And the whole race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

PRAISE.

6

L.M.
Psalm c.

WATTS.*

- 1 **B**EFORE Jehovah's awful throne
Ye nations bow with sacred joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and He destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay and formed us men ;
And when, like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.
- 3 We are His people, we His care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame :
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy name ?
- 4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise ;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.
- 5 Wide as the world is Thy command :
Vast as eternity Thy love ;
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

7 12, 10, 12, 10, Irregular. J. S. B. MONSELL.
Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.
1 Chron. xvi. 29.

- 1 **O** WORSHIP the Lord in the beauty of
holiness !
Bow down before Him, His glory proclaim ;
With gold of obedience and incense of lowliness,
Kneel and adore Him, the Lord is His name.
- 2 Low at His feet lay thy burden of carefulness ;
High on His heart He will bear it for thee,
Comfort thy sorrows, and answer thy prayerful-
ness,
Guiding thy steps as may best for thee be.

EXHORTATIONS TO PRAISE.

- 3 Fear not to enter His courts in the slenderness
Of the poor wealth thou wouldest reckon as
thine ;
Truth in its beauty, and love in its tenderness,
These are the offerings to lay on His shrine.
- 4 These, though we bring them in trembling and
fearfulness,
He will accept for the name that is dear ;
Mornings of joy give for evenings of tearfulness,
Trust for our trembling, and hope for our fear.
- 5 O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness !
Bow down before Him, His glory proclaim ;
With gold of obedience and incense of lowliness,
Kneel and adore Him—the Lord is His name.

8 ^{7,6. Double.} ^{T. H. GILL.}
We have access by one Spirit unto the Father.
Eph. ii. 18.

- 1 **Y**E children of the Father,
For whom the Son did die,
Close, close around Him gather ;
Ye cannot come too nigh.
Draw near, by Him invited,
Made bold by His own might,
By His own smile delighted,
With His own presence bright.
- 2 Throw every power and passion
Into each song, each prayer ;
Bring a free, full oblation !
Let all your strength be there !
With utmost rapture greet Him !
Your inmost souls outpour !
Spirit to spirit meet Him ;
Within the veil adore !

PRAISE.

- 3 Thou openest, Lord ! we enter ;
Thou callest ; lo ! we come.
Within the veil we venture,
And find our Lord at home.
Here, nigh to Thee we tarry ;
Here, close we wait on Thee,
And when we go to glory,
'Twill be Thy face to see.

9 L.M. T. H. GILL.
Kings and Priests unto God.—Rev. i. 6.

- 1 YE people of the Lord draw near,
In all your dignity divine ;
Before your Father ye appear :
Beneath your Saviour's smile ye shine.
- 2 He made you priests, He made you kings :
These robes He wrought, these crowns He wove ;
He gave you all these glorious things
Himself, the great High Priest above.
- 3 Come, gladsome in the robes He wrought !
Come, glorious with the crowns He wove !
Ne'er from your high estate be brought—
Ne'er from His full embrace remove !
- *[4 Yield up to no usurping priest,
One gift that cost the Lord so dear :
Enjoy the fulness of His feast !
Make at His table gladsome cheer.
- 5 In all your dignity appear
While ye show forth its awful price :
O priests of God, draw near, draw near !
Make of yourselves sweet sacrifice.]
- 6 Your bodies yield, your store present,
Your souls bestow, your spirits bring.
All odorous with the incense lent
By the High Priest's one offering.

6 * To be omitted except before the Lord's Supper.

EXHORTATIONS TO PRAISE.

10 ^{6666,4444} *O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt
His name together.*—Psalm xxxiv. 3. T. H. GILL.*

- 1 YE of the Father loved,
Ye of the Saviour sought,
Whose sins He hath removed,
Whose raiment He hath wrought;
Ye who have known
The Spirit's might;
On whom hath shone
The Spirit's light!
- 2 Ye people of the Lord
Who in His love abide;
Your treasure do not hoard,
Your gladness do not hide!
Together, bring
Your costly store!
Together, sing!
Together, soar!
- 3 Glad heart, repeat to heart
The story of thy peace:
Each dear delight impart!
Each dear delight increase!
Thy foes o'erthrown,
Thy sins forgiven,
Thy darkness gone,
Thy fetters riven!
- 4 Tell of that saving hour;
Tell of His smiling face!
Tell of His quickening power;
Tell of His strengthening grace!
Souls loved so well,
Come near! Come near!
O hear and tell!
O tell and hear!

PRAISE.

- 3 Thou openest, Lord ! we enter ;
Thou callest ; lo ! we come.
Within the veil we venture,
And find our Lord at home.
Here, nigh to Thee we tarry ;
Here, close we wait on Thee,
And when we go to glory,
'Twill be Thy face to see.

9 L.M. T. H. GILL.
Kings and Priests unto God.—Rev. i. 6.

- 1 YE people of the Lord draw near,
In all your dignity divine ;
Before your Father ye appear :
Beneath your Saviour's smile ye shine.
- 2 He made you priests, He made you kings :
These robes He wrought, these crowns He wove ;
He gave you all these glorious things
Himself, the great High Priest above.
- 3 Come, gladsome in the robes He wrought !
Come, glorious with the crowns He wove !
Ne'er from your high estate be brought—
Ne'er from His full embrace remove !
- *[4 Yield up to no usurping priest,
One gift that cost the Lord so dear :
Enjoy the fulness of His feast !
Make at His table gladsome cheer.
- 5 In all your dignity appear
While ye show forth its awful price :
O priests of God, draw near, draw near !
Make of yourselves sweet sacrifice.]
- 6 Your bodies yield, your store present,
Your souls bestow, your spirits bring.
All odorous with the incense lent
By the High Priest's one offering.
- 6 * To be omitted except before the Lord's Supper.

EXHORTATIONS TO PRAISE.

10 ^{6666,4444.} *O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt
His name together.—Psalm xxxiv. 3.* T. H. GILL.●

1 YE of the Father loved,
Ye of the Saviour sought,
Whose sins He hath removed,
Whose raiment He hath wrought;
Ye who have known
The Spirit's might;
On whom hath shone
The Spirit's light!

2 Ye people of the Lord
Who in His love abide;
Your treasure do not hoard,
Your gladness do not hide!
Together, bring
Your costly store!
Together, sing!
Together, soar!

3 Glad heart, repeat to heart
The story of thy peace:
Each dear delight impart!
Each dear delight increase!
Thy foes o'erthrown,
Thy sins forgiven,
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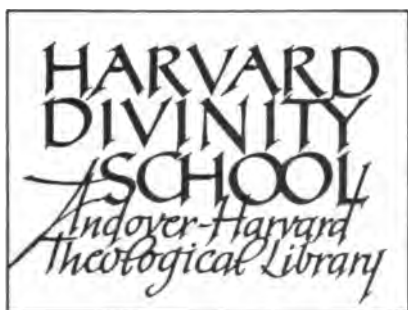
EXHORTATIONS TO PRAISE.

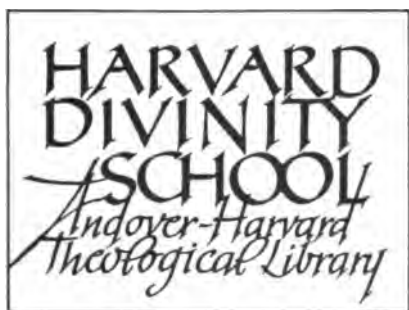
11 108. Six lines. SIR J. BOWRING.
Praise ye the Lord.—Psalm cxlviii. 1.

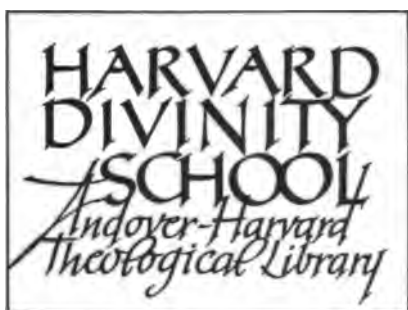
- 1 **S**ING Hallelujah ! Hallelujah sing ! [King,
 Welcome the Lord of hosts, the sovereign
 The King of glory. Hallelujah ! pour
 Anthems and hymns of praise to Him, the blest,
 The glorious, who is seated evermore
 In the high heavens—the first, the mightiest.
- 2 Sing Hallelujahs ! Let His praise go forth,
 And fill the east, the west, the south, the north ;
 Where'er His goodness is, His praise shall be—
 Throughout all space, all time, below, above ;
 O'er all the busy earth, the rolling sea :
 His praise be infinite as is His love.
- 3 Sing Hallelujahs ! Sing ! 'Tis right, 'tis meet
 To bend in adoration at His feet :
 Sing Hallelujahs ! Let our voices blend
 With nature's everlasting voices. Sing,
 In an eternal chorus, Him, our Friend,
 Our God, our Saviour, and our sovereign King.

12 S.M. MONTGOMERY.
Stand up and bless the Lord your God.
 Neh. ix. 5.

- 1 **S**TAND up and bless the Lord,
 Ye people of His choice ;
 Stand up and bless the Lord your God,
 With heart and soul and voice.
- 2 Though high above all praise,
 Above all blessing high,
 Who would not fear His holy name,
 And laud and magnify ?
- 3 Oh for the living flame
 From His own altar brought,
 To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
 And wing to heaven our thought !











THE ENGLISH
HYMN BOOK.

[*P. W. Dale*]



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BIRMINGHAM :
HUDSON AND SON, BULL STREET.

MDCCLXXIX.

PRAISE.

- 4 The men that know Thy name will trust
In Thine abundant grace ;
For Thou dost ne'er forsake the just,
Who humbly seek Thy face.
- 5 Sing praises to the righteous Lord,
Who dwells on Zion's hill ;
Who executes His threatening word,
And doth His grace fulfil.

24

C.M. TATE AND BRADY.
Psalm xxxiii.

- 1 **L**ET all the just to God with joy .
Their cheerful voices raise ;
For well the righteous it becomes
To sing glad songs of praise.
- 2 By His almighty word, at first,
Heaven's glorious arch was reared ;
And all the beauteous worlds of light
At His command appeared.
- 3 Whate'er the Mighty Lord decrees,
Shall stand for ever sure ;
The settled purpose of His heart
To ages shall endure.
- 4 How happy, then, are they to whom
The Lord our God is known ;
Whom He, from all the world besides,
Has chosen for His own !
- 5 The riches of Thy mercy, Lord,
Do Thou to us extend,
Since we, for all we want or wish,
On Thee alone depend.

25

C.M. WATTS.●
Psalm xxxvi.

- 1 **A**BOVE the heavens' created rounds,
Thy mercies, Lord, extend ;
Thy truth outlives the narrow bounds
Where time and nature end.

GENERAL PRAISE.

- 2 Thy justice shall maintain its throne
 Though mountains melt away ;
Thy judgments are a world unknown,
 A deep unfathomed sea.
- 3 Thy hand sustains all living things ;
 Thy providence how kind !
Beneath the shadow of Thy wings
 Thy children safety find.
- 4 From Thee, when earthly streams run low,
 And mortal comforts die,
Perpetual springs of life shall flow,
 And raise our pleasures high.
- 5 Though all created light decay,
 And death close up our eyes,
Thy presence makes eternal day
 Where clouds can never rise.

26

L.M.
Psalm lvii.

WATTS.*

- 1 **M**Y God, in whom are all the springs
 Of boundless love, and grace unknown,
Hide me beneath Thy spreading wings,
Till the dark cloud is overblown.
- 2 Up to the heavens I send my cry,
 The Lord will my desires perform ;
He sends His angels from the sky,
 And saves me from the threatening storm.
- 3 Be Thou exalted, O my God !
 Above the heavens, where angels dwell ;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
 And land to land Thy wonders tell.
- 4 High o'er the earth Thy mercy reigns,
 And reaches to the utmost sky ;
Thy truth to endless years remains,
 When lower worlds dissolve and die.

PRAISE.

- 5 Be Thou exalted, O my God !
Above the heavens, where angels dwell ;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land Thy wonders tell.

27

L.M.
Psalm xcii.

WATTS.*

- 1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise Thy name, give thanks, and sing,
To show Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truth at night.
- 2 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless His works, and bless his word ;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine,
How deep Thy counsels ! how divine !
- 3 Soon shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desire or wish below ;
And every power find sweet employ
In Thine eternal world of joy.
- 4 O may Thy love inspire my tongue !
Salvation shall be all my song,
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.
- 5 O may my spirit daily rise,
On wings of faith, above the skies ;
I long, O Lord, to see Thy face,
To know the fulness of Thy grace.

28

L.M.
Psalm xcvii.

WATTS.*

- 1 JEHOVAH reigns exalted high
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky ;
Though clouds and darkness veil His feet,
His dwelling is the mercy-seat.

GENERAL PRAISE.

- 2 O ye that love His holy name,
Hate every work of sin and shame ;
He guards the souls of all His friends,
And from the snares of hell defends.
- 3 Immortal light and joys unknown
Are for the saints in darkness sown ;
Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,
And the bright harvest bless our eyes.
- 4 Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
The sacred honours of the Lord ;
None but the soul that feels His grace
Can triumph in His holiness.

29

4, 4, 6, Double (or C.M.)
Psalm xcvi.

H. F. LYTE.

- 1 MY God, my King,
Thy praise I sing,
My heart is all Thine own ;
My highest powers,
My choicest hours,
I yield to Thee alone.
- 2 My voice awake,
Thy part to take ;
My soul the concert join ;
Till all around
Shall catch the sound,
And mix their hymns with mine.
- 3 But man is weak
Thy praise to speak ;
Your God, ye angels, sing ;
'Tis yours to see,
More near than we,
The glories of our King.

PRAISE.

- 4 His truth and grace
Fill time and space,
As large His honours be ;
Till all that live
Their homage give,
And praise my God with me.

30

L.M.
Psalm cxxxvi.

H. F. LYTE.

- 1 **T**HY mercies, Lord, shall be my song ;
My song on them shall ever dwell ;
To ages yet unborn my tongue
Thy never-failing truth shall tell.
- 2 For such stupendous love as Thine
I ne'er can pay the half I owe.
Help me, ye angel-choirs divine !
O help me, all ye saints below !
- 3 The heavens are Thine, the earth is Thine,
The wonders of Thy mighty hand ;
And all that round Thee breathe and shine
Obey Thine infinite command.
- 4 Thou dost the lawless sea control,
And check and change the restless deep ;
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll ;
Thou mak'st the rolling billows sleep.
- 5 Thy arm is strong, Thy hand is high ;
Justice and judgment round Thee wait ;
And who can better tell than I,
Thou art as good as Thou art great !

31

L.M.
Psalm cxxxviii.

WATTS.

- 1 **W**ITH all my powers of heart and tongue,
I'll praise my Maker in my song ;
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.

GENERAL PRAISE.

- 2 Angels that make Thy Church their care
Shall witness my devotions there ;
While holy zeal directs mine eyes
To Thy fair temple in the skies.
- 3 I'll sing Thy truth and mercy, Lord,
I'll sing the wonders of Thy word ;
Not all Thy works and names below,
So much Thy power and glory show.
- 4 To God I cried when troubles rose ;
He heard me, and subdued my foes ;
He did my rising fears control,
And strength diffused through all my soul.
- 5 Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by Thy hand ;
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.
- 6 Grace will complete what grace begins,
'To save from sorrows or from sins ;
'The work that wisdom undertakes
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

32

C.M.
Psalm cxlv.

WATTS.

- 1 **L**ONG as I live I'll bless Thy name,
My King, my God of love ;
My work and joy shall be the same
In the bright world above.
- 2 Great is the Lord, His power unknown,
And let His praise be great ;
I'll sing the honours of Thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.
- 3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue,
And while my lips rejoice,
*The men that hear my sacred song
Shall join their cheerful voice.*

PRAISE.

- 4 Fathers to sons shall teach Thy name,
And children learn Thy ways ;
Ages to come Thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound Thy praise.
- 5 Thy glorious deeds of ancient date
Shall through the world be known ;
Thine arm of power, Thy heavenly state
With public splendour shown.
- 6 The world is governed by Thy hands,
Thy saints are ruled by love ;
And Thine eternal kingdom stands,
Though rocks and hills remove.

33

L.M.
Psalm cxlv.

WATTS

- 1 **M**Y God, my King, Thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days ;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue
Till death and glory raise the song.
- 2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to Thine ear ;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for Thee.
- 3 Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim ;
Thy bounty flows—an endless stream—
Thy mercy swift, Thine anger slow,
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.
- 4 Thy works with sovereign glory shine,
And speak Thy majesty divine ;
Let Britain round her shores proclaim
The sacred honours of Thy name.
- 5 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of Thy praise,
*And unborn ages make my song
The joy and labour of their tongue.*

GENERAL PRAISE.

- 6 But who can speak Thy wondrous deeds ?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds :
Vast and unsearchable Thy ways !
Vast and immortal be Thy praise !

34 C.M. TATE AND BRADY.
*I will extol Thee, my God, O King, and I will
praise Thy name for ever and ever.*
Ps. cxlv. 1.

- 1 THEE I'll extol, my God and King ;
Thine endless praise proclaim ;
To Thee my daily tribute bring ;
And ever bless Thy name.
- 2 For Thou art great, supremely great,
And highly to be praised ;
Thy majesty, with boundless height,
Above our thought is raised.
- 3 Ages to ages shall proclaim
Thy deeds of truth and might ;
And men shall praise Thy glorious name,
And in Thy love delight.
- 4 Thine is an everlasting throne,
And Thy dominion sure :
The saints shall make Thy glories known,
And let the earth adore.

35 L.M. DODDRIDGE.*
While I live will I praise the Lord.
Ps. cxlvi. 2.

- 1 GOD of my life, through all its days,
My grateful powers shall sound Thy praise ;
The song shall wake with opening light,
And echo to the silent night.
- 2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises raised on high
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

PRAISE.

- 3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all its powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.
- 4 But O, when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chained to flesh no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise,
To join the music of the skies.
- 5 Soon shall I learn the exalted strains,
Which echo through the heavenly plains ;
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round Thy throne.
- 6 My cheerful tribute will I give,
Long as a deathless soul can live ;
A work so sweet, a theme so high,
Demands and crowns eternity.

36 L.M. MONTGOMERY.
Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom.
Ps. cxlv. 13.

- 1 GOD is the Lord ; around His throne
G In heaven, adoring seraphim,
And ransomed saints, ascribe alone
All power, might, majesty to Him.
- 2 On earth His church impregnable,
Built on the Rock of Ages, stands,
And yet, against the gates of hell,
Shall send salvation through all lands.
- 3 Thou by whose word the worlds were made,
In wisdom and in goodness framed,
By every creature be obeyed,
By every tongue Thy praise proclaimed.

GENERAL PRAISE.

- 4 Let Britain's children, most of all
Beholden for their lot of grace,
Rejoice to hear their Saviour's call,
And seek their Heavenly Father's face.
- 5 So the new song we now begin
Shall never cease while we have breath,
Through Him who suffered for our sin,
And by His death abolished death.

6, 7, Double.
7 *Rejoice in the Lord, O ye righteous.*—Ps. xxxiii. 1.

- 1 PRAISE we our God with joy
And gladness never ending ;
Angels and saints with us
Their grateful voices blending.
He is our Father dear,
With parent's love o'erflowing ;
Mercies unsought, unknown,
On wayward hearts bestowing.
- 2 He is our Shepherd true ;
With watchful care unsleeping,
On us, His erring sheep,
An eye of pity keeping.
He with a mighty arm
The bonds of sin hath broken,
And to our burdened hearts
The words of peace hath spoken.
- 3 Graces in copious stream
From that pure fount are welling,
Where, in our heart of hearts,
Our God hath set His dwelling.
His truth our refuge is,
His peace our consolation,
His goodness all our rest,
Himself our great salvation.

PRAISE.

38 7, 7, 8, 7, Double **WARE.**
Forget not all His benefits.—Ps. ciii. 2.

- 1 **F**ATHER of earth and heaven,
Whose arm upholds creation,
To Thee we raise the voice of praise,
And bend in adoration.
We praise the power that made us,
We praise the love that blesses;
While every day that rolls away
Thy gracious care confesses.
- 2 Though trial and affliction
May cast their dark shade o'er us,
Thy love doth throw a heavenly glow
Of light on all before us.
That love has smiled from heaven
To cheer our path of sadness,
And leads the way, through earth's dull day,
To realms of endless gladness.
- 3 That light of love and glory
Has shone through Christ, the Saviour,
The holy Guide, who lived and died
That we might live for ever !
And since Thy great compassion
Thus brings Thy children near Thee,
May we to praise devote our days,
And love as well as fear Thee.
- 4 And when death's final summons
From earth's dear scenes shall move us,
From friends, from foes, from joys, from woes,
From all that know and love us,
Oh ! then, let hope attend us ;
Thy peace to us be given ;
That we may rise above the skies,
And sing Thy praise in heaven.

GENERAL PRAISE.

39 C.M. FABER.*
Do not I fill heaven and earth.—Jerem. xxiii. 24.

- 1 O GOD! Thy power is wonderful,
Thy glory passing bright;
Thy wisdom, with its deep on deep,
A rapture to the sight.
- 2 There's not a craving of the mind
Thou dost not meet and still;
There's not a wish the heart can have
Which Thou dost not fulfil.
- 3 All things that have been, all that are,
All things that can be dreamed,
All possible creations made,
Kept faithful, or redeemed:
- 4 All these may draw upon Thy power,
Thy mercy may command,
And still outflows Thy silent sea,
Immutable and grand.
- 5 O trembling heart of mine, shall pain
Or sorrow make thee moan,
When all this God is all for thee,
A Father all thine own?

40 6, 5, Double. G. RAWSON.
I will be glad and rejoice in Thee.—Ps. ix. 2.

- 1 WITH gladness we worship,
Rejoice as we sing,
Free hearts and free voices
How blessed to bring.
The old thankful story
Shall reach Thine abode,
Thou King of all Glory,
Most bountiful God.

PRAISE.

- 2 Thy right would we give Thee,
True homage Thy due,
And honour eternal,
The universe through.
With all Thy creation,
Earth, heaven, and sea,
In one acclamation
We celebrate Thee.
- 3 Renewed by Thy Spirit,
Redeemed by Thy Son,
Thy children revere Thee
For all Thou hast done.
O Father ! returning
To love and to light,
Thy children are yearning
To praise Thee aright.
- 4 Our souls mount aspiring
To reach the Divine,
Partaking Thy nature—
Through Christ—even Thine.
Through Him we are soaring,
With Him in accord,
We triumph adoring,
We joy in the Lord.
- 5 We join with the angels,
And now there is given,
From earth, Hallelujah !
In answer to heaven.
Amen ! be Thou glorious,
Below and above ;
O'er all hearts victorious,
O Infinite Love !

GENERAL PRAISE.

1 6, 6, 8, 4, Double. OLIVERS.*
The God of Abraham.—Gen. xxxi. 42.

1 **T**HE God of Abraham praise,
 Who reigns enthroned above,
Ancient of everlasting days,
 And God of Love.
 Jehovah, great I AM !
 By earth and heaven confessed ;
We bow and own the sacred name,
 For ever blessed.

2 The God of Abraham praise,
 At whose supreme command
From earth we rise, and seek the joys
 At His right hand.
 We all on earth forsake,
 Its wisdom, fame, and power ;
And Him our only portion make,
 Our shield and tower.

3 The God of Abraham praise,
 Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide us through the wilderness,
 To see His face.
 He is our faithful Friend ;
 He is our gracious God ;
And He will save us to the end,
 Through Jesus' blood.

4 Before His glorious throne
 The saints exulting stand,
And tell the wonders He hath done
 With His right hand ;
 The listening spheres attend,
 And swell the growing fame,
And sing in songs which never end,
 His wondrous Name.

PRAISE.

- 5 The God who reigns on high
 The grand Archangels sing,
 And "Holy, holy, holy" cry,
 "Almighty King !
 "Who wast, and art, the same,
 "And evermore shalt be !
 "Jehovah, Father, great I AM,
 "We worship Thee !"
- 6 He by Himself hath sworn,
 We on His oath depend.
 We shall, on eagles' wings upborne,
 To heaven ascend :
 We shall behold His face,
 We shall His power adore,
 And sing the wonders of His grace
 For evermore.
- 7 There dwells the Lord our King,
 The Lord our Righteousness !
 Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
 The Prince of Peace !
 On Zion's sacred height
 His kingdom still maintains,
 And glorious with the saints in light
 For ever reigns.
- 8 The whole triumphant host
 Give thanks to God on high ;
 "Hail Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !"
 They ever cry.
 Hail, Abraham's God and ours !
 We join the heavenly lays,
 And celebrate with all our powers
 His endless praise.

GENERAL PRAISE.

42

C.M.

H. F. FAYE,

I will praise the Lord with my whole heart.

Ps. cxi. 1.

- 1 **O**UR hearts shall praise Thee, God of love,
Here in Thy courts below ;
Praise Thee, as angels praise above,
For more than they we owe.
- 2 When did Thy people call, and Thou
Their supplication spurn ?
And shall our souls refuse Thee now
Their utmost in return ?
- 3 Though Thou art high and we are low,
We are Thy daily care,
Thy hand restrains our fiercest foe,
And heals our worst despair.
- 4 Lord, finish what Thou hast begun
In love and grace divine ;
Thy perfect will in us be done,
And all the praise be Thine.

43

8, 7, Double.

FAWCETT.

Thou hast created all things.—Rev. iv. 11.

- 1 **P**RAISE to Thee, Thou great Creator,
Praise be Thine from every tongue ;
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.
Father, source of all compassion,
Pure, unbounded grace is Thine ;
Hail ! the God of our Salvation,
Praise Him for His love divine.

HEAVEN AND EARTH PRAISING GOD.

- 2 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound His praise through earth and heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high ;
Joyfully on earth adore Him,
Till, in heaven, our song we raise ;
There, enraptured, fall before Him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.
-

HEAVEN AND EARTH PRAISING GOD.

44. L.M.
*Thine, O Lord, is the greatness and the power
and the glory.—1 Chron. xxix. 11.*

- 1 **W**E praise, we worship Thee, O God ;
Thy sovereign power we sound abroad ;
All nations bow before Thy throne,
And Thee, the great Jehovah own.
- 2 Loud hallelujahs to Thy name
Angels and seraphim proclaim ;
By all the powers and thrones in heaven,
Eternal praise to Thee is given.
- 3 O, holy, holy, holy Lord,
Thou God of Hosts, by all adored ;
Earth and the heavens are full of Thee,
Thy light, Thy power, Thy majesty.
- 4 Apostles join the glorious throng,
And swell the loud triumphant song ;
Prophets and martyrs hear the sound,
And spread the hallelujah round.

HEAVEN AND EARTH PRAISING GOD.

- 5 Glory to Thee, O God most high !
Father, we praise Thy majesty ;
The Son, The Spirit, we adore ;
One Godhead, blest for evermore.

45 C.M.
*I will speak of the glorious honour of Thy
majesty.—Ps. cxlv. 5.*

- 1 **O** GOD, we praise Thee, and confess
That Thou, the only Lord
And everlasting Father, art
By all the earth adored.
- 2 To Thee all angels cry aloud ;
To Thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry :
- 3 O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory filled
Of Thy majestic sway.
- 4 The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crowned with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.
- 5 The holy Church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses Thee,
That Thou, the eternal Father, art
Of boundless majesty.

46 7s. J. ELWIN MILLARD.
*Thus saith the Lord, Heaven is My throne and
earth is My footstool.—Is. lxvi. 1.*

- 1 **G**OD eternal ! Lord of all !
Lowly at Thy feet we fall ;
All the earth doth worship Thee.
We amidst the throng would be.

PRAISE.

- 2 All the holy angels cry,
Hail, thrice holy, God most High !
Lord of all the heavenly powers,
Be the same loud anthem ours.
- 3 Glorified apostles raise
Night and day continual praise ;
Hast Thou not a mission too
For Thy servants here to do?
- 4 With Thy prophets' goodly line
We in mystic bond combine ;
For Thou hast to us revealed
Things that to the wise were sealed.
- 5 Martyrs, in a noble host,
Of Thy cross are heard to boast ;
Since so bright a crown they wear,
We Thy cross on earth would bear.
- 6 All Thy Church in heaven and earth,
Jesus ! hail Thy spotless birth ;
Own the God who all has made,
And the Spirit's soothing aid.

47

6666, 4444. TATE AND BRADY.●
Psalm cxlviii.

- 1 **Y**E boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's fame ;
His praise your song employ
Above the starry frame
Your voices raise,
Ye cherubim
And seraphim,
To sing His praise.

HEAVEN AND EARTH PRAISING GOD.

- 2 Thou moon, that rul'st the night,
And sun, that guid'st the day,
Ye glittering stars of light,
To Him your homage pay.
His praise declare,
Ye heavens above,
And clouds that move
In liquid air.
- 3 Let them adore the Lord,
And praise His holy name,
By whose almighty word
They all from nothing came ;
And all shall last
From changes free ;
His firm decree
Stands ever fast.
- 4 Let earth her tribute pay,
And hills, with glory crowned,
And let the stormy sea
His awful praise resound.
Fire, hail, and snow,
And misty air,
And winds that where
He bids them blow.
- 5 Let all of royal birth,
With those of humbler name,
And judges of the earth,
His matchless praise proclaim.
In this design
Let youths with maids,
And hoary heads
With children join.

PRAISE.

- 6 United zeal be shown
His wondrous fame to raise,
Whose glorious name alone
Deserves our endless praise.
Earth's utmost ends
His power obey ;
His glorious sway
The sky transcends.

48

C.M. ANNA SHIPTON.*
Psalm cxlviii.

- 1 **H**OW shall I praise Thee, O my God ?
How to Thy throne draw nigh ?
I in the dust, and Thou arrayed
In might and majesty.
- 2 Praise Him, ye gladdening smiles of morn ;
Praise Him, O silent night ;
'Tell forth His glory all the earth ;
Praise Him, ye stars of light !
- 3 Praise Him, ye stormy winds that rise
Obedient to His word ;
Mountains, and hills, and fruitful trees,
Join ye and praise the Lord !
- 4 Praise Him, ye heavenly hosts, for ye
With purer lips, can sing—
Glory and honour, praise and power,
To Him, the Eternal King !
- 5 Praise Him, ye saints, who here rejoice
To do His heavenly will ;
The incense of whose prayer ascends
Upon His altar still.
- 6 Praise Him, all works of His that own
His Spirit's blest control !
O Lord my God, how great art Thou !
Bless thou the Lord, my soul !

HEAVEN AND EARTH PRAISING GOD.

9

S.M.
Psalm cxlviii.

WATTS.*

- 1 **L**ET every creature join
To praise the eternal God ;
Ye heavenly hosts, the song begin,
And sound His name abroad.
- 2 Thou sun, with golden beams,
And moon, with paler rays,
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
Shine to your Maker's praise.
- 3 He built those worlds above,
And fix'd their wondrous frame ;
By His command they stand or move,
And ever speak His name.
- 4 Ye vapours, when ye rise,
Or fall in showers or snow,
Ye thunders murmuring round the skies,
His power and glory show.
- 5 Wind, hail, and flashing fire,
Agree to praise the Lord,
When ye in dreadful storms conspire
To execute His word.
- 6 By all His works above
His honours be expressed ;
But we who know His saving love
Should sing His praises best.

10

L.M. Six lines.
Psalm cxlviii.

WATTS.

- 1 **W**IDE as His vast dominion lies,
Make the Creator's name be known ;
Loud as His thunder shout His praise,
And sound it lofty as His throne.
*Each of His works His name displays,
But they can ne'er fulfil His praise.*

PRAISE.

- 2 The Lord ! how absolute He reigns !
Let every angel bend the knee,
Sing of His love in heavenly strains,
And speak how fierce His terrors be.
Each of His works His name displays,
But they can ne'er fulfil His praise.
- 3 High on a throne His glories dwell,
An awful throne of shining bliss ;
Fly through the world, O sun ! and tell
How dark thy beams compared to His.
Each of His works His name displays,
But they can ne'er fulfil His praise.
- 4 Awake ye tempests, and His fame
In sounds of dreadful praise declare ;
And the sweet whisper of His name
Fill every gentler breeze of air.
Each of His works His name displays,
But they can ne'er fulfil His praise.
- 5 Let clouds and winds, and waves agree
To join their praise with blazing fire ;
Let the firm earth and rolling sea
In this eternal song conspire.
Each of His works His name displays,
But they can ne'er fulfil His praise.
- 6 Jehovah ! 'tis a glorious word !
O may it dwell on every tongue !
But saints who best have known the Lord
Are bound to raise the noblest song.
Each of His works His name displays,
But they can ne'er fulfil His praise.

51

8, 7.

Psalm cxlviii.

- 1 PRAISE the Lord, ye heavens, adore Him ;
Praise Him, angels, in the height ;
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him ;
Praise Him, all ye stars of light.

HEAVEN AND EARTH PRAISING GOD.

- 2 Praise the Lord, for He hath spoken ;
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed ;
Laws that never shall be broken,
For their guidance He hath made.
- 3 Praise the Lord, for He is glorious ;
Never shall His promise fail.
God hath made His saints victorious ;
Sin and death shall not prevail.
- 4 Praise the God of our salvation,
Hosts on high His power proclaim ;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify His name.

52

C.M. GEORGE RAWSON.
Psalm cxlviii.

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord, immortal choir,
In heavenly heights above,
With harp, and voice, and souls of fire,
Burning with perfect love.
- 2 Shine to His glory, worlds of light,
Ye million suns of space ;
Ye moons and glistening stars of night,
Running your mystic race.
- 3 Ye gorgeous clouds that deck the sky
With crystal, crimson, gold ;
And rainbow arches raised on high,
The Light of light unfold.
- 4 Shout to Jehovah, surging main,
In deep, eternal roar,
Let wave to wave resound the strain,
And shore reply to shore.
- 5 Storm, lightning, thunder, hail, and snow,
Wild winds that keep His word,
*With the old mountains far below,
Unite to bless the Lord.*

PRAISE.

6 And round the wide world let it roll,
 Whilst man shall lead it on ;
Join, every ransomed human soul,
 In glorious unison.

7 Come, aged man, come, little child,
 Youth, maiden, peasant, king,
To God in Jesus reconciled,
 Your hallelujahs bring.

8 The omnipresent Deity,
 Maker of earth and heaven,
The great Redeeming Majesty,
 To Him the praise be given.

53

7s.
Psalm cl.

H. F. LYTE. *

1 **P**RAISE the Lord, His glories show ;
 Saints within His courts below,
Angels round His throne above,
Praise Him all that share His love.

2 Earth to heaven exalt the strain,
Send it, heaven, to earth again ;
Age to age, and shore to shore,
Praise Him, praise Him, evermore.

3 Praise the Lord ; His goodness trace,
All the wonders of His grace,
All that He hath borne and done,
All He sends us through His Son.

4 Harps and voices, hands and hearts,
In the concert bear your parts ;
All that breathe, your Lord adore ;
Praise Him, praise Him, evermore.

HEAVEN AND EARTH PRAISING GOD.

54 7s. Six lines. GEORGE WITHER.*
Bless the Lord, all His works.—Ps. ciii. 22.

- 1 COME, O come, with sacred lays,
Sound we God Almighty's praise ;
Come, ye sons of human race,
In this chorus take your place ;
And, amid the mortal throng,
Be ye masters of the song.
- 2 Angels and celestial powers,
Be the noblest worship yours ;
Let, in praise of God, the sound
Run a never-ending round,
'That our song of praise may be
Everlasting, as is He.
- 3 From the earth's remotest end,
Let the voice of praise ascend ;
Spreading wide from shore to shore
Let the ocean-fulness roar ;
Winds and clouds, as on ye move,
Bear the mighty sound above.
- 4 So shall He, from heaven's high tower,
On the earth His blessings pour ;
All this huge wide orb we see
Shall one choir—one temple—be ;
Come, then, come, in sacred lays
Sound we God Almighty's praise.

55 4, 4, 6. Double (or C.M.). H. BONAR.
Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord.
Ps. cl. 6.

- 1 SPEAK, lips of mine,
And tell abroad
The praises of thy God.
Speak, stammering tongue,
In gladdest tone,
Make His high praises known

PRAISE.

2 Speak, sea and earth,
Heaven's utmost star,
Speak from your realms afar.
Take up the note,
And send it round
Creation's farthest bound.

3 Speak, heaven of heavens
Wherein our God
Has made His bright abode.
Speak, angels, speak,
In songs proclaim
His everlasting name.

4 Speak, son of dust,
Thy flesh He took
And heaven for thee forsook.
Speak, child of death,
Thy death He died ;
Bless thou the Crucified.

56 7s. Six lines. G. W. CONDER.
*All Thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord; and
Thy saints shall bless Thee.—Ps. cxlv. 10.*

1 **A**LL things praise Thee, Lord most high,
Heaven and earth and sea and sky,
All were for Thy glory made,
That Thy greatness thus displayed
Should all worship bring to Thee ;
All things praise Thee—Lord, may we.

2 All things praise Thee—night to night
Sings in silent hymns of light ;
All things praise Thee—day to day
Chants Thy power in burning ray ;
Time and space are praising Thee,
All things praise Thee—Lord, may we.

HEAVEN AND EARTH PRAISING GOD.

- 3 All things praise Thee—high and low,
Rain, and dew, and seven-hued bow,
Crimson sunset, fleecy cloud,
Rippling stream, and tempest loud ;
Summer, winter, all to Thee
Glory render—Lord, may we.
- 4 All things praise Thee—heaven's high shrine
Rings with melody divine ;
Lowly bending at Thy feet,
Seraph and archangel meet :
This their highest bliss to be
Ever praising—Lord, may we.
- 5 All things praise Thee—gracious Lord,
Great Creator, Powerful Word,
Omnipresent Spirit, now
At Thy feet we humbly bow ;
Lift our hearts in praise to Thee ;
All things praise Thee—Lord, may we.

57 C.M. H. F. LYTE.
Sing unto the Lord, all the earth.—Ps. xcvi. 1.

- 1 **O** PRAISE the Lord ! ye nations, pour
Your praises at His shrine ;
Around the world, from shore to shore,
Roll on the strain divine.
- 2 Let all that live their tributes bring ;
They live through Him alone ;
Let every breeze upon its wing
Waft homage to His throne.
- 3 Ye angels that behold His face,
His love to earth proclaim ;
Ye earthly children of His grace,
Resound it back to them.

PRAISE.

- 4 How rich His mercy, how divine !
His truth how deep and broad !
From age to age the same they shine.
Let all adore our God.

58 ^{7s.} *Bless ye the Lord, all ye His hosts.*—Ps. ciii. 21. THOMAS DAVIS.

- 1 **S**ING, ye seraphs in the sky ;
Let your loftiest praises flow ;
Swell the song with raptures high,
All ye sons of men below.
- 2 With one soul, one heart, one voice,
Heaven and earth alike we call
In His praises to rejoice,
Who is past the praise of all.
- 3 Night and day His goodness tell ;
Earth, and sun, and moon, and star,
Winds and waves that sink and swell,
Ceaseless spread His fame afar.
- 4 Every living thing His hands,
Which first made, sustain, supply ;
Wide o'er all, His love expands
As the vast embracing sky.
- 5 Sin, which strove that love to quell,
Woke yet more its wondrous blaze ;
Eden, Bethlehem, Calvary tell,
More than all beside, His praise.
- 6 Sing, ye seraphs, in the sky ;
Let your loftiest praises flow ;
Swell the song with raptures high,
All ye sons of men below.

HEAVEN AND EARTH PRAISING GOD.

59 8, 7. Double.
Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised.
Psalm cxlv. 3.

1 PRAISE the Lord, whose mighty wonders
Earth, and air, and seas display;
Him, who high in tempest thunders,
Him whom countless worlds obey.
In the eastern skies ascending,
Praise Him, glorious orb of day;
Ocean, round the globe extending,
Praise Him on Thy boundless way.

2 Man below, the lord of nature,
Angel choirs in realms above,
Hymning, praise the great Creator,
Praise the eternal Fount of love.
Teach us Lord, to sing Thy glory,
Here rehearsing heavenly lays,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

60 Irregular. JOHN MASON NEALE.
All Thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord.
Psalm cxlv. 10.

1 THE strain upraise of joy and praise,
Alleluia!
To the glory of their King
Shall the ransomed people sing,
Alleluia!
And the choirs that dwell on high
Shall re-echo through the sky,
Alleluia!
They through the fields of paradise who roam,
The blessed ones, repeat through their bright home,
Alleluia!
The planets, glittering on their heavenly way,
The shining constellations, join and say,
Alleluia!

PRAISE.

Ye clouds that onward sweep,
Ye winds on pinions light,
Ye thunders echoing loud and deep,
Ye lightnings wild and bright,
In sweet consent unite

Your Alleluia !

Ye floods and ocean billows,
Ye storms and winter snow,
Ye days of cloudless beauty,
Hoar frost and summer glow,
Ye groves that wave in spring,
And glorious forests, sing : Alleluia !

First let the birds, with painted plumage gay,
Exalt their great Creator's praise, and say,

Alleluia !

Then let the beasts of earth, with varying strain,
Join in creation's hymn, and cry again,

Alleluia !

Here let the mountains thunder forth sonorous,

Alleluia !

There let the valleys sing, in gentler chorus,

Alleluia !

Thou jubilant abyss of ocean cry,

Alleluia !

Ye tracts of earth and continents, reply,

Alleluia !

To God, Who all creation made,

The frequent hymn be duly paid ; Alleluia !

This is the strain, the eternal strain, the Lord
Almighty loves : Alleluia !

This is the song, the heavenly song, that Christ
the King approves : Alleluia !

Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice awakening,
Alleluia !

And children's voices echo, answer making,

Alleluia !

HEAVEN AND EARTH PRAISING GOD.

Now from all men be outpoured
Alleluia to the Lord ;
With Alleluia evermore
The Son and Spirit we adore.
Praise be done to the Three in One,
Alleluia ! Alleluia ! Alleluia ! Amen.

61 ^{10, 10, 8.} *Latin Hymn, tr. J. ELLERTON.*
And I heard a great voice of much people in
heaven, saying Alleluia.—Rev. xix. 1.

SING Alleluia forth in duteous praise,
O citizens of heaven, and sweetly raise
An endless Alleluia.
Ye next, who stand before th' Eternal Light,
In hymning choirs re-echo to the height,
An endless Alleluia.
The Holy City shall take up your strain,
And, with glad songs resounding, wake again
An endless Alleluia.
In blissful antiphons ye thus rejoice,
To render to the Lord, with thankful voice,
An endless Alleluia.
Ye who have gained at length your palms in bliss,
Victorious ones, your chant shall still be this,
An endless Alleluia.
There, in one grand acclaim, for ever ring
The strains which tell the honour of your King,
An endless Alleluia.
This is the rest for weary ones brought back,
This is the food and drink which none shall lack,
An endless Alleluia.
While Thee, by Whom were all things made, we
For ever, and tell out in sweetest lays, [praise
An endless Alleluia !
Almighty Christ, to Thee our voices sing
Glory for evermore ; to Thee we bring
An endless Alleluia. Amen.

THE HOLY TRINITY.

62 ^{11, 12, 12, 10.} *Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty.* ^{HEBER.*}
^{Revelation iv. 8.}

- 1 **H**OLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty !
Gratefully adoring, our songs shall rise to
Thee.
Holy, holy, holy, Merciful and Mighty,
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity !
- 2 Holy, holy, holy, all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the
glassy sea ;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.
- 3 Holy, holy, holy, though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may
not see ;
Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee
Perfect in power, in love and purity.
- 4 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty !
All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth
and sky and sea ;
Holy, holy, holy, Merciful and Mighty,
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity !

THE HOLY TRINITY.

63 7s. Double. MONTGOMERY.
Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of Hosts.—Isa. vi. 3.

1 HOLY, holy, holy, Lord
 God of Hosts, when heaven and earth,
 Out of darkness, at Thy word,
 Issued into glorious birth,
 All Thy works before Thee stood,
 And Thine eye beheld them good ;
 While they sang, with sweet accord,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord.

2 Holy, holy, holy Three,
 One Jehovah evermore,
 Father, Son, and Spirit, we,
 Dust and ashes, would adore ;
 Lightly by the world esteemed,
 From that world by Thee redeemed,
 Sing we here, with glad accord,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord.

3 Holy, holy, holy, all
 Heavens' triumphant choirs shall sing ;
 When the ransomed nations fall
 At the footstool of their King,
 Then shall saints and seraphim,
 Harps and voices swell one hymn,
 Round the throne with full accord—
 Holy, holy, holy Lord.

64 8, 7. Double. T. H. GILL.
*Who shall not fear Thee, O Lord? for Thou
 only art holy.—Revelation xv. 4.*

1 FATHER, glorious with all splendour,
 But with holiness most bright !
 Son, in whom, all sweet and tender,
 Dwelt on earth that blessed light !
 Spirit, through whose grace the glory
 Into sinful souls is poured !
 With Thine angels we adore Thee,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord !

PRAISE.

- 2 Holy One, who sin abhorrest,
Awful sin-consuming flame !
Holy One, our sin who borest,
Through our sin whose passion came !
Holy One, who takest sorrow
When we touch the thing abhorred !
Dare our lips this dread strain borrow,
Holy, holy, holy Lord ?
- 3 In this strain what fulness dwelleth !
How it makes the Godhead known !
Of Thy deepest depth it telleth,
Everlasting Three in One !
Fullest praise Thy saints thus bring Thee,
Meetliest thus art Thou adored ;
This the song they ever sing Thee,
Holy, holy, holy Lord !
- 4 Lord, with sin-bound souls Thou bearest
Struggling towards this strain divine ;
Glad on mortal lips Thou hearest
That thrice-awful name of Thine.
But Thou listenest, O how sweetly !
When from holy lips outpoured,
Rings through heaven this strain full meetly,
Holy, holy, holy Lord !
- 5 Shall we, Lord, fit voices never
Bring to that eternal hymn ?
Hallow us to help the endeavour
Of Thy pure-lipped seraphim !
Hark ! their own high strain we bring Thee ;
Listen to the full accord !
This the song we ever sing Thee,
Holy, holy, holy Lord !

THE HOLY TRINITY.

65 65, 65, 65, 67. H. BONAR.*
*Blessed be the name of the Lord, from this time
forth and for evermore.—Psalm cxiii. 2.*

1 **E**VERLASTING praises
To the Father be!
Everlasting praises
To the Saviour be!
Everlasting praises
To the Spirit be!
Everlasting praises
To the blessed Trinity!

2 Everlasting praises
For the Father's love!
Everlasting praises
For the Saviour's love!
Everlasting praises
For the Spirit's love!
Everlasting praises
To the Trinity of love!

66 87, 87, 88, 7. DECIUS, tr. J. D. BURNS.
If God be for us, who can be against us?
Romans viii. 31.

1 **T**O God alone on high be praise
And blessing for His favour;
No trouble that our foes can raise
Can harm a man for ever.
God shows us His good will; and peace
He brings to us, which ne'er shall cease;
The enmity is ended.

2 Thee, God the Father, we adore,
Thy boundless mercy proving;
Thine is the glory, Thine the power,
Thy throne remains unmoving;
Thy might all measure doth transcend,
Thy will must reach its certain end;
Well may we praise and bless Thee!

PRAISE.

- 3 O Christ ! the first-begotten Son,
 Who, full of grace and blessing,
 For our lost life did'st give Thine own,
 Our bitter woes redressing.
 O Lamb of God, to Thee we fly,
 In time of trembling hear our cry ;
 Good Lord, have mercy on us.
- 4 O Holy Ghost ! who giv'st all good
 And wholesome consolation,
 May we, redeemed by precious blood,
 Be shielded from temptation.
 For us He hung upon the tree,
 Do Thou from evil keep us free,
 Upon Thy grace relying.

67 7s. H. BONAR.
One generation shall praise Thy works to
another.—Psalm cxlv. 4.

- 1 **T**O the name of God on high,
 God of might and majesty,
 God of heaven, and earth, and sea,
 Blessing, praise, and glory be.
- 2 To the name of Christ the Lord,
 Son of God, Incarnate Word,
 Christ, by whom all things were made,
 Be an endless honour paid.
- 3 To the Holy Spirit be
 Equal praise eternally,
 With the Father and the Son,
 One in name, in glory one.
- 4 This the song of ages past,
 Song that shall for ever last ;
 Let the ages yet to be
 Join the joyful melody.

THE HOLY TRINITY

- 5 Glorious is our God the Lord,
Praises, then, with one accord
To His holy name be given,
By the sons of earth and heaven.

8 L.M. Double, with Chorus.
Tr. A. L. P. (People's Hymnal.)
And all the angels . . . fell before the throne
. . . and worshipped God.—Rev. vii. 11.

- 1 **O** GOD the Lord, to Thee we raise
Our thankful melody of praise;
The whole creation sings to Thee,
Throughout the earth, the sky, the sea,
Before Thy throne in homage low,
The mighty angel armies bow,
Archangels, powers, seraphim,
Thrones, dominations, cherubim.
O God the Lord, to Thee we raise
Our thankful melody of praise.
- 2 The heavens with music loudly ring,
While all the saints Thy glory sing,
Where they in perfect bliss abide,
Apostles, prophets, martyrs, tried.
For evermore Thy praise they sound,
And all the suns which sweep around,
And earth, with lovely flowers bright,
Are tokens of Thy wondrous might.
O God the Lord, to Thee we raise
Our thankful melody of praise.
- 3 The Church below, with answering strain,
Each hour uplifts Thy praise again,
The Father, full of majesty,
The Son, of equal dignity,
The Sole-Begotten ere all time,
Who *ransomed us from death and crime*;

PRAISE.

The Holy Ghost, proceeding forth,
Who comforts weary souls on earth.
O God the Lord, to Thee we raise
Our thankful melody of praise.

- 4 Then hear, O God, Thy children's cry,
For whom Thy Son vouchsafed to die,
To win them pardon and release ;
Bless Thou Thy people with Thy peace,
And guiding them with Thy right hand,
O bring them to the happy land.
Far from all sin, to perfect rest,
So shall Thy name be ever blest.
O God the Lord, to Thee we raise
The thankful melody of praise.

69 ^{76, 76, 777, 6.} C. WESLEY.*
*Blessing and glory . . . be unto our God for
ever.—Revelation vii. 12.*

- 1 **M**EET and right it is to sing,
In every time and place,
Glory to our Heavenly King,
The God of truth and grace ;
Join we then with sweet accord,
All in one thanksgiving join :
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Eternal praise be thine !

- 2 Thee, the firstborn sons of light,
In choral symphonies,
Praise by day, day without night,
And never, never cease.
Angels and archangels, all
Praise the mystic Three in One ;
Sing aloud, or silent fall,
O'erwhelmed before Thy throne.

THE HOLY TRINITY.

- 3 Vying with that happy choir,
Who chant Thy praise above,
We on eagles' wing aspire,
The wings of faith and love.
Thee *they* sing with glory crown'd ;
We extol the dying Lamb ;
Lower if our voices sound,
Our song is still the same.
- 4 Father, Thy great love we bless,
Which gave Thy Son to die ;
Jesus, King of righteousness,
Alike we glorify.
Spirit, Comforter divine,
Praise by all to Thee be given,
Till we in full chorus join,
And earth is turned to heaven.

70

L.M.

HEBER.

He that hath seen me hath seen the Father.
John xiv. 9.

- 1 **O** THOU whom neither time nor space
Can circle in, unseen, unknown,
Nor faith in boldest flight can trace,
Save through Thy Spirit and Thy Son :
- 2 And Thou that from Thy bright abode,
To us in mortal weakness shown,
Did'st graft the manhood into God,
Eternal, co-eternal Son :
- 3 And Thou whose unction from on high
By comfort, light, and love is known,
Who with the Parent Deity,
Dread Spirit, art for ever one :
- 4 Great First and Last, Thy blessing give ;
And grant us faith, Thy gift alone,
To love and praise Thee while we live,
And do whate'er Thou wouldst have done.

PRAISE.

71 C.M. ANCIENT GREEK HYMN
Glory to God in the highest.—Luke ii. 14.

- 1 TO God be glory, peace on earth,
 To all mankind good-will ;
 We bless, we praise, we worship Thee,
 And glorify Thee still :
- 2 And thanks for Thy great glory give,
 That fills our souls with light ;
 O Lord, our Heavenly King, the God
 And Father of all might :
- 3 And Thou begotten Son of God,
 Before all time begun ;
 Thou Lord and God, Thou Lamb of God,
 The Father's only Son.
- 4 Have mercy, Thou that tak'st the sins
 Of all mankind away ;
 Have mercy, Saviour of mankind,
 And hear us when we pray.
- 5 O Thou, who sitt'st at God's right hand,
 Upon the Father's throne ;
 Have mercy on us, Thou, O Christ,
 The everlasting Son :
- 6 Thou, Lord, who with the Holy Ghost,
 Whom heaven and earth adore,
 In glory of the Father, art
 Most high for evermore.

72 S.M. Double. C. WESLEY
To whom be honour and power everlasting.
 1 Timothy vi. 16.

- 1 FATHER, in whom we live,
 In whom we are, and move,
 The glory, power, and praise receive
 Of Thy creating love.

THE HOLY TRINITY.

Let all the angel throng
Give thanks to God on high ;
While earth repeats the joyful song,
And echoes through the sky.

2 Incarnate Deity,
Let all the ransomed race
Render in thanks their lives to Thee,
For Thy redeeming grace.
The grace to sinners show'd,
Ye heavenly choirs proclaim,
And cry, " Salvation to our God,
Salvation to the Lamb !"

3 Spirit of holiness,
Let all Thy saints adore
Thy sacred energy, and bless
Thine heart-renewing power.
Not angel-tongues can tell
Thy love's ecstatic height,
The glorious joy unspeakable,
The beatific sight.

4 Eternal, Triune Lord !
Let all the hosts above,
Let all the sons of men record
And dwell upon Thy love.
When heaven and earth are fled
Before Thy glorious face,
Sing all the saints Thy love hath made
Thine everlasting praise.

73 L.M. [J. COOPER ?]
*The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love
of God, and the communion of the Holy
Ghost.—2 Corinthians xiii. 14.*

1 FATHER of Heaven ! whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us Thy pardoning love extend.

PRAISE.

- 2 Almighty Son ! Incarnate Word !
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us Thy saving grace extend.
- 3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us Thy quickening power extend.
- 4 Jehovah ! Father, Spirit, Son ;
Mysterious Godhead ! Three in One !
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

74 L.M. HARRIET AUBER.
*Praise the Lord, for His mercy endureth for
ever.—2 Chronicles xx. 21.*

- 1 FATHER of Heaven ! whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
To Thee, great God ! the song we raise ;
Thee for Thy pardoning love we praise.
- 2 Almighty Son ! Incarnate Word !
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord !
To Thee, great God ! the song we raise ;
Thee for Thy saving grace we praise.
- 3 Eternal Spirit ! by whose breath,
The soul is raised from sin and death ;
To Thee, great God ! the song we raise ;
Thee for Thy quickening power we praise.
- 4 Jehovah, Father, Spirit, Son !
Mysterious Godhead ! Three in One !
To Thee our hearts, our songs we raise !
Thee only we adore and praise.

THE HOLY TRINITY.

75 L.M. WATTS.®
God who is rich in mercy.—Ephesians-ii. 4.

1 BLESSED be the Father and His love,
To whose celestial source we owe
Rivers of endless joys above,
And rills of comfort here below.

2 Glory to Thee, great Son of God,
From whose dear wounded body rolls
A precious stream of vital blood,
Pardon and life for dying souls.

We give the sacred Spirit praise,
Who in our hearts of sin and woe
Makes living springs of grace arise,
And into boundless glory flow.

4 Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, we adore ;
Ocean of life and love unknown,
Unfathomed depth, without a shore.

76 6 6 6 6, 8 8. WATTS.®
To the praise of the glory of His grace.
Ephesians i. 6.

1 TO Him that chose us first,
Before the world began ;
To Him that bore the curse
To save rebellious man ;
To Him that formed our hearts anew
Are endless praise and glory due.

2 The Father's love shall run
Through our immortal songs
We bring to God the Son
Hosannas on our tongues :
Our lips address the Spirit's name
With equal praise and zeal the same.

PRAISE.

- 3 Let every saint above,
And angel round the throne,
For ever bless and love
The sacred Three in One ;
Thus heaven shall raise His honours high,
When earth and time grow old and die.

177

6666, 88.

WATTS.*

He sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins.—1 John iv. 10.

- 1 **W**E give immortal praise
To God the Father's love
For all our blessings here,
And better hopes above ;
He sent His own eternal Son
To die for sins that man had done.
- 2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Whose blood redeemed our souls
From death and awful woe ;
And now He lives, and now he reigns,
And sees the fruit of all His pains.
- 3 To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live ;
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.
- 4 Almighty God, to Thee
Be endless honours done,
The undivided Three,
And the mysterious One ;
Where reason fails, with all her powers,
There faith prevails and love adores !

THE HOLY TRINITY.

'8 67, 67, 6666. RINCKART, *tr.* ANON.
Praise ye the name of the Lord.—Ps. cxxxv. 1.

1 **L**ET all men praise the Lord,
In worship lowly bending ;
On His most holy word,
Redeemed from woe depending.
He gracious is and just,
From childhood us doth lead ;
On Him we place our trust
And hope, in time of need.

2 Glory and praise to God—
To Father, Son, be given,
And to the Holy Ghost—
On high enthroned in heaven.
Praise to the Triune God ;
With powerful arm and strong,
He changeth night to day ;
Praise Him with grateful song.

9 8, 7. Double. CONDER
My mouth shall speak the praise of the Lord.
Psalm cxlv. 21.

1 **P**RAISE the God of all creation ;
Praise the Father's boundless love.
Praise the Lamb, our Expiation,
Priest and King enthroned above.
Praise the Fountain of salvation,
Him by whom our spirits live ;
Undivided adoration
To the One Jehovah give.

PRAISE.

80

888,888.

WATTS.

NOW to the great and sacred Three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal praise and glory given,
Through all the worlds where God is known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and heaven.

81

L.M.

WATTS.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth and all in heaven.

82

6666,4444.

WATTS.

TO God the Father's throne
Perpetual honours raise ;
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit praise ;
With all our powers,
Eternal King,
Thy name we sing,
While faith adores.

83

L.M.

KEN.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ;

G O D :

HIS PERFECTIONS.—HIS ETERNITY.

84 C.M. WATTS.*
*Art Thou not from everlasting, O Lord my
God?—Habbakuk i. 12.*

- 1 **G**REAT God, how infinite art Thou !
How frail and helpless we !
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to Thee.
- 2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made ;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.
- 3 Nature and time quite naked lie
To thine immense survey,
From the formation of the sky
To the great burning day.
- 4 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in Thy view ;
To Thee there's nothing old appears ;
Great God, there's nothing new.
- 5 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares ;
While Thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

GOD :

- 6 Great God, how infinite art Thou !
How frail and helpless we !
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to Thee.

85

C.M.
Psalm xc.

WATTS.

- 1 **O**UR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home :
- 2 Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure ;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.
- 4 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.
- 5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downwards by the flood,
And lost in following years.
- 6 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away ;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.
- 7 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our Guard, while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

HIS ETERNITY.

86

886, 886.
Psalm xc.

H. F. LYTE.

- 1 **O** GOD of glory, God of grace,
From age to age our dwelling place,
Before Thy throne we bow.
Ere the vast mountains rose of yore,
When they and earth shall be no more,
The same, O Lord, art Thou.
- 2 Man's generations rise and pass
Like morning flowers or summer grass,
The creatures of Thy breath.
Our life runs onward like a stream ;
We come and vanish as a dream,
The prey of sin and death.
- 3 Unnumbered ills beset our path,
Our days are darkened 'neath Thy wrath ;
And yet how heedless we !
O touch with grace each erring heart,
True wisdom to each soul impart,
And win us all to Thee.
- 4 We sink, we perish 'neath Thy frown ;
O send Thy healing mercy down
To light our coming years :
Then, be they many, be they few,
Thy grace will bear us safely through,
Beyond the reach of tears.

87

L.M.
Psalm xciii.

WATTS.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH reigns, He dwells in light,
Girded with majesty and might ;
The world, created by His hands,
Still on its first foundation stands.

GOD :

- 2 But ere this spacious world was made,
Or had its first foundations laid,
Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Thyself the ever-living God.
- 3 Like floods the angry nations rise,
And aim their rage against the skies ;
Vain floods, that aim their rage so high,
At Thy rebuke the billows die.
- 4 For ever shall Thy throne endure ;
Thy promise stands for ever sure ;
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwelling of Thy grace.

88

L.M.
Psalm cii.

DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **G**REAT Former of this various frame,
Our souls adore Thine awful name,
And bow and tremble while they praise
The Ancient of eternal days.
- 2 Before Thine infinite survey,
Creation rose as yesterday ;
And, as to-morrow, shall Thine eye
See earth and stars in ruin lie.
- 3 Beyond the highest angel's sight,
Thou dwellest in eternal light,
Which shines with undiminished ray,
While suns and systems waste away.
- 4 Our days a transient period run,
And change with every circling sun ;
And while to lengthened years we trust,
Before the moth we sink to dust.
- 5 But let the creatures fall around ;
Let death consign us to the ground ;
Let the last general flame arise,
And melt the arches of the skies ;

HIS ETERNITY.

6 Calm as the summer's ocean we
Can all the wreck of nature see ;
While grace secures us an abode
Unshaken as the throne of God.

89 C.M. WATTS.*
They shall perish, but Thou shalt endure.
Psalm cii. 26.

- 1 LONG ere the lofty skies were spread,
Jehovah filled His throne ;
Ere man was formed, or angels made,
The Maker lived alone.
- 2 While like a tide our minutes flow,
The present and the past,
He fills His own immortal *now*,
And sees our ages waste.
- 3 The sea and sky must perish too,
And vast destruction come ;
The earth and heavens, how old they grow,
And wait their fiery doom !
- 4 God's boundless years can ne'er decrease,
But still maintain their prime,—
Eternity His dwelling place,
And *evermore* His time.

90 886, 886. T. H. GILL.
From everlasting to everlasting Thou art God.
Psalm xc. 2.

"IMMUTABILIS MUTANS OMNIA."—*Augustine.*

- 1 LORD God, by whom all change is wrought,
By whom new things to birth are brought,
In whom no change is known !
Whate'er Thou dost, whate'er Thou art,
Thy people still in Thee have part ;
Still, still Thou art our own.

GOD :

- 2 Ancient of Days ! we dwell in Thee ;
Out of Thine own eternity
Our peace and joy are wrought ;
We rest in our eternal God,
And make secure and sweet abode
With Thee, who changest not.
- 3 Each steadfast promise we possess ;
Thine everlasting truth we bless,
Thine everlasting love ;
The unfailing Helper close we clasp,
The everlasting Arms we grasp,
Nor from the Refuge move.
- 4 Spirit who makest all things new,
Thou leadest onward ; we pursue
The heavenly march sublime.
'Neath Thy renewing fire we glow,
And still from strength to strength we go,
From height to height we climb.
- 5 Darkness and dread we leave behind,
New light, new glory still we find,
New realms divine possess ;
New Births of Grace, new raptures bring ;
Triumphant the new song we sing,
The great Renewer bless.
- 6 To Thee we rise, in Thee we rest ;
We stay at home, we go in quest,
Still Thou art our abode.
The rapture swells, the wonder grows,
As full on us new life still flows
From our unchanging God.

HIS OMNIPRESENCE AND OMNISCIENCE.

91

L.M.
Psalm cxxxix.

WATTS.

- 1 **L**ORD, Thou hast searched and seen me
through ;
Thine eye commands with piercing view
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.
- 2 My thoughts, before they are mine own,
Are to my God distinctly known ;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from mine opening lips they break.
- 3 Within Thy circling power I stand ;
On every side I find Thy hand ;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.
- 4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great !
What large extent ! what lofty height !
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.
- 5 O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest ;
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

92

C.M.
Psalm cxxxix.

WATTS.

- 1 **I**N all my vast concerns with Thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun Thy *presence*, Lord, or flee
The notice of Thine eye.

God :

- 2 Thine all-surrounding sight Surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.
- 3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord
Before they're formed within ;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.
- 4 O wond'rous knowledge, deep and high !
Where can a creature hide ?
Within Thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.
- 5 So let Thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

93

C.M. Six lines.

CONDER.

Whither shall I go from Thy spirit ?
Psalm cxxxix. 7.

- 1 **B**EYOND, beyond that boundless sea,
Above that dome of sky,
Farther than thought itself can flee,
Thy dwelling is on high ;
Yet dear the awful thought to me,
That Thou, my God, art nigh :
- 2 Art nigh, and yet my labouring mind
Feels after Thee in vain,
Thee in these works of power to find,
Or to Thy seat attain ;
Thy messenger, the stormy wind ;
Thy path, the trackless main :

HIS OMNIPRESENCE AND OMNISCIENCE.

- 3 These speak of Thee with loud acclaim ;
They thunder forth Thy praise,
The glorious honour of Thy name,
The wonders of Thy ways ;
But Thou art not in tempest-flame,
Nor in day's glorious blaze.
- 4 We hear Thy voice, when thunders roll
Through the wide fields of air ;
The waves obey Thy dread control ;
Yet still Thou art not there.
Where shall I find Him, O my soul,
Who yet is everywhere ?
- 5 O ! not in circling depth or height,
But in the conscious breast,
Present to faith, though veiled from sight,
There doth His Spirit rest.
O come, Thou Presence Infinite !
And make Thy creature blest.

94 ^{4, 8 ; 10, 8.} *Am I a God at hand . . . and not a God afar*
off?—Jeremiah xxiii. 23. SIR JOHN BOWRING

- 1 **O**UR God is nigh ;
He watches all we think or do ;
Roll's o'er all time His penetrating eye,
And tracks the round our steps pursue.
- 2 By night, by day,
Waking or sleeping—o'er the sea,
Up to the heaven—where'er thou take thy way,
Down to the grave—He follows thee.
- 3 Thou canst not hide
From Him thy weakness or thy strength ;
His guardian angel tarries at thy side,
And guides thee to thy home at length.

(For additional Hymns see "Creation.")

C.M.

WATTS*

Blessed be Thy glorious name.—Neh. ix. 5.

I **T**HE glories of my Maker, God,

My joyful voice shall sing,

And call the nations to adore

Their Former and their King.

2 Thy glories blaze all nature round,

And strike the wondering sight,

Through skies and seas and solid ground,
With terror and delight.

With terror and delight.

3 Infinite strength and equal skill

Shine through the worlds abroad,

(Our souls with vast amazement fill,

And speak the Builder, God.

4 With His right hand He shaped our clay,

And wrought this human frame,

But from His own immediate breath

Our nobler spirits came.

HIS OMNIPOTENCE.

- 5 We bring our mortal powers to God,
And worship with our tongues ;
We claim some kindred with the skies,
And join the angelic songs.

96

C.M.

WATTS. ♫

Fearful in praises, doing wonders.
Exodus xv. 11.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, how fearful is His name !
How wide is His command !
Nature, with all her moving frame,
Rests on His mighty hand.
- 2 Immortal glory forms His throne,
And light His awful robe ;
While with a smile, or with a frown,
He manages the globe.
- 3 A word of His almighty breath
Can swell or sink the seas ;
Build the vast empires of the earth,
Or break them if He please.
- 4 Now let the Lord for ever reign,
And sway us as He will ;
Sick or in health, in ease or pain,
We are His children still.
- 5 No more shall peevish passion rise,
Our tongues no more complain ;
'Tis sovereign love that lends our joys,
And love resumes again.

97

L.M.

WATTS. ♫

Psalm xxix.

- 1 **G**IVE to the Lord, ye sons of fame,
Give to the Lord renown and power ;
Ascribe due honours to His name,
And His eternal might adore.

GOD :

- 2 The Lord proclaims His power aloud
Over the ocean and the land ;
His voice divides the watery cloud,
And lightnings blaze at His command.
- 3 The Lord sits sovereign on the flood,
Jehovah reigns for ever King ;
But makes His church His blest abode,
Where we His awful glories sing.
- 4 In gentler language there the Lord
The counsels of His grace imparts ;
Amidst the raging storm His word
Speaks peace and courage to our hearts.

98

C.M.
Psalm lxxxix.

WATTS.*

- 1 **W**ITH wonder and with awful fear
We bow before the Lord ;
His high commands with reverence hear,
And tremble at His word.
- 2 How terrible Thy glories be !
How bright Thine armies shine !
Where is the power that vies with Thee,
Or truth compared with Thine ?
- 3 The northern pole and southern rest
On Thy supporting hand ;
Darkness and day, from east to west,
Move round at Thy command.
- 4 Thy words the raging winds control,
And rule the boisterous deep ;
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
The rolling billows sleep.
- 5 Justice and judgment are Thy throne,
Yet wondrous is Thy grace ;
While truth and mercy, joined in one,
Invite us near Thy face.

HIS OMNIPOTENCE.

99

L.M.
Psalm civ.

WATTS.●

- 1 **M**Y soul, thy great Creator praise ;
When, clothed in His celestial rays,
He in full majesty appears,
And, like a robe, His glory wears.
- 2 The heavens are for His curtain spread,
The unfathomed deep He makes His bed
Clouds are His chariot when He flies
On wingèd storms across the skies.
- 3 Angels whom His own breath inspires—
His ministers—are flaming fires ;
And swift as thought their armies move
To bear His vengeance or His love.
- 4 How vast Thy works ! how great Thy skill !
And every land Thy riches fill ;
While the whole race of creatures stands
Waiting their portions from Thy hands.
- 5 In Thee my hopes and wishes meet,
And make my meditations sweet ;
Thy praises shall my breath employ,
Till it expire in endless joy.

100

7s. Double.
Psalm cxxxv.

H. AUBER.●

- 1 **P**RAISE the Lord, our mighty King !
Sing His power, His mercy sing ;
He whose undisputed sway,
Ocean, earth, and skies obey.
When the pealing thunders sound,
When the lightnings blaze around,
When the soul grows pale with fear,
'Tis the voice of God we hear.

GOD.

2 He the imprisoned winds unchains,
He their angry rage restrains ;
At His word they wildly sweep
O'er the bosom of the deep.
Now the mild propitious gales,
Gently fill the swelling sails ;
Softly fan the spicy grove,
Breathing fragrance, breathing love.

3 When the curling vapours rise,
And with clouds adorn the skies ;
Or descend in gracious showers,
Filling earth with fruit and flowers ;
His the mandate they obey,
All creation owns His sway ;
All His works one chorus raise
To their mighty Maker's praise.

101 668, 668. JOHN HUNT.*
O Lord, how manifold are Thy works.
Psalm civ. 24.

1 **L**ET all the world rejoice,
The great Jehovah reigns ;
The thunders are His awful voice ;
Our life His will ordains ;
The glories of His name
The lightnings, floods, and hail proclaim.

2 The universe He made
By His prevailing might ;
The earth's foundations He hath laid,
And scattered ancient night ;
When heaven, and earth, and sea,
Proclaimed His awful majesty.

HIS UNSEARCHABLENESS.

3 Glad was the angel throng
To see His might prevail ;
And loud they sang a joyful song
This universe to hail ;
While yet in youth it stood,
The Maker, too, pronounced it good.

4 But this fair world shall die,
The creature of a day ;
In ashes and in ruins lie,
Its glory passed away ;
As when before her birth
Again shall be this mighty earth.

5 But, ever fixed, the throne
Of the Eternal One
Shall stand, when all creation's gone,
Unequalled and alone ;
New worlds to make at will,
And His own wise designs fulfil.

HIS UNSEARCHABLENESS.

102

L.M.

RAY PALMER.

There is no searching of His understanding.
Isaiah xl. 28.

- 1 **L**ORD, my weak thought in vain would
climb
To search the starry vault profound ;
In vain would wing her flight sublime,
To find creation's utmost bound.
- 2 But weaker yet that thought must prove
To search Thy great eternal plan,
Thy sovereign counsels, born of love
Long ages ere the world began.

GOD :

- 3 When my dim reason would demand
Why that, or this, Thou dost ordain,
By some vast deep I seem to stand,
Whose secrets I must ask in vain.
- 4 When doubts disturb my troubled breast,
And all is dark as night to me,
Here, as on solid rock, I rest,
That so it seemeth good to Thee.
- 5 Be this my joy, that evermore
Thou rulest all things at Thy will;
Thy sovereign wisdom I adore,
And calmly, sweetly, trust Thee still.

103 C.M. Double. C. WESLEY.
*Touching the Almighty, we cannot find Him
out.—Job xxxvii. 23.*

- 1 SHALL foolish, weak, shortsighted man
Beyond archangels go,
The great Almighty God explain,
Or to perfection know ?
His attributes divinely soar
Above the creature's sight ;
And prostrate seraphim adore
The glorious Infinite.
- 2 Jehovah's everlasting days,
They cannot numbered be ;
Incomprehensible the space
Of Thine immensity ;
Thy wisdom's depths by reason's line
In vain we strive to sound,
Or stretch our labouring thought to assign
Omnipotence a bound.
- 3 The brightness of Thy glories leaves
Description far below ;
Nor man nor angel's heart conceives
How deep Thy mercies flow.

HIS UNSEARCHABLENESS.

Thy love is most unsearchable,
And dazzles all above ;
They gaze, but cannot count or tell
The treasures of Thy love.

104 C.M. WATTS.*
Canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection?—Job xi. 7.

- 1 **H**OW shall I praise the eternal God,
That infinite Unknown?
Who can ascend His high abode,
Or venture near His throne?
- 2 The great Invisible ! He dwells
Concealed in dazzling light ;
But His all-searching eye reveals
The secrets of the night.
- 3 Those watchful eyes, that never sleep,
Survey the world around ;
His wisdom is a boundless deep,
Where all our thoughts are drowned.
- 4 Speak we of strength ? His arm is strong
To save or to destroy ;
To Him eternal years belong,
And endless is His joy.
- 5 He knows no shadow of a change,
Nor alters His decrees ;
Firm as a rock His truth remains,
To guard His promises.
- 6 Now to my soul, immortal King,
Speak some forgiving word ;
Then 'twill be double joy to sing
The glories of my Lord.

HIS HOLINESS.

(See, for additional Hymns, "THE HOLY TRINITY.")

105 C.M. MANT.
Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of Hosts.
Isaiah vi. 3.

- 1 **R**OUND the Lord, in glory seated,
Cherubim and seraphim,
Filled His temple, and repeated
Each to each the alternate hymn:
- 2 Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven ;
Earth is with its fulness stored ;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord !
- 3 Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry—
Holy, holy, holy, singing,
Lord of Hosts, the Lord most high.
- 4 With His seraph train before Him,
With His holy Church below,
Thus conspire we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthems flow :
- 5 Lord, Thy glory fills the heavens,
Earth is with its fulness stored ;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord !

HIS HOLINESS.

106 8 6, 8 8 6. BINNEY.
God is light, and in Him is no darkness.
1 John 1. 5.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Light ! eternal Light !
How pure the soul must be,
When, placed within Thy searching sight,
It shrinks not, but with calm delight,
Can live, and look on Thee !
- 2 The spirits that surround Thy throne,
May bear the burning bliss ;
But that is surely theirs alone,
Since they have never, never known
A fallen world like this.
- 3 O ! how shall I, whose native sphere
Is dark, whose mind is dim,
Before the Ineffable appear,
And on my naked spirit bear
That uncreated beam ?
- 4 There is a way for man to rise
To that sublime abode :
An offering and a sacrifice,
A Holy Spirit's energies,
An Advocate with God :
- 5 These, these prepare us for the sight
Of Holiness above ;
The sons of ignorance and night
May dwell in the eternal Light,
Through the eternal Love !

107 7s. CONDER.
Hallowed be Thy name.—Matthew vi. 9.

- 1 **H**OLY, holy, holy Lord,
In the highest heavens adored,
Author of all nature's frame ;
Father ! hallowed be Thy name.

GOD .

- 2 Though estranged from Thee in heart.
Doubtless Thou our Father art ;
From Thy hand our spirits came ;
Father ! hallowed be Thy name.
- 3 Nor by nature's tie alone
Thou art as our Father known ;
Nearer now, in Christ, our claim ;
Father ! hallowed be Thy name.
- 4 Born anew, O may we feel
Filial love, the Spirit's seal ;
Cleansed from guilt, redeemed from shame ;
Father ! hallowed be Thy name.
- 5 Whether, then, in want or wealth,
Joy or sorrow, pain or health,
Still our prayer shall be the same ;
Father ! hallowed be Thy name.

H I S G L O R Y .

108 L.M. WATTS.*
*The high and lofty One that inhabiteth
eternity.—Isaiah lvii. 15.*

- 1 ETERNAL Power, whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God ;
Infinite length beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their finite rounds :
- 2 Thee, while the first archangel sings,
He hides his face beneath his wings ;
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.

HIS GLORY.

- 3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do ?
We would adore our Maker too ;
From sin and dust to Thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High.
- 4 Earth from afar has heard Thy fame,
And we have learnt to lisp Thy name ;
But, O, the glories of Thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.
- 5 God is in heaven, and men below ;
Be short our tunes, our words be few ;
A sacred reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

109

L.M.

CONDER.

The Lord God omnipotent reigneth.
Revelation xix. 6.

- 1 **T**HE Lord is King ; lift up thy voice,
O earth, and all ye heavens rejoice.
From world to world the joy shall ring ;
The Lord Omnipotent is King.
- 2 The Lord is King ; who then shall dare,
Resist His will, distrust His care,
Or murmur at His wise decrees,
Or doubt His royal promises ?
- 3 The Lord is King ; child of the dust,
The Judge of all the earth is just ;
Holy and true are all His ways ;
Let every creature speak His praise.
- 4 He reigns ! Ye saints, exalt your strains ;
Your God is King, your Father reigns ;
And He is at the Father's side,
The Man of love, the Crucified.

GOD :

- 5 Come, make your wants, your burdens **known**
He will present them at the throne ;
And angel-bands are waiting there,
His messages of love to bear.
- 6 O ! when His wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, His love forsake,
Then may His children cease to sing,
The Lord Omnipotent is King.
- 7 Alike pervaded by His eye,
All parts of His dominion lie ;
This world of ours, and worlds **unseen**,
And the thin boundary between.
- 8 One Lord, one empire, all secures ;
He reigns, and life and death are yours.
Through earth and heaven one song shall **ring**,
The Lord Omnipotent is King.

110

L.M. TATE AND BRADY.
Psalm xciii.

- 1 **W**ITH glory clad, with strength arrayed,
The Lord that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundations strongly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.
- 2 How surely 'stablished is Thy throne,
Which shall no change or period see ;
For Thou, O Lord, and Thou alone,
Art God from all eternity.
- 3 The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss their troubled waves on high ;
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.
- 4 Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure ;
And they that in Thy house would dwell,
That happy station to secure,
Must still in holiness excel.

1 **T**HE Lord Jehovah reigns,
And royal state maintains ;
His head with awful glories crowned ;
Arrayed in robes of light,
Begirt with sovereign might,
And rays of majesty around.

2 Upheld by Thy commands,
The world securely stands ;
And skies and stars obey Thy word.
Thy throne was fixed on high,
Before the starry sky ;
Eternal is Thy kingdom, Lord.

3 In vain the noisy crowd,
Like billows fierce and loud,
Against Thine empire rage and roar.
In vain, with angry spite,
The surly nations fight,
And dash like waves against the shore.

4 Let floods and nations rage,
And all their powers engage ;
Let swelling tides assault the sky ;
The terrors of Thy frown
Shall beat their madness down ;
Thy throne for ever stands on high.

5 Thy promises are true ;
Thy grace is ever new ;
There fixed, Thy church shall ne'er remove.
Thy saints with holy fear
Shall in Thy courts appear,
And sing Thine everlasting love.

GOD :

112

10, 10, 10, 10, 11, 11.

WATTS.*

Psalm xciii.

- 1 **T**HE Lord of glory reigns, He reigns on high ;
His robes of state are strength and majesty ;
This wide creation rose at His command,
Built by His word, and 'stablished by His hand ;
Long stood His throne ere He began creation,
And His own Godhead is the firm foundation.
- 2 God is the eternal King ; Thy foes in vain
Raise their rebellions to confound Thy reign ;
In vain the storms, in vain the floods arise,
And roar, and toss their waves against the skies ;
Foaming at heaven, they rage with wild com-
motion,
But heaven's high arches scorn the swelling ocean.
- 3 Ye tempests, rage no more ; ye floods be still,
And the mad world submissive to His will ;
Built on His truth, His church must ever stand ;
Firm are His promises, and strong His hand ;
With awe, great God, we now appear before
Thee,
Bow at Thy footstool, and with fear adore Thee.

113

L.M. Double.

C. WESLEY.*

*The heavens are Thine ; the earth also is
Thine.*—Psalm lxxxix. 11.

- 1 **F**ATHER of all, whose powerful voice
Called forth this universal frame ;
Whose mercies over all rejoice,
Through endless ages still the same ;
Wisdom and might and love are Thine ;
Prostrate before Thy feet we fall,
Confess Thine attributes divine,
And hail Thee Sovereign Lord of all !

HIS GLOR..

2 Thee, Sovereign Lord ! let all confess,
That move in earth or air, or sky ;
Revere Thy power, Thy goodness bless,
Tremble before Thy piercing eye.
All ye who owe to Him your birth,
In praise your every hour employ.
Jehovah reigns ! be glad, O earth !
And shout, ye morning stars, for joy !

3 Blessing and honour, praise and love,
Co-equal, co-eternal Three ;
In earth below, in heaven above,
By all Thy works be paid to Thee.
Thrice holy ! Thine the kingdom is ;
The power omnipotent is Thine ;
And when created nature dies,
Thy glories shall for ever shine !

114 ^{4, 6, 10, 8. SIR JOHN BOWRING.}
*Who coverest Thyself with light as with a
garment.—Psalm civ. 2*

1 GOD is my song,
His praises I'll repeat ;
His name is great, and all His works are great ;
To Him all power and praise belong.

2 His robes are light,
His path is all unknown,
Mercy and beauty sit around His throne ;
His crown is truth—His sceptre might.

3 An endless tide
Of glory, greatness, love,
Pouring their waters forth below, above ;
Eternally He shall abide.

4 The Present, Past,
And Future, all unveiled
Are to His searching eye ; there's nought concealed ;
And all that He decrees stands fast.

GOD :

115 7s. Double. H. BONAR.
Day unto day uttereth speech.—Psalm xix. 2.

- 1 **T**O Jehovah, God of might,
Everlasting, infinite,
Dwelling in His boundless heaven,
Be eternal glory given !
His the power, the love, the light,
His the day, and His the night ;
His the happy blue on high,
Earth's green round of spring and joy.
- 2 Darkness with its unseen smile,
Light that cheers our daily toil,
Midnight with its silent love,
Brooding o'er us from above,
Rivers with their gentle song,
Sea waves with their smiling throng,
Forests bending to the breeze,
Calm and tempest—all are His.
- 3 Life with all its changes here,
Hopes that rise above this sphere,
Visions of the far and high,
Gleams of glad eternity ;
Peace that soothes the aching soul,
Health that makes the wounded whole,
Love that fills the heart with bliss,
Song and silence—all are His.
- 4 Let us, then, our honour bring
To this mighty Lord and King ;
Let a new and ceaseless song
Break from every heart and tongue.
Praise Him as the God of might,
Praise Him as the Lord of light,
To His name our song we raise,
Father, Son, and Spirit praise.

HIS GLORY.

116 C.M. WATTS. •
Be silent, O all flesh, before the Lord.
Zechariah ii. 13.

- 1 **K**EEP silence, all created things,
And wait your Maker's word ;
My soul stands trembling while she sings
The honours of the Lord.
 - 2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on His firm decree ;
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.
 - 3 His wisdom, with superior sway,
Guides this vast moving frame ;
While all the ranks of beings pay
Deep reverence to His name.
 - 4 My God, I would not long to see
My fate with curious eyes ;
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise.
 - 5 In Thy fair book of life and grace
May I but find my name,
Recorded in some humble place
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.
-

HIS GLORY AND CONDESCENSION.

117 C.M. F. W. FABER. *
Who would not fear Thee?—Jeremiah x. 7.

- 1 **M**Y God, how wonderful Thou art !
Thy majesty how bright !
How radiant Thy mercy-seat,
In depths of burning light !
- 2 How dread are Thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord !
By prostrate spirits, day and night,
Incessantly adored.
- 3 When Heaven and earth were yet unmade,
When time was yet unknown,
Thou, in Thy light and majesty,
Didst live and reign alone.
- 4 Thou glorious God, how beautiful
The sight of Thee must be ;
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity !
- 5 O how I fear Thee, Living God !
With deepest, tenderest fears ;
And worship Thee with humble hope,
And penitential tears.

HIS GLORY AND CONDESCENSION.

6 Yet may I love Thee, too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art ;
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

7 Father of Jesus, God of love,
What rapture will it be,
Prostrate before Thy throne to lie,
And ever gaze on Thee !

118 C.M. F. W. FABER,*
Ascribe ye greatness unto our God.
Deuteronomy xxxii. 3.

- 1 MOST ancient of all mysteries,
Before Thy throne we lie ;
Eternal Wisdom, Light, and Love !
Most holy Trinity !
- 2 How wonderful creation is,
Thy work, which Thou didst bless ,
'Tis but the hiding of Thy power,
Divine Almightyness !
- 3 How beautiful Thine angels are !
Thy saints, in radiant dress,
They're but the shadow of Thy light,
Eternal loveliness !
- 4 Infinite Goodness ! Thou art dear
To Thy poor creatures' heart ;
It blesses Thee that Thou art God,
That Thou art what Thou art.
- 5 We look up in our littleness
To Thy majestic state ;
Our comfort is Thou art so good,
And that Thou art so great.

GOD :

- 6 O Glorious in Thy Holiness,
Our souls to Thee would fly ;
Inspire us now with fear and love,
Our God to sanctify.

119 6666, 88. WATTS.
The Lord's throne is in heaven.—Psalm xi. 4.

- 1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
His throne is built on high ;
The garments He assumes
Are light and majesty ;
His glories shine with beams so bright,
No mortal eye can bear the sight.
- 2 The thunders of His hand
Keep the wide world in awe ;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard His holy law ;
And where His love resolves to bless,
His truth confirms and seals the grace.
- 3 Through all His ancient works,
Surprising wisdom shines,
Confounds the powers of hell,
And breaks their dark designs ;
Strong is His arm, and shall fulfil
His great decrees, His sovereign will.
- 4 And can this mighty King
Of glory condescend ?
And will He write His name,
My Father and my Friend ?
I love His name, I love His word ;
Join all my powers, and praise the Lord.

HIS GLORY AND CONDESCENSION.

120

C.M.

T. H. GILL.

Thou art my hiding-place.—Psalm xxxii. 7.

1 **M**Y God ! I do not flee from Thee
Because Thou awful art ;
Thy glories, Lord, oppress not me,
Nor make afraid my heart.

2 Father, Redeemer, Quickener mine,
What joy Thy glories yield !
That majesty, that might of Thine,
I count my sun and shield.

3 Who but Thyself, all-glorious Guest,
Joy to my sad soul brings ?
And where may Thy frail creature rest
But 'neath the Eternal wings ?

4 I tremble, and Thou mak'st me bold ;
I weep, smiles come from Thee ;
I faint, and Thy strong arms enfold ;
I die, Thou quickenest me.

5 My weakness Thy dear succour gains ;
That weakness, Lord, I love ;
Yes, sweet the frailty that constrains
My soul to look above !

6 Oh ! if I find mine earthly rest
In Thee, my glorious God,
How will Thy glory make me blest
In Thine own bright abode !

121

L.M.

T. H. GILL.

*Dwelling in the Light which no man can
approach unto.*—1 Timothy vi. 16.

1 **O** HEIGHT that doth all height excel,
Where the Almighty doth abide !
O awful depth unsearchable,
Wherein the Eternal One doth hide !

GOD :

- 2 O dreadful glory, that doth make
Thick darkness round the heavenly throne,
Through which no angel-eye may break,
Wherein the Lord doth dwell alone !
- 3 Our fainting souls the quest give o'er,
Their weary wings no longer try ;
His dwelling we may not explore,
We may not on His glory pry.
- 4 Vain searchers ! but we need not mourn ;
We need not stretch our weary wings ;
Thou meetest us where'er we turn ;
Thou beamest, Lord, from all bright things.
- 5 The glory no man may abide
Doth visit us, a gracious guest ;
Thou whom "excess of light" doth hide
Here shinest, sweetly manifest.
- 6 To us, vain searchers after God,
To us the Holy Ghost doth come ;
From us Thou hidest Thine abode ;
But Thou wilt make our souls Thy home.
- 7 O Glory that no eye may bear !
O Presence bright, our souls' sweet Guest !
O farthest off, O ever near !
Most hidden and most manifest !

122

C.M.
Psalm viii.

MONTGOMERY.

- 1 O LORD, our King, how excellent
Thy name on earth is known !
Thy glory in the firmament,
How wonderfully shown !
- 2 When I behold the heavens on high,
The work of Thy right hand,
The moon and stars amid the sky,—
Thy lights in every land :

HIS GLORY AND CONDESCENSION.

- 3 Lord, what is man, that Thou shouldst deign
On him to set Thy love,
Give him on earth awhile to reign,
Then fill a throne above ?
- 4 O Lord, how excellent Thy name !
How manifold Thy ways !
Let time Thy saving truth proclaim,
Eternity, Thy praise.

123

C.M. HARRIET AUBER.
Psalm viii.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH, Lord of power and might,
How glorious is Thy name !
The blaze of day, the pomp of night,
Thy majesty proclaim.
- 2 Lord, what is man—weak, sinful man—
That he Thy care should prove ;
That Thou for Him shouldst deign to plan
Such mighty acts of love ?
- 3 Made in Thine image at his birth,
Next to the heavenly host,
And sovereign of the new-formed earth,
Each privilege he lost.
- 4 Then did the pitying Saviour leave
The glories of the sky,
(O love too wondrous to conceive !)
For sinful man to die.
- 5 To die, that we, by grace restored,
Might life and glory claim.
O great Creator, Saviour, Lord,
How excellent Thy name !

GOD :

124

L.M.
Psalm xciii.

WATTS.*

- 1 **J**EHOVAH reigns ! His throne is high,
His robes are light and majesty ;
His glory shines with beams so bright,
No mortal can sustain the sight.
- 2 His terrors keep the world in awe ;
His justice guards His holy law ;
His love restores our fallen race ;
His truth and promise seal the grace.
- 3 Through all His works His wisdom shines,
And baffles Satan's deep designs ;
His power is sovereign to fulfil
The noblest counsels of His will.
- 4 And will this glorious Lord descend
To be my Father and my friend ?
Then let my songs with angels' join ;
Heaven is secure if God be mine.

125

10, 10, 11, 11.
Psalm civ.

SIR R. GRANT.*

- 1 **O** WORSHIP the King,
All-glorious above ;
O gratefully sing
His power and His love ;
Our Shield and Defender,
The Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendour,
And girded with praise.
- 2 O tell of His might,
O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light,
Whose canopy, space ;

HIS GLORY AND CONDESCENSION.

His chariots of wrath
The deep thunder-clouds form ;
And dark is His path
On the wings of the storm.

- 3 The earth with its store
Of wonders untold,
Almighty ! Thy power
Hath founded of old ;
Hath 'stablished it fast
By a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast,
Like a mantle, the sea.
- 4 Thy bountiful care
What tongue can recite ?
It breathes in the air,
It shines in the light.
It streams from the hills,
It descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils
In the dew and the rain.
- 5 Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust,
Nor find Thee to fail ;
Thy mercies how tender,
How firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender,
Redeemer, and Friend !
- 6 O measureless might !
Ineffable love !
While angels delight
To hymn Thee above,

GOD :

The humbler creation,
Though feeble their lays,
With true adoration
Shall lisp to Thy praise.

126

L.M.
Psalm cxiii.

MONTGOMERY.

- 1 **S**ERVANTS of God in joyful lays,
Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise :
His glorious name let all adore,
From age to age for evermore.
- 2 Blest be that Name, supremely blest,
From the sun's rising to its rest,
Above the heavens His power is known ;
Through all the earth His goodness shown.
- 3 Who is like God ?—so great, so high,
He bows Himself to view the sky ;
And yet, with condescending grace,
Looks down upon the human race.
- 4 He hears the uncomplaining moan
Of those who sit and weep alone ;
He lifts the mourner from the dust,
And saves the poor in Him that trust.
- 5 Servants of God, in joyful lays,
Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise :
His saving name let all adore,
From age to age, for evermore.

127

888, 888.
Psalm cxiii.

WATTS.

- 1 **Y**E that delight to serve the Lord,
The honours of his name record,
His sacred name for ever bless :
Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams or setting rays,
Let lands and seas His power confess.

HIS GLORY AND CONDESCENSION.

- 2 Not time nor nature's narrow rounds,
Can give His vast dominion bounds :
The heavens are far below His height ;
Let no created greatness dare
With our eternal God compare,
Armed with His uncreated might.
- 3 He bows His glorious head to view
What the bright hosts of angels do,
And bends His care to mortal things ;
His sovereign hand exalts the poor,
He takes the needy from the door,
And makes them company for kings.

128

7s.
Psalm cxiii.

CONDER.

- 1 HALLELUJAH ! Raise, O raise
To our God the song of praise,
All his servants join to sing
God our Saviour and our King.
- 2 Blessed be for evermore
That dread name which we adore :
Round the world His praise be sung
Through all lands, in every tongue.
- 3 O'er all nations God alone,
Higher than the heavens His throne ;
Who is like to God most high,
Infinite in majesty ?
- 4 Yet to view the heavens He bends ;
Yea, to earth He condescends ;
Passing by the rich and great,
For the low and desolate.
- 5 He can raise the poor to stand
With the princes of the land ;
Wealth upon the needy shower :
Set the meanest high in power.

GOD :

- 6 He the broken spirit cheers :
Turns to joy the mourner's tears ;
Such the wonders of His ways :
Praise His name—for ever praise.

129 C.M. W. DRENNAN.
The heaven of heavens cannot contain Thee.
2 Chronicles vi. 18.

- 1 **T**HE heaven of heavens cannot contain
The Universal Lord ;
Yet He in humble hearts will deign
To dwell and be adored.
- 2 Where'er ascends the sacrifice
Of fervent praise and prayer,
Or on the earth, or in the skies,
The Heaven of God is there.
- 3 His presence there is spread abroad
Through realms, through worlds unknown ;
Who seeks the mercies of His God
Is ever near His Throne.

130 L.M. T. W. HIGGINSON.
God is great, and we know Him not.
Job xxxvi. 26.

- 1 **N**O human eyes Thy face may see ;
No human thought Thy form may know ;
But all creation dwells in Thee,
And Thy great life through all doth flow !
- 2 And yet, O strange and wondrous thought !
Thou art a God who hearest prayer,
And every heart with sorrow fraught
To seek Thy present aid may dare.
- 3 And though most weak our efforts seem
Into one creed these thoughts to bind,
And vain the intellectual dream,
To see and know th' Eternal mind ;

HIS GLORY AND CONDESCENSION.

- 4 Yet Thou wilt turn them not aside,
Who cannot solve Thy life divine,
But would give up all reason's pride
To know their hearts approved by Thine.
- 5 So though we faint on life's dark hill,
And Thought grow weak and Knowledge flee,
Yet Faith shall teach us courage still,
And Love shall guide us on to Thee.

131

L.M.
Psalm cxiii.

WATTS.*

- 1 YE servants of the Almighty King,
In every age His praises sing :
Where'er the sun shall rise or set,
The nations shall His praise repeat.
- 2 Above the earth, beyond the sky,
Stands His high throne of majesty ;
Nor time nor place His power restrain,
Nor bound His universal reign.
- 3 He formed the stars, those heavenly flames ;
He counts their numbers, calls their names !
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drowned.
- 4 Great is our Lord and great His might,
And all His glories infinite.
He crowns the meek, rewards the just,
And treads the wicked to the dust.
- 5 Behold His love : He stoops to view
What saints above and angels do ;
And condescends yet more to know
The mean affairs of men below.
- 6 O may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord !
How great *His works ! how kind His ways !*
Let every tongue pronounce His praise.

HIS LOVE AND GOODNESS.

132 L.M. H. BONAR.
His mercy endureth for ever.—Psalm cxxxvi. 1.

- 1 **O** LOVE of God, how strong and true !
Eternal and yet ever new,
Uncomprehended and unbought,
Beyond all knowledge and all thought.
- 2 O love of God ! how deep and great !
Far deeper than man's deepest hate ;
Self-fed, self-kindled like the light,
Changeless, eternal, infinite.
- 3 O heavenly love, how precious still,
In days of weariness and ill !
In nights of pain and helplessness,
To heal, to comfort, and to bless.
- 4 O wide-embracing, wondrous love,
We read thee in the sky above !
We read thee in the earth below,
In seas that swell and streams that flow.
- 5 We read thee best in Him who came
To bear for us the cross of shame ;
Sent by the Father from on high,
Our life to live, our death to die.
- 6 O love of God, our shield and stay,
Through all the perils of our way ;
Eternal love, in thee we rest,
For ever safe, for ever blessed.

HIS LOVE AND 'GOODNESS.

133 ^{8, 7,} SIR JOHN BOWRING.
How great is His goodness.—Zech. ix. 17.

- 1 **G**OD is love ! His mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove ;
Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens ;
God is wisdom ! God is love !
- 2 Chance and change are busy ever ;
Man decays, and ages move ;
But His mercy waneth never :
God is wisdom ! God is love !
- 3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,
Will His changeless goodness prove ;
From the mist His brightness streameth :
God is wisdom ! God is love !
- 4 He with earthly cares entwined
Hope and comfort from above !
Everywhere His glory shineth :
God is wisdom ! God is love !
- 5 God is love ! His mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove !
Bliss He makes, and woe He lightens :
God is wisdom ! God is love !

134 ^{C.M.} [J. D. BURNS.]
God is love.—1 John iv. 8.

- 1 **T**HOU, Lord, art love, and everywhere
Thy name is brightly shown ;
Beneath, on earth—Thy footstool fair,
Above, in heaven—Thy throne.
- 2 Thy word is love—in lines of gold
There mercy prints its trace ;
In nature we Thy steps behold,
The gospel shows Thy face.

GOD :

- 3 Thy ways are love—though they transcend
Our feeble range of sight ;
They wind through darkness to their end,
In everlasting light.
- 4 Thy thoughts are love, and Jesus is
The loving voice they find ;
His love lights up the vast abyss
Of the Eternal Mind.
- 5 Thy chastisements are love—more deep
They stamp the seal Divine ;
And by a sweet compulsion keep
Our spirits nearer Thine.
- 6 Thy heaven is the abode of love !
O blessed Lord, that we
May there, when time's dim shades remove,
Be gathered home to Thee !
- 7 Then with Thy resting saints to fall
Adoring round Thy throne,
When all shall love Thee, Lord, and all
Shall in Thy love be one.

135 87, 87, 47. J. S. B. MONSELL.
The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord
Psalm xxxiii. 5.

- 1 **G**OD is love—the heavens tell it
Through their glorious orbs of light,
In that glad and golden language
Speaking to us, day and night,
Their great story,
God is love, and God is might !
- 2 And the teeming earth rejoices
In that message from above,
With ten thousand thousand voices,
Telling back from hill and grove,
Her glad story,
God is might, and God is love !

HIS LOVE AND GOODNESS.

- 3 With these anthems of creation
Mingling in harmonious strife,
Christian songs of Christ's salvation,
To the world with blessings rife,
Tell their story,
God is love and God is life !
- 4 Through that precious love He sought us,
Wandering from His holy ways,
With that precious life He bought us ;
Then let all our future days
Tell this story,
Love our life, our life be praise.
- 5 Gladsome is the theme, and glorious,
Praise to Christ, our gracious head ;
Christ, the risen Christ, victorious,
Death and hell hath captive led !
Welcome story,
Love is life, and death is dead !
- 6 Up to Him let each affection
Daily rise, and round Him move,
Our whole lives one resurrection
To the life of life above,
Their glad story,
God is life, and God is love !

136 888, 4. [SIR JOHN BOWRING.]
*They that know Thy name will put their
trust in Thee.*—Psalm ix. 10.

- 1 **W**E cannot always trace the way
Where Thou, our gracious Lord, dost
move,
*But we can always surely say
That Thou art love.*

GOD :

- 2 When fear its gloomy cloud will fling
O'er earth,—our souls to heaven above,
As to their sanctuary, spring ;
For Thou art love.
- 3 When mystery shrouds our darkened path,
We'll check our dread, our doubts reprove ;
In this our soul sweet comfort hath,
That Thou art love.
- 4 Yes, Thou art love ; and truth like this
Can every gloomy thought remove,
And turn all tears, all woes to bliss ;
Our God is love.

137

888,888.

R. C. TRENCH.

His tender mercies are over all His works.

Psalm cxlv. 9.

- 1 **L**ET all men know that all men move
Under a canopy of love,
As broad as the blue sky above ;
That doubt and trouble, fear and pain,
And anguish, all are shadows vain ;
That death itself shall not remain.
- 2 That weary deserts we may tread,
A dreary labyrinth may thread,
Through dark ways underground be led ;
Yet if we will one Guide obey,
'The dreariest path, the darkest way,
Shall issue out in heavenly day !
- 3 And we, on divers shores now cast,
Shall meet, our perilous voyage past,
All in our Father's house at last !
Let all men count it true that Love,
Blessing, not cursing, rules above,
And that in it we live and move.

HIS LOVE AND GOODNESS.

138 C.M. [HEGINBOTHOM.]
I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live.
Psalm civ. 33.

- 1 **T**HANKS be to God, for every gift
His bounteous hands bestow ;
And thanks eternal for that love
Whence all those comforts flow.
- 2 For ever let my grateful heart
His boundless grace adore,
Which gives ten thousand blessings now,
And bids me hope for more.
- 3 Transporting hope ! still on my soul
Let Thy fair glories shine,
Till hope itself is lost in joys
Immortal and divine.

139 C.M. NEWTON.*
What shall I render unto the Lord ?
Psalm cxvi. 12.

- 1 **F**OR mercies countless as the sands,
Which daily I receive
From Jesus my Redeemer's hands,
My soul, what canst thou give ?
- 2 Alas ! from such a heart as mine
What can I bring Him forth ?
My best is stained and dyed with sin ;
My all is nothing worth.
- 3 The best return for one like me,
So helpless and so poor,
Is from His gifts to draw a plea,
And ask Him still for more.
- 4 I cannot serve Him as I ought ;
No works have I to boast ;
Yet would I glory in the thought,
That I shall owe Him most

GOD :

140

C.M.

C. WESLEY.

God is able to make all grace abound toward you.—2 Corinthians ix. 8.

- 1 **T**HY ceaseless, unexhausted love,
Unmerited and free,
Delights our evil to remove,
And help our misery.
- 2 Thou waitest to be gracious still ;
Thou dost with sinners bear ;
That, saved, we may Thy goodness feel,
And all Thy grace declare.
- 3 Thy goodness and Thy truth to me,
To every soul, abound ;
A vast unfathomable sea,
Where all our thoughts are drowned.
- 4 Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store ;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore.
- 5 Faithful, O Lord, Thy mercies are,
A rock that cannot move ;
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love.
- 6 Throughout the universe it reigns,
Unalterably sure ;
And while the truth of God remains
His goodness must endure.

141

L.M.

SIMON BROWNE.*

In Thy name shall they rejoice all the day.
Psalm lxxxix. 16.

- 1 **G**REAT God ! my joyful thanks to Thee
Shall, like Thy gifts, continual be ;
*In constant strains Thy bounty flows,
Nor end nor interruption knows.*

HIS LOVE AND GOODNESS.

- 2 From Thee my comforts all arise,
My numerous wants Thy hand supplies ;
Nor can I ever, Lord, be poor,
Who live on Thy exhaustless store.
- 3 May I, with grateful heart, each day,
For all Thy gifts my praises pay ;
And still delighted may I be
In all things to give thanks to Thee !

12

7s.

MILTON.

Psalm cxxxvi.

- 1 **L**ET us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind ;
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 2 He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light ;
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 3 He the golden-tressed sun
Caused all day his course to run ;
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 4 All things living He doth feed ;
His full hand supplies their need ;
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 5 He His chosen race did bless,
In the wasteful wilderness ;
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 6 He hath, with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our misery ;
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

H



GOD :

7 Let us, then, with gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind ;
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

143

S.M.
Psalm ciii.

WATT

1 O BLESS the Lord, my soul ;
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless His name
Whose favours are divine.

2 O bless the Lord, my soul,
Nor let His mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3 'Tis He forgives thy sins,
'Tis He relieves thy pain,
'Tis He that heals thy sicknesses
And makes thee young again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave ;
He that redeemed my soul from hell
Hath sovereign power to save.

5 He fills the poor with good,
He gives the sufferers rest ;
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for the oppressed.

6 His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known ;
But sent the world His truth and grace
By His beloved Son.

HIS LOVE AND GOODNESS.

144

S.M.
Psalm ciii.

WATTS.

- 1 **M**Y soul, repeat His praise,
Whose mercies are so great ;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.
- 2 God will not always chide ;
And, when His strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.
- 3 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of His grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.
- 4 His power subdues our sins ;
And His forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.
- 5 The pity of the Lord
To those that fear His name,
Is such as tender parents feel ;
He knows our feeble frame.
- 6 He knows we are but dust,
Scattered with every breath ;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.
- 7 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower ;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field
It withers in an hour.
- 8 But Thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure ;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, how wondrous are His ways !
How firm His truth ! how large His grace !
He takes His mercy for His throne,
And thence He makes His glories known.
- 2 Not half so high His power hath spread
The starry heavens above our head,
As His rich love exceeds our praise,
Exceeds the highest hopes we raise.
- 3 Not half so far hath nature placed
The rising morning from the west,
As His forgiving grace removes
The daily guilt of those He loves.
- 4 How slowly doth His wrath arise !
On swifter wings salvation flies ;
And if He lets His anger burn,
How soon His frowns to pity turn !
- 5 The mighty God, the wise, and just,
Knows that our frame is feeble dust ;
And will no heavy loads impose
Beyond the strength that He bestows.
- 6 He knows how soon our nature dies,
Blasted by every wind that flies ;
Like grass we spring, and die as soon,
Or morning flowers that fade at noon.
- 7 But His eternal love is sure,
His grace for ever shall endure ;
From age to age His truth shall reign,
And none shall trust our God in vain.

HIS LOVE AND GOODNESS.

146 *I will sing of the mercies of the Lord for ever.*
C.M. H. F. LYTE.*
Psalm lxxxix. 1—11.

- 1 **T**HE mercies of my God and King
My tongue shall still pursue ;
We thank Thee, Lord, that while we sing
Thy love, we share it too.
- 2 As bright and lasting as the sun,
As lofty as the sky,
From age to age Thy word shall run,
And chance and change defy.
- 3 The covenant of the King of Kings
Shall stand for ever sure ;
Beneath the shadow of Thy wings
Thy saints repose secure.
- 4 Thine is the earth, and Thine the skies,
Created at Thy will ;
The waves at Thy command arise,
At Thy command are still.
- 5 In earth below, in heaven above,
Who, who is Lord like Thee ?
O spread the gospel of Thy love
Till all Thy glories see !

147 8 8 8, 4. THOMAS DAVIS.
God is love.—1 John iv. 16.

- 1 **L**ET every voice for praise awake ;
Let every heart the joy partake ;
And with this truth sweet music make,
Our God is love !
- 2 Uncounted gifts, from day to day,
One great hope lighting all our way,
Through His dear Son, bid each to say,
Our God is love !

GOD :

- 3 How strong these words from heaven to cheer,
To kindle love, to banish fear,
And all things high and pure endear !
Our God is love !
 - 4 O Father, when the night is nigh,
That veils for ever earth and sky,
Be this the heart's last melody,
Our God is love !
 - 5 Then, when the brief low strain is o'er,
This truth divine shall with us soar,
And make sweet music evermore,
Our God is love !
-

HIS FAITHFULNESS.

148

C.M.

WATTS

He is faithful that promised.—Heb. x. 23.

- 1 **B**EGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme,
And speak some boundless thing ;
The mighty works, or mightier name
Of our eternal King.
- 2 Tell of His wondrous faithfulness,
And sound His power abroad ;
Sing the sweet promise of His grace,
And the performing God.
- 3 Proclaim salvation from the Lord,
For wretched, dying men ;
His hand has writ the sacred word
With an immortal pen.

HIS FAITHFULNESS.

- 4 Engraved as in eternal brass
The mighty promise shines ;
Nor can the powers of darkness rase
Those everlasting lines.
- 5 His very word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies ;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.

149

L.M.

WATTS.*

Great is Thy faithfulness.—Lam. iii. 23.

- 1 PRAISE, everlasting praise be paid
To Him that earth's foundation laid ;
Praise to the God whose strong decrees
Sway the wide realms of earth and seas.
- 2 Praise to the goodness of the Lord,
Who rules His people by His word,
And there, as strong as His decrees,
He sets His kindest promises.
- 3 Each promise is the voice of God,
Who spoke, and spread the skies abroad ;
Each promise powerful as that sound
That bid the new-made world go round.
- 4 O for a strong, a lasting faith,
To credit what the Almighty saith ;
To embrace the message of His Son,
And call the joys of heaven our own :
- 5 Then, should the earth's old pillars shake,
And all the wheels of nature break,
Our steady souls should fear no more
Than solid rocks when billows roar.
- 6 Our everlasting hopes arise
Above the ruinable skies,—
*Where the Eternal Builder reigns,
And His own courts His power maintains.*

HIS WORKS: CREATION.

150 C.M. **KEBLE.**
Their line is gone out through all the earth.
Psalm xix. 4.

- 1 **T**HERE is a book who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts;
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.
- 2 The works of God above, below,
Within us, and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How God Himself is found.
- 3 The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
In peace and order move.
- 4 One name, above all glorious names,
With its ten thousand tongues,
The everlasting sea proclaims,
Echoing angelic songs.
- 5 The raging fire, the roaring wind,
Thy boundless power display;
*But in the gentler breeze we find
Thy spirit's viewless way.*

HIS WORKS : CREATION.

- 6 Thou, who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere.

151 C.M. WATTS.*
He that built all things is God.—Heb. iii. 4.

- 1 I SING the almighty power of God
That made the mountains rise ;
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.
- 2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day ;
The moon shines full at His command,
And all the stars obey.
- 3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food ;
He formed the creatures by His word,
And then pronounced them good.
- 4 Lord, how Thy wonders are displayed
Where'er I turn mine eye !
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky.
- 5 There's not a plant or flower below,
But makes Thy glories known ;
And clouds arise and tempests blow
By order from Thy throne.
- 6 His hand is my perpetual guard,
He guides me with His eye ;
Why should I then forget the Lord,
Who is for ever nigh ?

GOD :

152

L.M.
Psalm xv.

C. WESLEY.

- 1 **T**HE earth and all her fulness owns
Jehovah for her Sovereign Lord ;
The countless myriads of her sons
Rose into being at His word.
- 2 His word did out of nothing call
The world, and founded all that is ;
Launched on the floods this solid ball,
And fixed it in the floating seas.
- 3 But who shall quit this low abode,
Who shall ascend the heavenly place,
And stand upon the mount of God,
And see his Maker face to face ?
- 4 The man whose hands and heart are clean
That blessed portion shall receive ;
Whoe'er by grace is saved from sin,
Hereafter shall in glory live.
- 5 He shall obtain the starry crown,
And, numbered with the saints above,
The God of his salvation own,
The God of his salvation love.

153

L.M. Double.
Psalm xix.

ADDISON.

- 1 **T**HE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Doth his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

HIS WORKS : CREATION.

- 2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And, nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth ;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 3 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball ;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found ;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing, as they shine—
The hand that made us is divine !

154 C.M. HARRIET AUBER.
Which by His strength setteth fast the mountains.—Psalm lxxv. 6—13.

- 1 **T**HOU, by whose strength the mountains
stand,
Whose voice the waves obey,
Whose mighty Spirit can command
The passions' wilder sway :
- 2 Thy goodness crowns the circling year
With nature's rich supply,
And makes all music to the ear,
And beauty to the eye.
- 3 The clouds pour on the thirsty plain
Their fertilising showers ;
In rich profusion waves the grain,
And earth is wreathed with flowers.
- 4 Creation's glories through all space
Our awe and wonder move ;
*But O how sweet in each to trace
A Father's tender love !*

GOD :

155 L.M. MONTGOMERY.
*God saw everything that He had made, and
behold it was very good.—Genesis i. 31.*

- 1 **T**HE morning stars in concert sang,
When God created heaven and earth,
And earth and heaven with music rang,
When angels hailed Messiah's birth.
- 2 From Eden to the King of Kings,
In sinless man's primeval days,
The voices of all living things,
All nature's sounds were notes of praise.
- 3 Nor ever, since His Sabbath-rest,
When the great Maker from the skies,
His finished works beheld and blessed,
Have songs of glory ceased to rise.
- 4 Where two or three in union meet,
Or thousands throng the house of prayer,
Heart-melodies, thanksgivings sweet,
And faithful vows are offered there.
- 5 Now, with all instruments in one,
All spirits tuned to one accord,
Our prayer be this, Thy will be done,
And this our anthem, Praise the Lord !

156 7s. Six lines. CONDER.
It is He that hath made us.—Psalm c. 3.

- 1 **O** GIVE thanks to Him who made
Morning light and evening shade ;
Source and Giver of all good,
Nightly sleep and daily food ;
Quickener of our wearied powers,
Guard of our unconscious hours.

HIS WORKS : CREATION.

- 2 O give thanks to nature's King,
Who made every breathing thing ;
His, our warm and sentient frame,
His, the mind's immortal flame ;
O, how close the ties that bind
Spirits to the Eternal Mind !
- 3 O give thanks with heart and lip,
For we are His workmanship ;
And all creatures are His care ;
Not a bird that cleaves the air
Falls unnoticed ; but who can
Speak the Father's love to man ?
- 4 O give thanks to Him who came
In a mortal, suffering frame—
Temple of the Deity—
Came, for rebel man to die ;
In the path Himself hath trod,
Leading back His saints to God.

57 L.M. T. H. GILL.
I am continually with Thee.—Psalm lxxiii. 23.

- 1 **W**HAT sweetness on Thine earth doth dwell !
How precious, Lord, these gifts of Thine !
Yet sweeter messages they tell,
These earnest of delights divine.
- 2 Yes ! glory out of glory breaks,
More than the gift itself is given ;
Each gift a glorious promise makes ;
Thine earth doth prophesy of heaven.
- 3 These mighty hills we joy to climb,
These happy streams we wander by,
Reveal the eternal hills sublime—
Of God's own river prophesy.

GOD :

- 4 These odours blest, these gracious flowers,
These sweet sounds that around us rise,
Give tidings of the heavenly bowers,
Prelude the angelic harmonies.
- 5 These vernal hours, what news they bring !
What tidings these bright summers tell !
They fore-announce the eternal spring,
Foreshow the Light Ineffable.
- 6 And in these gracious ones so dear,
These just souls that our souls make strong,
We feel the holy angels near,
We mingle with the blissful throng.
- 7 O mercies, kindly incomplete !
Dear joys, our hearts that may not fill !
Strange grace, that in Thy gifts most sweet
We read of gifts diviner still.
- 8 Lord, from Thy gifts to Thee we rise,
But with more strength we soar above,
Upon these glorious prophecies,
These earnest of Thy dearer love.

158 C.M. T. H. GILL.
Delight thyself also in the Lord.—Ps. xxxvii. 4.

- 1 **I**S not my spirit filled with Thine,
Amidst Thy works, O Lord ?
Are not Thy visits there divine,
Thy glories there outpoured ?
- 2 No sense of mine partakes Thy cheer
Without a nobler guest ;
No pleasure waits on eye or ear,
But, Lord, my soul is blest.

HIS WORKS: CREATION.

- 3 Yes, every fair bright thing I see
My soul some brightness brings ;
I hear the outer harmony—
Within, a sweeter springs.
- 4 Nor glad air breatheth but it breathes
A blessing from above ;
Each vision of Thy works bequeathes
A vision of Thy love.
- 5 But O, not thus, not yet, not here
Doth Thy best brightness come ;
Thy word hath still diviner cheer,
More bliss Thy heavenly home.
- 6 Yet here its light and beauty grow ;
Here endless gifts are given ;
Yes, all the glory won below
Shall glorify our heaven.

59 7s. J. NEANDER, *fr.* J. D. BURNS.*
Bless the Lord all His works.—Ps. ciii. 22.

- 1 H EAVEN and earth, and sea and air,
Still their Maker's praise declare.
'Thou, my soul, as loudly sing,
To thy God thy praises bring.
- 2 See the sun His power awakes,
As through clouds his glory breaks ;
See the moon and stars of light
Praising God in stillest night.
- 3 See how God this rolling globe
Swathes with beauty like a robe ;
Forests, fields, and living things,
Each its Maker's glory sings.

GOD :

- 4 Through the air Thy praises meet
Birds are singing clear and sweet ;
Fire, and storm, and wind, Thy will
As Thy ministers fulfil.
- 5 The ocean waves Thy glory tell,
At Thy touch they sink and swell ;
From the well-spring to the sea
Rivers murmur, Lord, of Thee.
- 6 Ah ! my God, what wonders lie
Hid in Thine infinity !
Stamp upon my inmost heart
What I am, and what Thou art.

160 L.M. Six lines. T. MOORE.
The day is Thine, the night also is Thine.
Psalm lxxiv. 16.

- 1 **T**HOU art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see ;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee ;
Where'er we turn Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.
- 2 When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven ;
Those hues, that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are Thine.
- 3 When youthful Spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh,
And every flower the Summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye ;
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

HIS WORKS : CREATION.

161 12, 12, 14, 14. Irregular. HEBER.
All Thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord.
Psalm cxlv. 10.

- 1 **W**HEN spring unlocks the flowers to paint
the laughing soil ;
When summer's balmy showers refresh the
mower's toil ;
When winter binds in frosty chains the fallow
and the flood ;
In God the earth rejoiceth still, and owns its
Maker good.
- 2 The birds that wake the morning, and those that
love the shade ;
The winds that sweep the mountains, or lull the
drowsy glade ;
The sun that from his amber bower rejoiceth on
his way,
The moon and stars—their Master's name in
silent pomp display.
- 3 Shall man, the lord of nature, expectant of the
sky,
Shall man alone, unthankful, his little praise
deny ?
No ; let the year forsake his course, the seasons
cease to be,
Thee, Father, must we always love, and, Saviour,
honour Thee.
- 4 The flowers of spring may wither, the hope of
summer fade,
The autumn droop in winter, the birds forsake
the shade ;
The winds be lulled, the sun and moon forget
their old decree ;
But *we, in nature's latest hour, O Lord ! will
cling to Thee.*

- 1 **O** LORD, in perfect bliss above
Thou couldst not need created love ;
And yet Thou didst Thy power display,
And earth's foundations firmly lay.
- 2 Things that were not, at Thy command,
In perfect form before Thee stand,
And all to their Creator raise
A wondrous harmony of praise.
- 3 But even while the world came forth
In all the beauty of its birth,
In Thy deep thought Thou didst behold
Another world of nobler mould.
- 4 For Thou didst will that Christ should **frame**
A new creation by His Name ;
Its seed, the living word of grace,
He scatters wide in every place ;
- 5 Its home, when time shall be no more.
In heaven with Thee for evermore ;
Accepted in Thy boundless love,
To share His throne and joy above.
- 6 O Father, bless, for they are Thine,
O Son, direct in love divine,
O Holy Ghost, with grace endue
The old creation and the new. **Amen.**

HIS WORKS: PROVIDENCE

163 L.M. COWPER,
All things come of Thee.—1 Chron. xxix. 14.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY King, whose wondrous hand
Supports the weight of sea and land,
Whose grace is such a boundless store,
No heart in vain shall sigh for more ;
- 2 Thy providence supplies my food,
And 'tis Thy blessing makes it good ;
My soul is nourished by Thy word ;
Let soul and body praise the Lord.
- 3 My streams of outward comfort came
From Him who built this earthly frame ;
Whate'er I need His bounty gives,
By whom my soul for ever lives.
- 4 Either His hand preserves from pain,
Or, if I suffer, heals again ;
From Satan's malice shields my breast,
Or overrules it for the best.
- 5 Forgive the song that falls so low
Beneath the gratitude I owe ;
It means Thy praise, however poor ;
An angel's song can do no more.

GOD :

164

C.M.

WATTS.*

Another book.....the book of life.

Revelation xx. 12.

- 1 **L**ET the whole race of creatures lie
Abased before the Lord ;
Whate'er His sovereign voice has formed,
He governs with a word.
- 2 Ten thousand ages ere the skies
Were into motion brought,
All the long years and worlds to come
Stood present to His thought.
- 3 If light attend the course I run,
'Tis He provides those rays,
And 'tis His hand that hides my sun,
If darkness cloud my days.
- 4 Yet would I not be much concerned,
Nor vainly long to see
The volume of His deep decrees,
What months are writ for me.
- 5 When He reveals the book of life,
O may I read my name
Amongst the chosen of His love,
The followers of the Lamb.

165

C.M.

COWPER.

Thy footsteps are not known.—Ps. lxxvii. 19.

- 1 **G**OD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform ;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

HIS WORKS : PROVIDENCE.

- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace ;
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain ;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

166

L.M.

WATTS.*

What I do thou knowest not now.
John xiii. 7.

- 1 **L**ORD, we adore Thy vast designs,
The obscure abyss of Providence,
Too deep to sound with mortal lines,
Too dark to view with feeble sense.
- 2 Now, Thou array'st Thine awful face
In angry frowns, without a smile ;
We, through the cloud, believe Thy grace,
Secure of Thy compassion still.
- 3 Through seas and storms of deep distress
We sail by faith, and not by sight ;
Faith guides us in the wilderness
Through all the briars and the night.

GOD :

- 4 Dear Father, if Thy lifted rod
Be raised to scourge us here below,
Still we must lean upon our God,
Thine arm shall bear us safely through.

167

L.M.
Psalm xxxvi.

WATTS.

- 1 **H**IGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines ;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens Thy designs.
- 2 For ever firm Thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep ;
Wise are the wonders of Thy hands ;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
- 3 My God ! how excellent Thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort springs !
The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of Thy wings.
- 4 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of the Lord ;
And in Thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in Thy word.

168

L.M. Six lines. HARRIET AUBER.
Psalm lxviii.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH ! great and awful name !
Which none besides may dare to claim,
In earth beneath, in heaven above,
Thou reign'st, a God of power and love ;
To Thee our grateful hearts we raise,
In notes of joy, in songs of praise.

HIS WORKS : PROVIDENCE.

- 2 Join every voice while we record
The tender mercies of the Lord,
Who from above the starry sky
Extends to all an equal eye ;
To all inclines a willing ear,
And loves to dry the mourner's tear.
- 3 He makes the fatherless His care,
And listens to the widow's prayer,
A refuge for the outcast finds,
The captive's cruel chain unbinds ;
But all the gratitude we owe
None but the saints in Christ can know.
- 4 Our gracious Lord on them bestows
Redemption from severer woes ;
With mighty arm for them hath broke
Sin's galling chain and heavier yoke ;
Hath conquered death, and freely given
His precious blood to purchase heaven.

69

886, 886. HARRIET AUBER.*
Psalm lxxv.

- 1 **T**HAT Thou, O Lord, art ever nigh,
Though veiled in awful majesty,
Thy mighty works declare ;
Thy hand this earthly frame upholds,
Thine eye the universe beholds
With providential care.
- 2 Thou settest up and castest down ;
To Thee the monarch owes his crown,
To Thee we owe our breath.
In Thee Thine angels live and move ;
Thou reign'st supreme in heaven above
And in the earth beneath.

GOD :

- 3 Great King of Kings and Lord of Lords,
Whose hand chastises and rewards,
Thee only we adore ;
To Thee the voice of praise shall rise
In hallelujahs to the skies,
Till time shall be no more.

170

C.M. Double.

HARRIET AUBER.*

Psalm lxxviii.

- 1 **O** PRAISE our great and gracious Lord,
And call upon His name ;
To strains of joy tune every chord,
His mighty acts proclaim.
Tell how He led His chosen race
To Canaan's promised land ;
Tell how His covenant of grace
Unchanged shall ever stand.
- 2 He gave the shadowing cloud by day,
The moving fire by night ;
To guide His Israel on their way,
He made their darkness light.
And have not we a sure retreat,
A Saviour ever nigh ?
The same clear light to guide our feet,
The day-spring from on high ?
- 3 We, too, have manna from above,
The bread that came from heaven ;
To us the same kind hand of love
Hath living waters given.
A rock we have, from whence the spring
In rich abundance flows ;
That rock is Christ, our Priest, our King,
Who life and health bestows.

HIS WORKS : PROVIDENCE.

- 4 The Lord is great, the Lord is good,
We'll trust our heavenly Guide ;
So shall we find death's fearful flood
Serene as Jordan's tide ;
And safely reach that happy shore
The land of peace and rest,
Where angels worship and adore,
In God's own presence blessed.

171

L.M.
Psalm xci.

WATTS.

- 1 **H**E that hath made his refuge God,
Shall find a most secure abode ;
Shall walk all day beneath His shade,
And there at night shall rest his head.
- 2 Then will I say, My God, Thy power
Shall be my fortress and my tower ;
I, that am formed of feeble dust,
Make Thine almighty arm my trust.
- 3 Just as a hen protects her brood
From birds of prey that seek their blood,
Under her feathers ; so the Lord
Makes His own arm His people's guard.
- 4 If burning beams of noon conspire
To dart a pestilential fire,
God is their life ; His wings are spread
To shield them with a healthful shade.
- 5 If vapours, with malignant breath,
Rise thick, and scatter midnight death,
Israel is safe ; the poisoned air
Grows pure, if Israel's God be there.
- 6 What though a thousand at thy side,
At thy right hand ten thousand, died ;
Thy God His chosen people saves
Amongst the dead, amidst the graves.

GOD :

- 7 But if the fire, or plague, or sword,
Receive commission from the Lord,
To strike His saints among the rest,
Their very pains and deaths are blessed.
- 8 The sword, the pestilence, or fire,
Shall but fulfil their best desire ;
From sins and sorrows set them free,
And bring Thy children, Lord, to Thee.

172

L.M.
Psalm cvii.

WATTS.

- 1 **G**IVE thanks to God ; He reigns above ;
Kind are His thoughts ; His name is Love ;
His mercy ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own.
- 2 Let the redeemed of the Lord
The wonders of His grace record ;
Israel, the nation whom He chose,
And rescued from their mighty foes.
- 3 When God's almighty arm had broke
Their fetters, and the Egyptian yoke,
They traced the desert, wandering round
A wild and solitary ground.
- 4 There they could find no leading road,
Nor city for a fixed abode ;
Nor food, nor fountain to assuage
Their burning thirst or hunger's rage.
- 5 In their distress to God they cried,
God was their Saviour and their guide ;
He led their march, far wandering round,
'Twas the right path to Canaan's ground.
- 6 Thus when our first release we gain
From sin's old yoke and Satan's chain,
We have this desert world to pass,
A dangerous and a tiresome place.

HIS WORKS: PROVIDENCE.

- 7 He feeds and clothes us all the way ;
He guides our footsteps lest we stray ;
He guards us with a powerful hand,
And brings us to the heavenly land.
- 8 O let the saints with joy record
The truth and goodness of the Lord !
How great His works, how kind His ways !
Let every tongue pronounce His praise.

173

7s.
Psalm cvii.

MONTGOMERY.*

- 1 **T**HANK and praise Jehovah's name,
For His mercies, firm and sure,
From eternity the same,
To eternity endure.
- 2 Let the ransomed thus rejoice,
Gathered out of every land,
As the people of His choice,
Plucked from the destroyer's hand.
- 3 In the wilderness astray,
Weary, sorrowful, they roam,
Hungry, fainting by the way,
Far from refuge, shelter, home ;
- 4 But unto the Lord they cry ;
He inclines a gracious ear,
Sends deliverance from on high,
Rescues them from all their fear.
- 5 To a pleasant land He brings,
Where the vine and olive grow,
Where from flowery hills the springs
Through luxuriant valleys flow.
- 6 O that men would praise the Lord
For His goodness to their race ;
For the *wonders of His word,*
And the riches of His grace.



GOD :

174

L.M. HARRIET AU
Psalm cxxi.

- 1 **T**O heaven our longing eyes we raise,
Where God in matchless glory reign
He from His mercy-seat surveys
The creatures whom His power sustains
- 2 O let no anxious doubts alarm ;
Though throned in heaven, His help is nigh
No weariness unnerves His arm,
No slumber seals His watchful eye.
- 3 He suffers not His flock to stray,
But guides them by His gospel's light ;
Shades them from scorching suns by day,
Shields them from perils of the night.
- 4 He is our Father and our King,
Maker and Sovereign, Lord of all ;
Secure beneath His sheltering wing,
No evil can His sons befall.

175

C.M. WAT.
Psalm cxlv.

- 1 **S**WEET is the memory of Thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King ;
Let age to age Thy righteousness
In songs of glory sing.
- 2 God reigns on high, but not confines
His goodness to the skies ;
Through the whole earth His bounty shines
And every want supplies.
- 3 With longing eyes Thy creatures wait
On Thee for daily food ;
*Thy liberal hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good.*

HIS WORKS : PROVIDENCE.

- 4 How kind are Thy compassions, Lord !
How slow Thine anger moves !
But soon He sends His pardoning word
To cheer the souls He loves.
- 5 Creatures with all their endless race
Thy power and praise proclaim ;
And we who know Thy richer grace
Delight to bless Thy name.

176 87, 87, 47. H. E. LYTE.*
*Like as a father pitieth his children, so the
Lord pitieth them that fear Him.*—Psalm ciii. 13.

- 1 PRAISE, my soul, the King of Heaven,
To His feet thy tribute bring ;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like Thee His praise should sing !
Praise Him, praise Him,
Praise the everlasting King.
- 2 Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress ;
Praise Him, still the same as ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless.
Praise Him, praise Him,
Glorious in His faithfulness.
- 3 Father-like, He tends and spares us,
Well our feeble frame He knows ;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes.
Praise Him, praise Him,
Widely as His mercy flows.
- 4 Angels, help us to adore Him ;
Ye behold Him face to face ;
All His works bow down before Him,
Through the boundless realms of space.
*Praise Him, praise Him,
Praise with us the God of grace.*



GOD :

177

C.M.

ADDISON

*Remember all the way which the Lord thy
God led Thee.—Deuteronomy viii. 2.*

- 1 **W**HEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my thankful heart ?
But Thou canst read it there.
- 3 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.
- 4 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.
- 5 When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renewed my face :
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.
- 6 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 7 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
And, after death, in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew.

HIS WORKS: PROVIDENCE.

- 8 Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise ;
But O ! eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise.

178

67, 67, 6666.

RINCKART, *tr.* C. WINKWORTH.

*The God in whose hand thy breath is, and whose
are all thy ways.—Daniel v. 23.*

- 1 NOW thank we all our God,
With heart, and hands, and voices ;
Who wondrous things hath done.
In whom His world rejoices ;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.
- 2 O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us ;
With ever-joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us ;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.
- 3 All praise and thanks to God,
The Father, now be given,
The Son, and Him who reigns
With them in highest heaven ;
The one eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore ;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

GOD :

179 7s. Double. MRS. BARBAULD.
Thou visitest the earth and waterest it.
Psalm lxxv. 9.

1 PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days ;
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let Thy praise our tongues employ,
For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain.

2 All that spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land ;
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores,
These to Thee, our God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow ;
And for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

180 888, 4. FREDERICK SMITH
Thy will be done.—Matthew vi. 10.

1 O GOD, not only in distress,
In pain, and want, and weariness,
Thy tender Spirit stoops to bless,
Thy will is done.

2 But oftener on the wings of peace
And girt about with tenderness,
Thou comest, and all troubles cease,
Thy will is done.

3 In all that nature hath supplied,
In flowers along the country side,
In morning light, in eventide,
Thy will is done.

HIS WORKS : PROVIDENCE.

- 4 And when a wayward wind is borne,
So lightly on a summer morn,
To stir the golden ears of corn,
Thy will is done.
- 5 In youthful days, when joys increase,
In light, in hope, in happiness,
In quiet times of trustful peace,
Thy will is done.
- 6 And when the widowed heart can bring
Its sorrow to Thy feet, and cling
Till hope surpasses sorrowing,
Thy will is done.
- 7 Thy will is pure, O Lord, and just,
And we, frail creatures of the dust,
Through good or ill, can only trust
Thy will is done.
- 8 For high above all earthly ill,
Thy purer wisdom worketh still ;
And we would wait and trust, until
Thy will is done,—
- 9 And through the clouds from sunny skies,
A light shall fall where sorrow lies ;
Thou speakest, and the heart replies
Thy will is done.
- 10 Descend and make Thy goodness known,
Claim all creation for Thine own,
And make *all hearts, Lord, Thine alone,*
Thy will be done.

GOD :

181

L.M.

J. W. 1

Thy will be done.—Matthew vi. 10.

- 1 **W**HEN spring's soft breath and soft
showers
New life infuse in buds and flowers,
'This song, O Lord, shall then be ours,
This is Thy will,—Thy will be done.
- 2 When autumn cometh, golden-crowned,
With treasures of the fertile ground,
Bright, joyous, let the anthem sound,
It is Thy will,—Thy will be done.
- 3 When children's merry laugh and play
Make sweetest music through the day,
Most heartily we love to say,
This is Thy will,—Thy will be done.
- 4 When gladdest sympathy we feel,
As youth and maiden plighted kneel,
Be this of all their bliss the seal ;
It is Thy will,—Thy will be done.
- 5 When friends are ours, and joys increase,
When sickness, want, and tumults cease,
'This thought comes with divinest peace,
It is Thy will,—Thy will be done.
- 6 When on the dark-waved shore we stand,
Each year an undiminished band,
Friend still with friend, hand still in hand,
This is Thy will,—Thy will be done.
- 7 O Father, in our hearts instil
Right thoughts of Thy joy-giving will ;
All things for good are working still
Thy perfect will,—Thy will be done.

HIS WORKS: PROVIDENCE.

182 C.M. DODDRIDGE.*
I am the God of Bethel.—Genesis xxxi. 13.

- 1 O GOD of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed,
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led ;
- 2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace ;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide ;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.
- 4 O spread Thy covering wings around
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.
- 5 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore ;
And Thou shalt be our chosen God
And portion, evermore.

183 87, 87, 887. [F. COX.]
*Oh that men would praise the Lord for His
goodness.*—Psalm cvii. 8.

- 1 SING praise to God, who reigns above,
The God of all creation,
The God of power, the God of love,
The God of our salvation !
With healing balm my soul He fills,
And every faithless murmur stills ;
To God all praise and glory.

GOD :

- 2 The angel-host, O King of Kings,
Thy praise for ever telling,
In earth and sky all living things
Beneath Thy shadow dwelling,
Adore the wisdom which could span,
And power which formed creation's plan ;
To God all praise and glory.
-

HIS WORKS : REDEMPTION

184 L.M. Six lines. DAVIES.
*Who is a God like unto Thee, that pardoneth
iniquity?—Micah vii. 18.*

- 1 GREAT God of wonders ! all Thy ways
Are worthy of Thyself, divine ;
But the bright glories of Thy grace
Beyond Thine other wonders shine.
Who is a pardoning God like Thee ?
Or who has grace so rich and free ?
- 2 Such deep transgressions to forgive,
Such guilty, daring worms to spare ;
This is Thy grand prerogative,
And in the honour none may share.
Is there a pardoning God like Thee ?
Or is there grace so rich and free ?

HIS WORKS : REDEMPTION.

- 3 Pardon, from an offended God ;
Pardon, for sins of deepest dye ;
Pardon, bestowed through Jesus' blood ;
Pardon, that brings the rebel nigh.
Where is the pardoning God like Thee ?
Or where the grace so rich and free ?
- 4 O may this glorious, matchless love,
This wondrous miracle of grace,
Teach mortal tongues, like those above,
To raise this song of lofty praise :—
Who is a pardoning God like Thee ?
Or who has grace so rich and free ?

185 C.M. WATTS.
*God sent not His Son into the world to
condemn the world.*—John iii. 17.

- 1 COME, happy souls, approach your God
With new melodious songs ;
Come, tender to almighty grace
The tribute of your tongues.
- 2 So strange, so boundless was His love,
That pitied dying men,
The Father sent His equal Son
To give them life again.
- 3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not armed
With a revenging rod,
No hard commission to perform
The vengeance of a God.
- 4 But all was mercy, all was mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
When Christ on the kind errand came,
And brought salvation down.

5 Here, sinners, you may heal your wounds,
And wipe your sorrows dry ;
Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,
And you shall never die.

6 See, dearest Lord, our willing souls
Accept Thine offered grace ;
We bless the great Redeemer's love,
And give the Father praise.

186 C.M. WATTS.
He shall save His people from their sins.
Matthew i. 21.

1 **S**ALVATION ! O the joyful sound,
'Tis pleasure to our ears ;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay ;
But we arise by grace divine
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation ! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

187 L.M. WATTS.*
Psalm ciii.

1 **B**LESS, O my soul, the living God,
Call home Thy thoughts that rove abroad ;
Let all the powers within me join
In work and worship so divine.

2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace ;
His favours claim thy highest praise ;
Why should the wonders He hath wrought
Be lost in silence and forgot ?

HIS WORKS : REDEMPTION.

- 3 'Tis He, my soul, that sent His Son
To die for crimes which Thou hast done ;
He owns the ransom, and forgives
'The hourly follies of our lives.
- 4 Let the whole earth His power confess ;
Let the whole earth adore His grace ;
Let men below with angels join
In work and worship so divine.

188

L.M.
Psalm cxxxvi.

WATTS.

- 1 **G**IVE to our God immortal praise ;
Mercy and truth are all His ways ;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song.
- 2 Give to the Lord of Lords renown ;
The King of Kings with glory crown ;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.
- 3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fixed the starry lights on high ;
Wonders of grace to God belong ;
Repeat His mercies in your song.
- 4 He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night ;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When sun and moon shall shine no more.
- 5 He sent His Son with power to save
From guilt and darkness and the grave ;
Wonders of grace to God belong ;
Repeat His mercies in your song.

- 6 Through this vain world He guides our feet,
And leads us to His heavenly seat ;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

189

C.M.
Psalm cxxxvi.

WATTS.

- 1 **G**IVE thanks to God, the Sovereign Lord ;
His mercies still endure ;
And be the King of Kings adored ;
His truth is ever sure.
- 2 What wonders hath His wisdom done !
How mighty is His hand !
Heaven, earth, and sea He framed alone ;
How wide is His command !
- 3 The sun supplies the day with light ;
How bright His counsels shine !
The moon and stars adorn the night ;
His works are all divine.
- 4 He saw the nations dead in sin ;
He felt His pity move ;
How sad the state the world was in !
How boundless was His love !
- 5 He sent to save us from our woe—
His goodness never fails—
From death and hell and every foe,
And still His grace prevails.
- 6 Give thanks to God, the Heavenly King ;
His mercies still endure ;
Let the whole earth His praises sing ;
His truth is ever sure.

HIS WORKS : REDEMPTION.

90

6666, 4444.
Psalm cxxxvi.

WATTS.

- 1 **G**IVE thanks to God Most High,
The Universal Lord,
The sovereign King of Kings,
And be His grace adored.
His power and grace
Are still the same,
And let His name
Have endless praise.
- 2 How mighty is His hand !
What wonders hath He done !
He formed the earth and seas,
And spread the heavens alone.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure,
And ever sure
Abides Thy word.
- 3 His wisdom framed the sun,
To crown the day with light ;
The moon and twinkling stars,
To cheer the darksome night.
His power and grace
Are still the same,
And let His name
Have endless praise.
- 4 He saw the nations lie
All perishing in sin,
And pitied the sad state
The ruined world was in.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure,
And ever sure
Abides Thy word.

GOD :

5 He sent His only Son
To save us from our woe,
From Satan, sin, and death,
And every hurtful foe.
His power and grace
Are still the same,
And let His name
Have endless praise.

6 Give thanks aloud to God,
To God the heavenly King,
And let the spacious earth
His works and glories sing.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure,
And ever sure
Abides Thy word.

191 L.M. WATTS.
*Who hath saved us, and called us with a holy
calling, etc.—2 Timothy i. 9.*

1 **N**OW to the power of God supreme
Be everlasting honours given ;
He saves from hell—we bless His name—
He calls our wandering feet to heaven.

2 Not for our duties or deserts,
But of His own abounding grace,
He works salvation in our hearts,
And forms a people for His praise.

3 'Twas His own purpose that began
To rescue rebels doomed to die ;
He gave us grace in Christ His Son
Before He spread the starry sky.

HIS WORKS : REDEMPTION.

- 4 Jesus the Lord appears at last,
And makes His Father's counsels known ;
Declares the great transactions past,
And brings immortal blessings down.
- 5 He dies ; and in that dreadful night
Did all the powers of hell destroy ;
Rising, He brought our heaven to light,
And took possession of the joy.

92 S.M. WATT'S
*God commendeth His love toward us, in that
while we were yet sinners Christ died for
us.—Romans v. 8.*

- 1 **R**AISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune ;
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.
- 2 Sing how eternal love
Its chief Belovéd chose,
And bid Him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes.
- 3 'Twas mercy filled the throne
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardons down
To rebels doomed to die.
- 4 Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrows cease ;
Bow to the sceptre of His love,
And take the offered peace.
- 5 Lord, we obey Thy call ;
We lay a humble claim
To the salvation Thou hast brought,
And love and praise Thy name.

GOD.

193 C.M. WATTS.*
God, who is rich in mercy.—Eph. ii. 4.

- 1 **F**ATHER, how wide Thy glories shine !
How high Thy wonders rise !
Known through the earth by thousand signs
By thousand through the skies.
- 2 Those mighty orbs proclaim Thy power,
Their motions speak Thy skill,
And on the wings of every hour
We read Thy patience still.
- 3 But when we see Thy strange design
To save our rebel race,
Our souls adore with awe divine
Thy justice and Thy grace.
- 4 When sinners break the Father's laws,
The dying Son atones ;
O the deep mysteries of His cross,
The triumph of His groans.
- 5 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains ;
Bright cherubs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.
- 6 O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song ;
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST:
GENERAL PRAISE.

194 C.M. TOPLADY.*
To Him be glory and dominion.—Rev. i. 6.

- 1 WE sing to Thee, Thou Son of God,
Fountain of life and grace ;
We praise Thee, Son of Man, whose blood
Redeemed our fallen race.
- 2 Thee we acknowledge God and Lord,
The Lamb for sinners slain ;
Who art by heaven and earth adored,
Worthy o'er both to reign.
- 3 To Thee all angels cry aloud,
Through heaven's extended coasts ;
Hail ! holy, holy, holy Lord
Of Glory and of Hosts.
- 4 The cherubim and seraphim
Incessant sing to Thee ;
The worlds and all the powers therein
Adore Thy majesty.
- 5 The prophets' goodly fellowship,
In radiant garments dressed,
Praise Thee, Thou Son of God, and reap
The fulness of Thy rest.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST :

- 6 'The apostles' glorious company
Thy righteous praise proclaim ;
The martyred army glorify
Thine everlasting name.
- 7 Through all the world, Thy churches join
To call on Thee, their Head,
Brightness of Majesty Divine,
Who every power hast made.
- 8 Among their number, Lord, we love
To sing Thy precious blood.
Reign here, and in the worlds above,
Thou holy Lamb of God !

195 C.M. C. WESLEY
Unto Him that loved us—be glory—for ever.
Revelation i. 5, 6.

- 1 **O** FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace.
- 2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honours of Thy name.
- 3 Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease,
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life and health and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin ;
He sets the prisoner free ;
His blood can make the foulest clean ;
His blood avails for me.

GENERAL PRAISE.

- 5 Look unto Him, ye nations ; own
Your God, ye fallen race ;
Look, and be saved by faith alone,
Be justified by grace.

196 C.M. WATTS.
Christ hath redeemed us.—Gal. iii. 13.

- 1 **A**RISE, my soul ! awake, my voice,
And songs of rapture sing ;
Loud hallelujahs shall address
My Saviour and my King.
- 2 Infinite pity touched the heart
Of God's eternal Son ;
Descending from the heavenly court,
He left His Father's throne.
- 3 Aside the Prince of Glory threw
His most divine array,
And wrapt His Godhead in a veil
Of our inferior clay.
- 4 His living power and dying love
Redeemed unhappy men,
And raised the ruins of our race
To life and God again.
- 5 'To Thee, dear Lord, our flesh and soul
We joyfully resign ;
Blest Jesus, take us for Thine own,
For we are doubly Thine.
- 6 Thine honour shall for ever be
The business of our days ;
For ever shall our thankful tongues
Speak Thy deserved praise.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST :

197 8, 7. Double. ROBINSON.*
*Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory
and honour.—Revelation iv. 11.*

- 1 **M**IGHTY God, while angels bless Thee,
May a mortal sing Thy name ?
Lord of men as well as angels,
Thou art every creature's theme ;
Lord of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days,
Sounded through the wide creation
Be Thy just and endless praise.
- 2 For the grandeur of Thy nature—
Grand beyond a seraph's thought—
For the wonders of creation,
Works with skill and kindness wrought ;
For Thy providence, that governs
Through Thine empire's wide domain,
Crowns the angels, feeds the sparrows,
Blessed be Thy gentle reign.
- 3 But Thy rich, Thy free redemption,
Bright, though veiled in darkness long,—
Thought is poor, and poor expression,—
Who can sing that wondrous song ?
Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall Thy praise unuttered lie ?
Break, my tongue, such guilty silence,
Sing the Lord who came to die.
- 4 From the highest throne of glory,
To the cross of deepest woe,
Thou didst stoop to ransom captives.
Flow, my praise, for ever flow ;
Re-ascend, immortal Saviour,
Leave Thy footstool, take Thy throne ;
Thence return, and reign for ever,
Be the kingdom all Thine own.

GENERAL PRAISE.

198 ^{8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.} *Lord of Lords, and King of Kings.* H. BONAR.
Revelation xvii. 14

- 1 **G**LORY be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory be to God the Spirit,
Great Jehovah, Three in One ;
Glory, glory,
While eternal ages run !
- 2 Glory be to Him who loved us,
Washed us from each spot and stain ;
Glory be to Him who bought us,
Made us kings with Him to reign ;
Glory, glory,
To the Lamb that once was slain !
- 3 Glory to the King of angels,
Glory to the Church's King,
Glory to the King of nations,
Heaven and earth, your praises bring :
Glory, glory,
To the King of Glory bring.
- 4 Glory, blessing, praise eternal !
Thus the choir of angels sings.
Honour, riches, power, dominion !
Thus its praise creation brings ;
Glory, glory,
Glory to the King of Kings !

199 ^{L.M.} *He that descended is the same also that ascended.* WATTS.*
Ephesians iv. 10.

- 1 **N**OW for a hymn of lofty praise
To great Jehovah's equal Son !
Awake, my voice, in heavenly lays
Proclaim the wonders He hath done.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST :

- 2 Sing how He left the worlds of light,
And the bright robes He wore above ;
How swift and joyful was His flight,
On wings of everlasting love.
- 3 Deep in the shades of gloomy death
The almighty Captive prisoner lay ;
The almighty Captive left the earth,
And rose to everlasting day.
- 4 Amongst a thousand harps and songs,
Jesus, our God, exalted reigns ;
His sacred name fills all their tongues,
And echoes through the heavenly plains.

200 *Of His fulness have all we received.*
C.M. FAWCET.
John i. 16.

- 1 I NFINITE excellence is Thine,
Almighty King of grace ;
Thine uncreated glories shine
With never-fading rays.
- 2 Sinners, from earth's remotest end,
Come bending at Thy feet ;
To Thee their prayers and songs ascend ;
In Thee their wishes meet.
- 3 Millions of happy spirits live
On Thine exhaustless store ;
From Thee they all their bliss receive,
And still Thou givest more.
- 4 Thou art their triumph and their joy ;
They find their all in Thee ;
Thy glories will their tongues employ
Through all eternity.

GENERAL PRAISE.

201 C.M.
The love of Christ, which passeth knowledge.
Ephesians iii. 19.

- 1 **T**O Thee, our Saviour and our Lord,
A grateful song we'll raise ;
Love shall inspire our glowing hearts,
And form our lips to praise.
- 2 Worthy for ever is the Lamb •
That bore our sins away ;
But oh ! what tribute can we give ?
What equal honours pay ?
- 3 Millions of saints Thy grace proclaim
In noblest strains above ;
But Heaven itself can never tell
The wonders of Thy love.
- 4 Blessed seraphs sing Thy matchless love,
And shout Thy high renown ;
Archangels, at Thy sacred feet,
Lay their bright glories down.
- 5 Reign, mighty Prince ! for ever reign,
Till death himself be dead ;
And let eternal ages shower
Their blessings on Thy head.
- 6 Thus will we sing till nature fails,
Till sense and language die ;
And then resume Thy glorious praise
In happier worlds on high.

202 L.M. WATTS.*
He that cometh from above is above all.
John iii. 31.

- 1 **C**OME, worship at Immanuel's feet,
In Christ our Lord what wonders meet !
Earth is too narrow to express
His power, His wisdom, or His grace.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST :

- 2 The whole creation can afford
But some faint shadows of the Lord ;
Nature, to make His glories known,
Must mingle colours not her own.
- 3 O let me climb those higher skies
Where storms and darkness never rise ;
There He displays His power abroad,
And shines and reigns the incarnate God.
- 4 Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
Nor heaven, His full resemblance bears ;
His glories we can never trace,
Till we behold Him face to face.

203

887, 887, 48, 48.

P. NICOLAI, *tr.* in PEOPLE'S HYMN

*Who hath reconciled us to Himself by Jesus Christ
and hath given to us the ministry of reconciliation.*—2 Corinthians v. 18.

- 1 **H**OW brightly dawns the morning star,
With mercy coming from afar !
The host of heaven rejoices ;
O righteous Branch, O Jesse's Rod,
Thou Son of Man and Son of God,
We too will lift our voices !
Jesus ! Jesus !
Holy, holy, yet most lowly,
Draw Thou near us ;
Great Immanuel, stoop and hear us.
- 2 Though circled by the hosts on high,
He deigned to cast a pitying eye
Upon His helpless creature ;
The whole creation's Head and Lord,
By highest Seraphim adored,
Assumed our very nature :
Jesus, grant us
Through Thy merit, to inherit
Thy salvation ;
Hear, O hear our supplication !

GENERAL PRAISE.

- 3 Then will we to the world make known
The love Thou hast to outcasts shown,
In calling them before Thee,
And seek each day to be more meet
To join the throng who at Thy feet
Unceasingly adore Thee.

Living, dying,
From Thy praises mighty Jesus,
Shrink we never ;
Sing we forth Thy love for ever.

- 4 Rejoice, ye heavens, and earth reply ;
With praise, ye sinners, fill the sky,
For love so condescending.
Incarnate God ! put forth Thy power ;
Ride on, ride on, great Conqueror,
Thy glory wide extending !
Amen, amen !
Hallelujah ! hallelujah !
Praise be given
To Thy name in earth and heaven !

204

C.M.
Psalm lxxi.

WATTS.*

- 1 **M**Y Saviour, my Almighty Friend,
When I begin Thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of Thy grace ?
- 2 Thou art mine everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore ;
And since I knew Thy grace at first,
I speak Thy glories more.
- 3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road,
And march with courage in Thy strength,
To see my Father, God.



THE LORD JESUS CHRIST :

- 4 When I am filled with sore distress
For some surprising sin,
I'll plead Thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but Thine.
- 5 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The victories of my King !
My soul, redeemed from sin and hell,
Shall Thy salvation sing.
- 6 Awake, awake, my tuneful powers ;
With this delightful song
I'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

205 ^{77, 87. Double.} ^{C. WESLEY}
The Head over all to the Church.—Eph. i. 2

- 1 **H** EAD of the Church triumphant !
We joyfully adore Thee.
Till Thou appear, Thy members here
Shall sing like those before Thee.
We lift our hands and voices
In blest anticipation,
And cry aloud, and give to God
The praise of our salvation.
- 2 While in affliction's furnace,
Or passing through the fire,
Thy love we praise that knows our days,
And ever brings us nigher ;
We lift our hands, exulting
In Thine almighty favour ;
The love divine which made us Thine
Shall keep us Thine for ever.

GENERAL PRAISE.

206

L.M.

LATIN HYMN, *tr.* NEALE.

The love of Christ, which passeth knowledge.
Ephesians iii. 19.

- 1 **O** LOVE, how deep, how broad, how high !
It fills the heart with extasy,
That God, the Son of God should take
Our mortal form for mortals' sake.
- 2 He sent no angel to our race,
Of higher or of lower place,
But wore the robe of human frame
Himself, and to this lost world came.
- 3 Nor willed He only to appear ;
His pleasure was to tarry here ;
And God-and-Man with man would be
The space of thirty years and three.
- 4 For us He was baptised, and bore
His holy fast, and hungered sore ;
For us temptation sharp He knew ;
For us the tempter overthrew.
- 5 For us He prayed, for us He taught,
For us His daily works He wrought,
By words, and signs, and actions, thus
Still seeking, not Himself, but us.
- 6 For us to wicked men betrayed,
Scourged, mocked, in purple robe arrayed,
He bore the shameful cross and death ;
For us at length gave up His breath.
- 7 For us He rose from death again,
For us He went on high to reign,
For us He sent His Spirit here
To guide, to strengthen, and to cheer.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST:

- 8 To Him whose boundless love has won
Salvation for us through His Son,
To God the Father glory be,
Both now and through eternity. Amen.

207 *7, 6. Double.*
The love of Christ constraineth us.
2 Corinthians v. 14.

- 1 JESUS, Thy love unbounded,
So full, so sweet, so free,
Leaves all our thoughts confounded,
Whene'er we think of Thee.
For us Thou cam'st from heaven,
For us didst bleed and die,
That, ransomed and forgiven,
We might ascend on high.
- 2 We know that Thou hast bought us,
And washed us in Thy blood ;
We know Thy grace has brought us,
As kings and priests, to God.
We know that soon the morning,
Long looked for, hasteth near,
When we, at Thy returning,
In glory shall appear.
- 3 O let Thy love constrain us
To give our hearts to Thee ;
Let nothing please or pain us,
Apart, O Lord, from Thee ;
Our joy, our one endeavour,
Through suffering, conflict, shame,
To serve Thee, gracious Saviour,
And magnify Thy name.

GENERAL PRAISE.

208 84, 84, 8884. [MARIANNE NUNN.]
Who loved me, and gave Himself for me.
Galatians ii. 20.

- 1 ONE there is above all others,
Oh, how He loves !
His is love beyond a brother's,
Oh, how He loves !
Earthly friends may fail and leave Thee;
'This day soothe, the next day grieve Thee,
But this Friend will ne'er deceive thee ;
Oh, how he loves !
- 2 Love this Friend who died to save thee ;
Oh, how He loves !
Dost thou love ? He will not leave thee ;
Oh, how He loves !
'Think no more, then, of to-morrow,
Take His easy yoke and follow,
Jesus carries all Thy sorrow ;
Oh, how He loves !
- 3 All thy sins shall be forgiven ;
Oh, how He loves !
Backward shall thy foes be driven ;
Oh, how He loves !
Best of blessings He'll provide thee,
Nought but good shall e'er betide thee,
Safe to glory He will guide thee,
Oh, how He loves !

209 C.M. FADER.*
There is no fear in love.—1 John iv. 18.

- 1 ONE SEE how Jesus trusts Himself
Unto our faltering love,
As though by His free ways with us
Our earnestness to prove !

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST ;

- 2 His sacred name a common word
On earth He loves to hear ;
There is no majesty in Him
Which love may not come near.
- 3 The light of love is round His feet,
His paths are never dim ;
And He comes nigh to us when we
Dare not come nigh to Him.
- 4 Let us be trustful with Him, then,
Not doubting, timid, cold,
As though our Bethlehem could be
What Sinai was of old.

210 C.M. STEEL
The love of Christ, which passeth knowledge
Ephesians iii. 19.

- 1 TO our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song ;
O may His love, immortal flame,
Tune every heart and tongue.
- 2 His love, what mortal thought can reach ?
What mortal tongue display ?
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.
- 3 He left His radiant throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth, to bleed and die ;
Was ever love like this ?
- 4 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to Thee ;
May every heart with rapture say,
The Saviour died for me.

GENERAL PRAISE.

- 5 O may the sweet, the blissful theme
Fill every heart and tongue ;
Till strangers learn Thy glorious name,
And join the sacred song.

211 C.M. WATT'S.®
Who remembered us in low estate.
Psalm cxxxvi. 23.

- 1 **P**LUNGED in a gulf of dark despair
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.
- 2 With pitying eyes the Prince of Grace
Beheld our helpless grief.
He saw, and, O amazing love !
He ran to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste He fled ;
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 He spoiled the powers of darkness thus,
And brake our iron chains ;
Jesus hath freed our captive souls
From hell's appalling pains.
- 5 O for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break !
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.
- 6 Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold ;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST :

212 C.M. BERNARD.
His name shall be called Wonderful.
Isaiah ix. 6.

- 1 O JESUS, King most wonderful,
Thou Conqueror renowned ;
Thou sweetness most ineffable,
In whom all joys are found,
- 2 When once Thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine,
Then earthly vanities depart,
Then kindles love divine.
- 3 O Jesus, light of all below,
Thou fount of life and fire,
Surpassing all the joys we know,
All that we can desire,—
- 4 May every heart confess Thy name,
And ever Thee adore ;
And, seeking Thee, itself inflame
To seek Thee more and more.
- 5 Thee may our tongues for ever bless ;
Thee may we love alone ;
And ever in our lives express
The image of Thine own.

213 8, 7. NEWMAN HALL.
A Friend of publicans and sinners.
Luke vii. 34.

- 1 FRIEND of sinners ! Lord of glory !
Lowly, mighty ! Brother, King !
Musing o'er Thy wondrous story,
Fain would I Thy praises sing.

GENERAL PRAISE.

- 2 Friend to help us, comfort, save us,
In whom power and pity blend,
Praise we must the grace which gave us
Jesus Christ, the sinner's Friend.

Friend who never fails nor grieves us,
Faithful, tender, constant, kind !
Friend who at all times receives us,
Friend who came the lost to find !

- 4 Sorrow soothing, joys enhancing,
Loving until life shall end,
Then conferring bliss entrancing,
Still in heaven the sinner's Friend.

- 5 O to love and serve Thee better !
From all evil set us free ;
Break, Lord, every sinful fetter,
Be each thought conformed to Thee.

214 L.M. WATTS.
*It pleased the Father that in Him should all
fulness dwell.—Colossians i. 19.*

- 1 JOIN all the names of love and power
That ever men or angels bore ;
All are too mean to speak His worth,
Or set Immanuel's glory forth.
- 2 But O what condescending ways
He takes to teach His heavenly grace !
My eyes with joy and wonder see
What forms of love He bears for me.
- 3 The Angel of the Covenant stands
With His commission in His hands,
Sent from His Father's milder throne,
To make His *great salvation known.*

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST :

- 4 My bright Example and my Guide,
I would be walking near Thy side ;
O let me never run astray,
Nor follow the forbidden way !
- 5 I love my Shepherd ; He shall keep
My wandering soul among His sheep ;
He feeds His flock, He calls their names,
And in His bosom bears the lambs.
- 6 My Surety undertakes my cause,
Answering His Father's broken laws ;
Behold my soul at freedom set ;
My Surety paid the dreadful debt.
- 7 Jesus, my great High Priest, has died ;
(I seek no sacrifice beside ;)
His blood did once for all atone,
And now He pleads before the throne.
- 8 My Advocate appears on high ;
The Father lays His thunder by :
Not all that earth or hell can say
Shall turn my Father's heart away.
- 9 My Lord, my Conqueror, and my King,
Thy sceptre and Thy sword I sing ;
Thine is the victory, and I sit
A joyful subject at Thy feet.
- 10 Aspire, my soul, to glorious deeds,
The Captain of Salvation leads.
March on, nor fear to win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way.
- 11 Should death, and hell, and powers unknown
Put all their forms of mischief on,
*I shall be safe, for Christ displays
Salvation in more sovereign ways.*

GENERAL PRAISE.

15 6666, 88. WATTS.*
Ye are complete in Him.—Colossians ii. 10.

- 1 JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That ever angels bore ;
All are too mean to speak His worth,
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.
- 2 But O what gentle terms,
What condescending ways,
Does our Redeemer use
To teach His heavenly grace !
Mine eyes with joy and wonder see
What forms of love He bears for me.
- 3 Arrayed in mortal flesh,
He like an angel stands,
And holds the promises
And pardons in His hands ;
Commissioned from His Father's throne
To make His grace to mortals known.
- 4 Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless Thy name ;
By Thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came ;
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.
- 5 Be Thou my Counsellor,
My Pattern, and my Guide ;
And through this desert land
Still keep me near Thy side.
O let my feet ne'er run astray,
Nor rove, nor seek the crooked way.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST :

6 I love my Shepherd's voice,
His watchful eyes shall keep
My wandering soul among
The thousands of His sheep.
He feeds His flock, He calls their names,
His bosom bears the tender lambs.

7 Jesus, my great High Priest,
Offered His blood, and died ;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside.
His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

8 My Saviour and my Lord,
My Conqueror and my King,
Thy sceptre and Thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing.
Thine is the power ; behold I sit
In willing bonds beneath Thy feet.

9 Now let my soul arise,
And tread the tempter down ;
My Captain leads me forth
To conquest and a crown.
A feeble saint shall win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way.

10 Should all the hosts of death,
And powers of hell unknown,
Put their most dreadful forms
Of rage and mischief on,
I shall be safe ; for Christ displays
Superior power, and guardian grace.

GENERAL PRAISE.

216 C.M. WATTS.
A Priest upon His throne.—Zechariah vi. 13.

1 **W**E bless the prophet of the Lord,
That comes with truth and grace ;
Jesus, Thy Spirit and Thy word
Shall lead us in Thy ways.

2 We reverence our High Priest above,
Who offered up His blood,
And lives to carry on His love,
By pleading with our God.

3 We honour our exalted King ;
How sweet are His commands !
He guards our souls from hell and sin
By His almighty hands.

4 Hosanna to His glorious name,
Who saves by different ways ;
His mercies lay a sovereign claim
To our immortal praise.

217 6 5, 6 5, 6 5, 6 5. GODFREY THRING.
*Every day will I bless Thee, and I will
praise Thy name for ever and ever.*—Ps. cxlv. 2.

1 **S**AVIOUR, blessèd Saviour,
Listen whilst we sing,
Hearts and voices raising
Praises to our King.
All we have we offer,
All we hope to be,
Body, soul, and spirit,
All we yield to Thee.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST :

- 2 Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee ;
Thou for our redemption
Camest on earth to die ;
Thou that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.
- 3 Great and ever greater
Are Thy mercies here,
True and everlasting
Are the glories there,
Where no pain, or sorrow,
Toil, or care, is known ;
Where the angel-legions
Circle round Thy throne.
- 4 Dark, and ever darker,
Was the wintry past,
Now a ray of gladness
O'er our path is cast ;
Every day that passeth,
Every hour that flies,
Tells of love unfeigned,
Love that never dies.
- 5 Clearer still and clearer
Dawns the light from heaven,
In our sadness bringing
News of sin forgiven ;
Life has lost its shadows,
Pure the light within ;
Thou hast shed Thy radiance
On a world of sin.

GENERAL PRAISE.

- 6 Brighter still and brighter
Glow the western sun,
Shedding all its gladness
O'er our work that's done ;
Time will soon be over,
Toil and sorrow past,
May we, blessèd Saviour,
Find a rest at last.
- 7 Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God ;
Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.
- 8 Bliss, all bliss excelling,
When the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgetting,
Finds its promised goal ;
Where in joys unheard of
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary raising
Praises to their King.
-

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST:
HIS DIVINITY.

218 L.M. WATTS.
In the beginning was the Word.—John i. 1.

- 1 **E**RE the blue heavens were stretched
abroad,
From everlasting was the Word ;
With God He was ; the Word was God,
And must divinely be adored.
- 2 By His own power were all things made ;
By Him supported all things stand ;
He is the whole creation's Head,
And angels fly at His command.
- 3 Ere sin was born, or Satan fell,
He led the host of morning stars ;
Thy generation who can tell,
Or count the number of Thy years ?
- 4 Mortals with joy beheld His face,
The Eternal Father's only Son ;
How full of truth ! how full of grace !
When through His eyes the Godhead shone.
- 5 Archangels leave their high abode
To learn new mysteries here, and tell
The love of our incarnate God,
The glories of Immanuel.

HIS DIVINITY.

219

C.M. Double.

FABER.*

By Him were all things created.—Col. i. 16.

- 1 JESUS is God ! the solid earth,
The ocean broad and bright,
The countless stars, like golden dust,
That strew the skies at night ;
The wheeling storm, the dreadful fire,
The pleasant, wholesome air,
The summer's sun, the winter's frost,
His own creations were.
- 2 Jesus is God ! the glorious bands
Of holy angels sing
Songs of adoring praise to him,
Their Maker and their King.
He was true God in Bethlehem ;
On Calvary's cross true God ;
He who in heaven eternal reigned,
In time on earth abode.
- 3 Jesus is God ! let sorrow come,
And pain, and every ill ;
We bear them all, for all are means
His glory to fulfil ;
We'd bear a thousand years of life
To speak one single word
To tell our happy faith, and own
The Godhead of our Lord.
- 4 O, had I but an angel's voice,
I would proclaim aloud,
Jesus, the good, the merciful,
Is everlasting God.
Jesus is God ! If on the earth
This blessed faith decays,
*More tender must our love become,
More plentiful our praise.*

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST:

220 86, 86, 88. CONDE
That.....every knee should bow.—Phil. ii. 1

- 1 **T**HOU art the Everlasting Word,
The Father's only Son ;
God, manifestly seen and heard,
And Heaven's beloved One.
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
That every knee to Thee should bow.
- 2 In Thee, most perfectly expressed,
The Father's glories shine ;
Of the full Deity possessed,
Eternally divine.
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
That every knee to Thee should bow.
- 3 True image of the Infinite,
Whose essence is concealed ;
Brightness of Uncreated Light ;
The heart of God revealed.
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
That every knee to Thee should bow.
- 4 But the high mysteries of Thy name
An angel's grasp transcend ;
The Father only—glorious claim—
The Son can comprehend.
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
That every knee to Thee should bow.
- 5 Yet, loving Thee, on whom His love
Ineffable doth rest,
Thy glorious worshippers above,
As one with Thee, are blest.
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
That every knee to Thee should bow.

HIS DIVINITY.

- 6 Throughout the universe of bliss,
The centre Thou, and sun.
The eternal theme of praise is this,
To Heaven's Beloved One :—
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
That every knee to Thee should bow.

221

L.M.
Equal with God.—Phil. ii. 6.

WATTS.*

- 1 **B**RIGHT King of glory, mighty God !
Our spirits bow before Thy seat ;
To Thee we lift a humble thought,
And worship at Thine awful feet.
- 2 Thy power hath formed, Thy wisdom sways,
All nature with a sovereign word ;
And the bright world of stars obeys
The will of their superior Lord.
- 3 A thousand seraphs, strong and bright,
Stand round the glorious Deity ;
But who, amongst the sons of light,
Pretends comparison with Thee !
- 4 Yet there is One of human frame,
Jesus, arrayed in flesh and blood,
Thinks it no robbery to claim
A full equality with God.
- 5 Then let the name of Christ our King
With equal honours be adored ;
His praise let every angel sing,
And all the nations own their Lord.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST:



7s. Six lines.

[PIERPONT.]

*By Him let us offer the sacrifice of praise to
God continually.*—Hebrews xiii. 15.

- 1 **F**OR the beauty of the earth,
For the beauty of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies ;
Christ our God, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.
- 2 For the beauty of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale and tree and flower,
Sun and moon and stars of light ;
Christ our God, to Thee we raise
This, our sacrifice of praise.
- 3 For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above ;
For all gentle thoughts and mild ;
Christ our God, to Thee we raise
This, our sacrifice of praise.
- 4 For each perfect gift of Thine
To our race so freely given,
Graces, human and divine,
Flowers of earth, and buds of heaven ;
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This, our sacrifice of praise.
- 5 For Thy Church, that evermore
Lifteth holy hands above,
Offering up on every shore
Its pure sacrifice of love ;
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This, our sacrifice of praise.

HIS DIVINITY.

223

C.M.

W. M. BUNTING.*

By whom also He made the worlds.

Hebrews i. 2.

- 1 **W**E love to call creation Thine,
Who twice hast given it birth ;
Fair as the heavens that o'er it shine,
This blest and blooming earth.
- 2 'Tis Thine ; for, with the Father one,
By Thee the worlds He made,
And thence to His eternal Son,
His rightful Heir, conveyed.
- 3 But, lo ! 'tis Thine, as with a price,
Won from a doom abhorred ;
Who formed our world one paradise,
Hath paradise restored.
- 4 Creator-Christ ! Redeemer-God !
What heart would Thee exclude
From scenes Thy hallowing feet have trod,
Thy very blood bedewed ?
- 5 'Tis as the dew of herbs and flowers,
Mown grass, and budding leaves,
Which, blessing all, through meads and bowers,
Their balmy thanks receives.
- 6 Earth, blessed by Thee, still seems Thy home,
Her music is Thy praise ;
And all her charms, where'er we roam,
'To us reflect Thy rays.
- 7 And oh ! ere long we trust in Thee,
Midst scenes so bright to wake,
That, thence reviewed, e'en these shall be
Dim stars at morning-break.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST :

224 8, 7. Double.
The brightness of His glory.—Hebrews i. 3.

1 **B**RIGHTNESS of the Eternal Glory,
Image of our God expressed,
Jesus, let Thy works adore Thee,
God supreme for ever blessed !
Still upheld by their Creator,
Every work His power displays ;
Lord of universal nature,
Take the universal praise.

2 From His heavenly throne descended,
Son of God, and Son of Man ;
See Him on a cross suspended,
By His sinful creatures slain ;
By His one complete oblation,
Jesus did the ransom pay ;
Saved us from God's indignation,
Cleansed the stains of guilt away.

3 Object of their adoration,
Saviour, Thee, Thine angel train
Met with rapturous acclamation,
Rising to Thy courts again.
Still they shout, and fall before Thee,
Thee their great Creator own,
Reinstalled in all Thy glory,
Bright on Thine eternal throne.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST:
HIS HUMANITY.

225 C.M. T. H. GILL.*
*As we have borne the image of the earthy, we
shall also wear the image of the heavenly.*
1 Corinthians xv. 49.

- 1 **O** MEAN may seem this house of clay,
Yet 'twas the Lord's abode ;
Our feet may mourn this thorny way,
Yet here Emmanuel trod.
- 2 This robe of flesh the Lord did wear ;
This watch the Lord did keep ;
These burdens sore the Lord did bear ;
These tears the Lord did weep .
- 3 Our very frailty brings us near
Unto the Lord of Heaven ;
To every grief, to every tear,
Such glory strange is given.
- 4 But not this robe of flesh alone
Shall link us Lord, to Thee ;
Not only in the tear and groan
Shall the dear kindred be.
- 5 We shall be reckoned for Thine own,
Because Thy heaven we share ;
Because we sing around Thy throne,
And Thy bright raiment wear.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST :

- 6 Thou who wast clothèd in our clay,
And stricken in our stead,
Wilt put on us Thy bright array,
Thy joy on us wilt shed.
- 7 O mighty grace ! our life to live,
To make our earth divine !
O mighty grace ! Thy heaven to give,
And lift our life to Thine !

226 C.M. Double. DOANE.
He was despised, and we esteemed Him not.
Isaiah liii. 3.

- 1 **H**E came not, with His heavenly crown,
His sceptre clad with power,
His coming was in feebleness,
The infant of an hour ;
A humble manger cradled first
The Virgin's holy birth,
And lowing herds companioned there
The Lord of Heaven and earth.
- 2 He came not in His robe of wrath,
With arm outstretched to slay ;
But on the darkling parts of earth
To pour celestial day ;
To guide in peace the wandering feet,
The broken heart to bind,
And bear upon the painful cross
The sins of human kind.
- 3 Yet once again Thy sign shall be
Upon the heavens displayed,
And earth and its inhabitants
Be terribly afraid ;
For not in weakness clad Thou com'st
Our woes, our sins, to bear ;
But, girt with all Thy Father's might,
His vengeance to declare.

HIS HUMANITY.

- 4 The terrors of that awful day,
O, who shall understand ?
Or, who abide when Thou in wrath
Shalt lift Thy Holy hand ?
The earth shall quake, the sea shall roar,
The sun in heaven grow pale ;
But Thou hast sworn, and wilt not change,
Thy faithful wilt not fail.
- 5 Then grant us, Saviour, so to pass
Our time in trembling here,
That when, upon the clouds of heaven,
Thy glory shall appear,
Uplifting high our joyful heads
In triumph we may rise,
And enter, with Thine angel-train,
Thy temple in the skies.

227 L.M. [JOHN RYLAND.]
Made in the likeness of men.—Phil. ii. 7.

- 1 **T**HOU Son of God and Son of Man,
Beloved, adored Immanuel !
Who didst, before all time began,
In glory with Thy Father dwell ;
- 2 We sing Thy love, who didst in time
For us humanity assume,
To answer for the sinner's crime,
To suffer in the sinner's room.
- 3 The ransomed Church Thy glory sings,
The hosts of heaven Thy will obey ;
And, *Lord of Lords and King of Kings,*
We celebrate Thy blessed sway.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST :

- 4 A servant's form Thou didst sustain,
And with delight the law obey ;
Thou didst endure amazing pain,
While all our sorrows on Thee lay.
- 5 Blest Saviour, we are wholly Thine,
So freely loved, so dearly bought ;
Our souls to Thee would we resign,
To Thee subject our every thought.

228 L.M. NEWTON.
He took not on Him the nature of angels.
Hebrews ii. 16.

- 1 NOW let us join with hearts and tongues,
And emulate the angels' songs ;
Yea, sinners may address their King
In songs that angels cannot sing.
- 2 They praise the Lamb who once was slain ;
But we can add a higher strain ;
Not only say, He suffered thus,
But that He suffered all for us.
- 3 Jesus, who passed the angels by,
Assumed our flesh to bleed and die ;
And still He makes it His abode ;
As man He fills the throne of God.
- 4 Our next of kin, our brother now,
Is He to whom the angels bow ;
They join with us to praise His name,
But we the nearest interest claim.
- 5 But, ah ! how faint our praises rise !
Sure 'tis the wonder of the skies,
That we, who share His richest love,
So cold and unconcerned should prove.

HIS HUMANITY.

- 6 O, glorious hour, it comes with speed !
When we, from sin and darkness freed,
Shall see the God who died for man,
And praise Him more than angels can !

229 C.M. [ANSTICE.]
Made like unto His brethren.—Hebrews ii. 17.

- 1 **I**N all things like Thy brethren Thou
Wast made, yet free from sin ;
But how unlike to us, O Lord !
Replies the voice within.
- 2 O Son of Man, Thyself hast proved
Our trials and our tears ;
Life's thankless toil and scant repose,
Death's agonies and fears.
- 3 O Son of God, in glory raised,
Thou sittest on Thy throne,
Thence, by Thy pleadings and Thy grace,
Still succouring Thine own.
- 4 Brother and Saviour, Friend and Judge,
To Thee, O Christ, be given
To bind upon Thy crown the names
Elect in earth and heaven.
-

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST:
HIS ADVENT AND BIRTH.

(WITH SPECIAL HYMNS FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.)

230

C.M.
Psalm xcvi.

WATTS.

- 1 JOY to the world ! the Lord is come !
Let earth receive her King,
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the earth ! the Saviour reigns !
Let men their songs employ,
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and
plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground ;
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

HIS ADVENT AND BIRTH.

31 ^{7s.} CHARLES WESLEY.*
*Glory to God in the highest, and on earth
peace.—Luke ii. 14.*

- 1 **H**ARK, the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.
- 2 Joyful all ye nations rise ;
Join the triumph of the skies ;
With the angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.
- 3 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb.
- 4 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see ;
Hail the incarnate Deity !
Pleased as man with men to dwell,
Jesus our Immanuel.
- 5 Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace !
Hail the Sun of Righteousness !
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
- 6 Lo ! He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die ;
Born to raise the sons of earth ;
Born to give them second birth.
- 7 Sing we, then, with angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King ;
Glory in the highest heaven ;
Peace on earth, and man forgiven.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST :

- 2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.
- 3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo rolled ;
The theme, the song, the joy was new ;
'Twas more than heaven could hold.
- 4 Down through the portals of the sky,
The impetuous torrent ran ;
And angels flew with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.
- 5 Hark, the celestial armies shout,
And glory leads the song ;
Good will and peace are heard throughout
The harmonious, heavenly throng.
- 6 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
Glory to God on high ;
Good will and peace are now complete ;
Jesus was born to die.
- 7 Hail ! Prince of Life, for ever hail !
Redeemer, Brother, Friend ;
Though earth and time and life shall fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

235 7s. Double. J. S. MONSELL.
Glory to God in the highest.—Luke ii. 14.

- 1 **G**LORY be to God on high !
Peace on earth ! good will towards men !
Angels tell it from the sky,
Sinners answer it again ;
Ye who round the throne admire,
Ye who are redeemed on earth,
Swell the everlasting choir,
Sing your glorious Saviour's birth.

HIS ADVENT AND BIRTH.

- 2 We were lost, but we are found ;
Dead, but now alive are we ;
We were sore in bondage bound,
Till He came to set us free ;
Strangers, and He takes us in ;
Naked, He becomes our dress ;
Sick, and He from stain of sin
Cleanses with His righteousness.
- 3 Therefore will we sing His praise
Who His lost ones hath restored ;
Hearts and voices both shall raise
Hallelujahs to the Lord.
Hallelujah ! heaven is won !
Hallelujah ! man is free !
Hallelujah ! God's own Son,
Saviour is eternally.

236

II, IO, II, IO.

HEBER.

The star which they saw in the east went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was.—Matthew ii. 9.

- 1 **B**RIGHTEST and best of the sons of the
morning !
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid ;
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.
- 2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall ;
Angels adore Him, in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.
- 3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom and offerings divine ?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine ?

- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
 Vainly with gifts would His favour secure ;
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration ;
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

237 L.M. THOMAS CAMPBELL.*
Good tidings of great joy.—Luke ii. 10.

- 1 **W**HEN Jordan hushed his waters still,
 And silence slept on Zion's hill,
 When Bethlehem's shepherds through the
 night
 Watched o'er their flocks by starry light,
- 2 Hark ! from the midnight hills around,
 A voice of more than mortal sound,
 In distant hallelujahs stole,
 Wild murmuring o'er the raptured soul.
- 3 Then swift to every startled eye,
 New streams of glory light the sky,
 Heaven burst her azure gates to pour
 Her spirits to the midnight hour.
- 4 On wheels of light, on wings of flame,
 The glorious hosts of Zion came ;
 High heaven with songs of triumph rung,
 While thus they struck their harps and sung :
- 5 O Zion, lift thy raptured eye,
 The long-expected hour is nigh,
 The joys of nature rise again,
 The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

HIS ADVENT AND BIRTH.

238

7s. Six lines.

W. C. DIX.

*When they saw the star they rejoiced with
exceeding great joy.—Matthew ii. 10.*

- 1 **A**S with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold ;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright !
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.
- 2 As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore ;
So may we, with willing feet,
Ever seek the mercy-seat.
- 3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare ;
So may we, with holy joy,
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ ! to Thee, our heavenly King.
- 4 Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way ;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last,
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.
- 5 In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light ;
Thou, its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou, its Sun which goes not down ;
There for ever may we sing
Hallelujahs to our King.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST :

239 C.M. JOHN MORRISON.
*Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is
given.—Isaiah ix. 6.*

- 1 **T**HE race that long in darkness pined
Have seen a glorious light ;
The people dwell in day, who dwelt
In death's surrounding night.
- 2 To hail Thy rise, Thou better Sun,
The gathering nations come,
Joyous as when the reapers bear
The harvest-treasures home.
- 3 To us a Child of Hope is born,
To us a Son is given ;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heaven.
- 4 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore adored ;
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.
- 5 His power, increasing, still shall spread,
His reign no end shall know ;
Justice shall guard His throne above,
And peace abound below.

[FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.]

240 10s. Six lines. [BYROM.]
Unto you is born.....a Saviour. Luke ii. 11.

- 1 **C**HRISTIANS, awake ; salute the happy morn
Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born ;
Rise to adore the mystery of love
Which hosts of angels chanted from above.
*With them the joyful tidings first begun
Of God incarnate and the Virgin's Son.*

HIS ADVENT AND BIRTH.

- 2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the angelic herald's voice—Behold
I bring glad tidings of a Saviour's birth
To you and all the nations upon earth ;
This day hath God fulfilled His promised word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord.
- 3 Then may we hope, the angelic thrones among,
To sing in heaven a glad triumphant song.
He that was born upon this joyful day
Around us all His glory shall display.
Saved by His love, for ever we shall sing,
Glory to God on high, our Heavenly King.

[FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.]

241 7s. Six lines. C. WORDSWORTH.
Jesus was born in Bethlehem.—Matthew ii. 1.

- 1 SING, O sing, this blessed morn,
Unto us a child is born,
Unto us a Son is given,
God Himself comes down from heaven.
Sing, O sing, this blessed morn,
Jesus Christ to-day is born.
- 2 God of God, and Light of Light,
Comes with mercies infinite ;
Joining in a wondrous plan
Heaven to earth, and God to man.
Sing, O sing, this blessed morn,
Jesus Christ to-day is born.
- 3 God with us, Immanuel,
Deigns for ever now to dwell,
And on Adam's fallen race
Sheds the fulness of His grace.
Sing, O sing, this blessed morn,
Jesus Christ to-day is born.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST :

- 4 God comes down that man may rise,
Lifted by Him to the skies ;
Christ is Son of Man that we
Sons of God in Him may be.
Sing, O sing, this blessed morn,
Jesus Christ to-day is born.
- 5 Human flesh is now become
Christ's abode, the Godhead's home,
Royal palace, sacred shrine,
For the Majesty Divine.
Sing, O sing, this blessed morn,
Jesus Christ to-day is born.
- 6 Now we rise, from prison free ;
Now we march to victory.
Joyful banners are unfurled ;
'Tis the birthday of the world.
Sing, O sing, this blessed morn,
Jesus Christ to-day is born.
- 7 O renew us, Lord, we pray,
With Thy spirit day by day ;
That we ever one may be
With the Father and with Thee.
Sing, O sing, this blessed morn,
Jesus Christ to-day is born.
- 8 Sing, O sing, this blessed morn,
Jesus Christ to-day is born ;
Glory to the Father give,
Praise the Son, in whom we live ;
Glory to the Spirit be,
Godhead One, and Persons Three. Amen.

HIS ADVENT AND BIRTH.

[FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.]

42 86, 86, 88. SAMUEL RICKARDS.
Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace.
Luke ii. 14.

- 1 **T**HOUGH rude winds usher thee, sweet
day,
Though clouds thy face deform,
Though nature's grace is swept away
Before thy sleety storm,
Even in thy sombrest wintry vest
Of blessed days thou art most blest.
- 2 Nor frigid air, nor gloomy morn,
Shall check our jubilee ;
Bright is the day when Christ was born,
No sun need shine but He.
Let roughest storms their coldest blow,
With love of Him our hearts shall glow.
- 3 Inspired with high and holy thought,
Fancy is on the wing ;
It seems as to mine ear it brought
Those voices carolling—
Voices through heaven and earth that ran :
Glory to God, good will to man.
- 4 Oft, as this joyous morn doth come,
To speak our Saviour's love,
Oh, may it bear our spirits home,
Where He now reigns above ;
That day which brought Him from the skies,
And man restores to Paradise !
- 5 Then let winds usher thee, sweet day,
Let clouds thy face deform ;
Though nature's grace is swept away
Before thy sleety storm ;
Even in thy sombrest wintry vest
Of blessed days thou art most blest.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST:

[FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.]

243 8, 6. Double. J. S. MONSEI
Good tidings of great joy.—Luke ii. 10.

- 1 **A** HAPPY, happy Christmas, and
A merry bright new year!
How sweet the kind old greetings sound
To every heart and ear;
No matter how care-burdened, and
No matter how depressed,
A something in their welcome makes
Them dear to every breast.
- 2 We heard them in our childhood, when,
With spirits light and gay,
We dreamt not that life's joyfulness
Could ever pass away;
And though long years of carefulness
Have sobered many a heart,
A joy still lingers round them, which
Can never quite depart.
- 3 Nor ever shall, if Christian-like
We count the rolling years,
Not as removing joys from us,
But sins, and cares, and tears;
And upward, onward bearing us
To that bright land and blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.
- 4 No year can open gloomily
For him whose heart doth yearn
Above all hopes and cares on earth,
To see his Lord's return.
As stars their light, and mists their shade,
Lay down before the day,
So joys and griefs of earth, in heaven's
Calm sunshine, fade away.

HIS EARTHLY LIFE.

14 75. Double. C. WORDSWORTH.
The Son of God was manifested.—1 John iii. 8.

1 SONGS of thankfulness and praise,
Jesus, Lord, to Thee we raise,
Manifested by the star
To the sages from afar ;
Branch of royal David's stem
In Thy birth at Bethlehem ;
Anthems be to Thee addressed
God in Man made manifest.

2 Manifest at Jordan's stream,
Prophet, Priest, and King supreme ;
And at Cana wedding-guest
In Thy Godhead manifest ;
Manifest in power divine,
Changing water into wine ;
Anthems be to Thee addressed,
God in Man made manifest.

3 Manifest in making whole
Palsied limbs and fainting soul ;
Manifest in valiant fight,
Quelling all the devil's might ;
Manifest in gracious will,
Ever bringing good from ill ;
Anthems be to Thee addressed,
God in Man made manifest.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST :

4 Sun and moon shall darkened be,
Stars shall fall, the heaven shall flee ;
Christ will then like lightning shine,
All will see His glorious sign ;
All will then the trumpet hear,
All will see the Judge appear ;
Thou by all wilt be confessed,
God in Man made manifest.

5 Grant us grace to see Thee, Lord,
Mirrored in Thy holy Word ;
May we imitate Thee now,
And be pure, as pure art Thou ;
That we like to Thee may be
At Thy great Epiphany ;
And may praise Thee, ever blest,
God in Man made manifest. Amen.

245 8, 7. Double. H. BONAR.
The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among
us.—John i. 14.

- 1 CHRIST, the Father's Son eternal,
Once was born, a Son of Man ;
He, who never knew beginning,
Here on earth a life began,
Here in David's lowly city,
Tenant of the manger-bed,
Child of everlasting ages,
Mary's Infant, lays His head.
- 2 There He lies, in mighty weakness,
David's Lord and David's Son ;
Creature and Creator meeting,
Heaven and earth conjoined in one.
Here at Nazareth He dwelleth,
'Mid the sin of sinful men ;
Sorrowful, forlorn, and hated,
And yet hating none again.

HIS EARTHLY LIFE.

- 3 Here in Galilee He wanders,
Through its teeming cities moves,
Climbs its mountains, walks its waters,
Blesses, comforts, saves, and loves ;
Words of truth and deeds of kindness,
Miracles of grace and might,
Scatter fragrance all around Him,
Shine with heaven's most glorious light.
- 4 In Gethsemane behold Him,
In the agony of prayer ;
Kneeling, pleading, groaning, bleeding,
Soul and body prostrate there.
In the Roman hall behold Him
Stand at Pilate's judgment seat,
Mocked and beaten, crowned and wounded,
Jew and Gentile join in hate.
- 5 On to Golgotha He hastens ;
Yonder stands His cross of woe ;
From His hands and feet, and forehead
See the precious lifeblood flow ;
Sinless, He our sin is bearing !
All our sorrows on Him lie ;
And His stripes our wounds are healing ;
God for man consents to die.
- 6 It is finished ! see His body
Laid alone in Joseph's tomb ;
'Tis for us He lieth yonder,
Prince of Light enwrapped in gloom.
But in vain the grave has bound Him,
Death has barred its gate in vain ;
See, for us the Saviour rises,
See, for us He bursts the chain.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST :

7 Hear we, then, the grand old story,
True as God's all-faithful word,
Best of tidings to the guilty,
Of a dead and risen Lord.
'Tis eternal life to know it,
Light and love are shining there ;
While we look, and gaze, and listen,
All its joy and peace we share.

8 Hear we, then, the grand old story,
And in listening learn the love
Flowing through it to the guilty,
From our pardoning God above.
Glory be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory be to God the Spirit,
Great Jehovah, Three in One.

246 6, 10, 6, 10. J. S. MONSELL.
*The Son of Man hath not where to lay His
head.*—Matthew viii. 20.

1 BIRDS have their quiet nests,
Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful
bed ;
All creatures have their rest,
But Jesus had not where to lay His head.

2 And yet He came to give
The weary and the heavy-laden rest ;
To bid the sinner live,
And soothe my griefs to slumber on His breast.

3 I, who once made Him grieve ;
I, who once bade His gentle spirit mourn ;
Whose hand essayed to weave
For His meek brow the cruel crown of thorn !

HIS EARTHLY LIFE.

4 O why should I have peace ?
Why, but for that unchanged, undying love,
Which would not, could not cease,
Until it made me heir of joys above.

5 Yes, but for pardoning grace,
I feel I never should in glory see
The brightness of that face
That once was pale and agonised for me.

6 Let the birds seek their nest,
Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful bed ;
Come, Saviour, in my breast
Deign to repose Thine oft-rejected head.

7 On earth Thou lovest best
To dwell in humble souls that mourn for sin ;
O come and take Thy rest,
This broken, bleeding, contrite heart within.

247 C.M. Double. T. T. LYNCH.*
*Miracles and wonders and signs which God
did by Him in the midst of you.—Acts ii. 22.*

1 O WHERE is He that trod the sea ?
O, where is He that spake,
And demons from their victims flee,
The dead from slumber wake ?
The palsied rise in freedom strong,
The dumb men talk and sing,
And from blind eyes, benighted long,
Bright beams of morning spring.

2 O, where is He that trod the sea ?
'Tis only He can save ;
To thousands hungering wearily,
A wondrous meal He gave.
Full soon, celestially fed,
Their plenteous food they take ;
'Twas springtide when He blessed the bread,
'Twas harvest when He brake.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST ;

- 3 O, where is He that trod the sea ?
My soul ! the Lord is here ;
Let all thy fears be hushed in Thee ;
And leap, and look, and hear.
Thy utmost needs He'll satisfy ;
Art thou diseased or dumb ?
Or dost Thou in thy hunger cry ?
Behold thy Helper come !

248 L.M. ALFORD.
*Greater works than these shall he do, because
I go unto my Father.—John xiv. 12.*

- 1 **T**HROUGH Israel's coasts, in times of old,
When Thou didst dwell with men below,
By signs and wonders manifold
Thou didst, O Lord, Thy glory show.
2 But not alone Thy mighty power
Shone forth from every wondrous sign ;
Day unto day, and hour to hour,
Spoke forth Thy love and grace divine.
3 And now Thou reignest, Lord, above,
We none the less Thy wonders trace ;
Unwearied are Thy calls of love,
Unspent Thy miracles of grace.
4 Thou who didst make the water wine
Our earthly with Thy heavenly fill ;
Our scant obedience change to Thine,
Our passions to Thy blessed will.

249 C.M. F. HEMANS.
Peace, be still.—Mark iv. 39.

- 1 **F**EAR was within the tossing bark,
When stormy winds grew loud,
And waves came rolling high and dark,
And the tall mast was bowed.

HIS EARTHLY LIFE.

- 2 And men stood breathless in their dread,
And baffled in their skill;
But One was there, who rose and said
To the wild sea—be still!
- 3 And the wind ceased—it ceased! that word
Passed through the gloomy sky;
The troubled billows knew their Lord,
And fell beneath His eye.
- 4 And slumber settled on the deep,
And silence on the blast;
They sank, as flowers that fold to sleep
When sultry day is past.
- 5 O Thou that in its wildest hour
Didst rule the tempest's mood,
Send Thy meek Spirit forth in power,
Soft on our souls to brood.
- 6 Thou that didst bow the billow's pride
Thy mandate to fulfil,
O speak to passion's raging tide,
Speak, and say—Peace, be still!

50 886, 886. C. WESLEY.
It is I; be not afraid.—Matthew xiv. 27.

- 1 **O**FT when the waves of passion rise,
And storms of life conceal the skies,
And o'er the ocean sweep,
Tossed with the long tempestuous night.
We feel no ray of heavenly light,
To cheer the lonely deep.
- 2 But, lo! in our extremity,
The Saviour walking on the sea!
E'en now He passes by!
He silences our clamorous fear,
And mildly says—Be of good cheer,
Be not afraid; 'tis I.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST :

- 3 O Lord, if it be Thou indeed,
So near us in our time of need,
So good, so strong to save,
Speak the kind word of power to me,
Bid me believe and come to Thee,
Swift, walking on the wave.
- 4 He bids me come ; His voice I know,
And boldly on the waters go,
And brave the tempest's shock ;
O'er rude temptations now I bound,
The billows yield a solid ground,
The wave is firm as rock.
- 5 Come in, come in, Thou Prince of Peace,
And all the storms of sin shall cease
And fall, no more to rise ;
O, if Thy Spirit still remain,
Our rest on distant shores we gain,
Our haven in the skies.

251 ^{888, 3.}
He was asleep.—Matthew viii. 24

- 1 FIERCE raged the tempest o'er the deep,
Watch did Thine anxious servants keep,
But Thou wast wrapped in guileless sleep,
Calm and still.
- 2 Save, Lord, we perish, was their cry ;
O, save us in our agony !
Thy word above the storm rose high,
Peace, be still.
- 3 The wild winds hushed ; the angry deep
Sank, like a little child, to sleep ;
The sullen billows ceased to leap,
At Thy will.

HIS EARTHLY LIFE,

So, when our life is clouded o'er,
And storm-winds drift us from the shore,
Say, lest we sink to rise no more,
Peace, be still.

2. 64. Double. ANATOLIUS, tr. NEALE.
It is I; be not afraid.—Mark vi. 50.

1 FIERCE was the wild billow,
Dark was the night,
Oars laboured heavily,
Foam glimmered white;
Trembled the mariners,
Peril was nigh,
Then said the God of God,
Peace, it is I!

2 Ridge of the mountain wave,
Lower thy crest;
Wail of the tempest-wind,
Be thou at rest;
Peril can never be,
Sorrow must fly,
Where saith the Light of Light,
Peace, it is I!

3 Jesus, Deliverer,
Come Thou to me;
Soothe Thou my voyaging
Over life's sea!
Thou, when the storm of death
Roars, sweeping by,
Whisper, O Truth of Truth,
Peace, it is I!

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST:

94,998.

MRS. F. CHARLES.

All the people were very attentive to hear Him.—Luke xix. 48.

- 0 King of men, when thousands thronging
Gathered to Thee,
The thousand streams in one stream meeting,
The thousand hearts with one throb beating,
Hanging on Thee, hanging on Thee.
- 2 No pomp of state that crowd repelling,
All pressed to Thee;
Thou royally the throng addressing,
Divinely calledst each to blessing,
Hither to Me, hither to Me!
- 3 With labour worn, and heavy laden,
Hither to Me!
The hardest yoke is easy near Me!
With Me is rest for all the weary,
Hither to Me, hither to Me.
- 4 Royal command, and Godlike promise,
Hither to Me!
O words, whose links death cannot sever!
O balm for all life's ills for ever!
Hither to Me, hither to Me.
- 5 Through nights of sorrow falling softly,
Hither to Me!
Earth's thousand noises piercing keenly,
O'er wildest storms they float serenely,
Hither to Me, hither to Me.
- 6 We hear them still, we hear them ever,
Hither to Me!
We hear them daily, clearer, dearer,
Drawing us ever higher, nearer,
Hither to Me, hither to Me!

HIS EARTHLY LIFE.

254

11, 10, 11, 10, 10, 10.
Jesus wept.—John xi. 35.

- 1 **D**RAW near, ye weary, bowed and broken-hearted ;
Ye onward travellers to a peaceful bourne ;
Ye from whose path the light hath all departed,
And ye who are left in solitude to mourn,
'Though o'er your spirits hath the storm-cloud swept,
Sacred are sorrow's tears, since Jesus wept.
- 2 The bright and spotless Heir of endless glory,
Wept for the woes of those He came to save ;
And angels wondered when they heard the story,
That He who conquered death wept o'er the grave,
As bending o'er the tomb where Lazarus slept,
In agony of spirit, Jesus wept.
- 3 Lo, Jesu's power, the sleep of death hath broken,
And wiped the tear from sorrow's drooping eye ;
Look up, ye mourners, hear what He hath spoken,
He that believes on me shall never die.
Through faith and love your spirits shall be kept
Hope brighter grew on earth when Jesus wept.

255

^{75.}
Hosanna, blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord.—Mark xi. 9.

- 1 **G**LORY, praise, and honour be,
Jesus, Lord of Lords, to Thee ;
Thee to whom we love to sing
Glad hosannas, Christ our King !
- 2 Once with palms, before Thy feet,
Salem strewed her crowded street,
While from every heart and tongue
Shouts of joyous welcome rung.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST :

- 3 While they sang salvation's song,
Thou to death didst ride along;
Now the same soul-stirring cry
Reaches Thee, enthroned on high.
- 4 Ours be conquests pure and calm,
Lifted hearts our boughs of palm;
While our voices ever sing
Glad hosannas to our King.

256

7s.

LATIN HYMN, *tr.* ONSLOW.

*And when He was come nigh, even now at
the descent of the Mount of Olives, the whole
multitude of the disciples began to rejoice, etc.*

Luke xix. 37.

- 1 **H**ARK, a glad, exulting throng!
Hark, the loud hosannas ring!
Glad hosannas, loud and long,
Great Messiah triumphing.
- 2 He of whom the prophets won
Mystic visions, faint and dim,
Comes, the Father's only Son,
And redemption comes with Him.
- 3 Lo, the Godhead come to earth,
Perfect man, as all might see,
That re-born in God's new birth,
Might the fallen manhood be.
- 4 So, when earth His terrors shake,
He shall come, our faith to bless,
Saved for that first Advent's sake,
By His glorious lowliness.

257

L.M.

MILMAN.

Behold, thy King cometh.—John xii. 15.

- 1 **R**IDE on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die!
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

: HIS EARTHLY LIFE.

- 2 Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
The wingèd squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching sacrifice.
- 3 Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh ;
The Father on His sapphire throne
Expects His own anointed Son.
- 4 Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
In lowly pomp ride on to die !
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy power and reign.

258 10, 10, 10, 10. [JEREMY TAYLOR.*]
The temple of God is holy, which temple ye
are.—1 Corinthians iii. 17.

- 1 **D**ESCEND to Thy Jerusalem, O Lord !
Her faithful children cry with one accord ;
Come, ride in triumph on ; behold we lay
Our guilty lusts and proud wills in Thy way.
- 2 Thy road is ready, Lord ; Thy paths, made
straight,
In longing expectation seem to wait
The consecration of Thy beauteous feet ;
And, hark ! hosannas loud Thy footsteps greet.
- 3 Welcome, O welcome to our hearts, Lord ! here
Thou hast a temple too, and full as dear
As that in Zion, and as full of sin ;
How long shall thieves and robbers dwell therein ?
- 4 Enter and chase them forth, and cleanse the
floor ;
Destroy their strength, that they may never more
Profane with traffic vile that holy place
Which Thou hast chosen, there to set Thy face.

- 5 And then, if our stiff tongues shall silent be
In praises of Thy finished victory.
The temple stones shall cry, and loud repeat
Hosanna ! and Thy glorious footsteps greet.
-

HIS SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

259 664, 666 4. H. ALLON.
Being in an agony, He prayed more earnestly.
Luke xxii. 44.

- 1 **L**OW in Thine agony,
 Bearing Thy cross for me,
 Saviour Divine !
In the dark tempter's hour,
Quailing beneath his power,
Sorrowing yet more and more,
 Thou dost incline.
- 2 O Lord of heaven and earth,
What sorrow unto death
 Dost Thou sustain ?
Thou dost in anguish bow ;
Thou art forsaken now ;
For me this cup of woe
 Thou dost now drain.
- 3 In deep and trembling fears,
With crying strong and tears,
 Now Thou dost pray ;
If it be possible,
This cup so terrible,
Father most merciful,
 Take it away.

HIS SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

- 4 Yet, Lord, Thy will be done ;
Lo, I, Thy only Son,
 This cup will drink.
O wondrous love of Thine,
Unspeakable, divine ;
To save this soul of mine
 Thou wilt not shrink.
- 5 Saviour, give me to share
Thy lowly will and prayer
 In all my woe ;
In my soul's agony
Let me resemble Thee ;
An angel strengthening me,
 Let me, too, know.
- 6 Thy soul its travail saw,
And in its heavy woe
 Was satisfied.
So let Thy sorrow, Lord,
Fulness of joy afford,
To Life and God restored,
 Through Him who died.

60 86, 86, 88. [F. HEMANS.]
And He...kneeled down and prayed.
Luke xxii. 41.

- 1 **H**E knelt, the Saviour knelt and prayed,
 When but His Father's eye
Looked through the lonely garden's shade,
 On that dread agony :
Messiah cried, with suppliant breath,
Bowed down with sorrow unto death.
- 2 He proved them all—the doubt, the strife,
 The faint perplexing dread ;
The mists that hang o'er parting life
 All gathered round His head ;
And the Deliverer knelt to pray,
Yet passed it not, that cup away.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST :

- 3 It passed not, though the stormy wave
Had sunk beneath His tread ;
It passed not, though to Him the grave
Had yielded up its dead ;
But there was sent Him from on high
A gift of strength for man to die.
- 4 And was the Sinless thus beset
With anguish and dismay ?
How may we meet our conflict yet,
In the dark narrow way ?
Through Him, through Him that path who
trod,
The Child of Grief, the Son of God.

261 L.M. WATTS. ●
*Who His own self bare our sins in His own
body on the tree.—1 Peter ii. 24.*

- 1 **D**EEP in our hearts let us record
The deeper sorrows of our Lord ;
Behold the rising billows roll,
To overwhelm His holy soul.
- 2 Yet, gracious God, Thy power and love
Have made the curse a blessing prove ;
Those dreadful sufferings of Thy Son
Atoned for sins which we have done.
- 3 The pangs of our expiring Lord
The honours of Thy law restored ;
His sorrows made Thy justice known,
Borne for transgressions not His own.
- 4 O for His sake our guilt forgive,
And let the mourning sinner live ;
The Lord will hear us in His name,
Nor shall our hope be turned to shame.

HIS SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

262 C.M. S. WESLEY, SEN.*
He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows.—Isaiah liii. 4.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the Saviour of mankind,
Nailed to the shameful tree !
How vast the love that Him inclined
To bleed and die for me !
- 2 My God ! He cries. . All nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend ;
The temple's veil asunder breaks ;
The solid marbles rend.
- 3 'Tis finished ! now the ransom's paid ;
Receive My soul, He cries ;
See where He bows His sacred head ;
He bows His head, and dies.
- 4 But soon He'll break death's iron chain,
And in full glory shine.
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love like Thine ?

263 68, 64. *Trans. from ANCIENT HYMN.*
Whom they slew and hanged on a tree.
Acts x. 39.

- 1 **L**O ! on the inglorious tree
The Lord, the Lord of glory hangs ;
Forsaken now is He,
And pierced with pangs.
- 2 A shameful death He dies,
Uplifted with transgressors twain ;
A Lamb for sacrifice,
By sinners slain.
- 3 Full is His cup of woe ;
In death His drooping head declines ;
'Tis done ! He cries ; and now
His soul resigns.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST :

4 O come, my soul, and gaze
On that great grief, that crown of thorn ;
In deep and dread amaze
There look and mourn.

5 For thee He shed His blood,
Weep, till with woe thine eyes grow dim ;
To that accursed wood
Thou hast nailed Him.

6 To Thee, the mighty Lord,
Who washed in blood our sins away,
Our boundless gratitude
Its thanks would pay.

264

87, 87, 47.

[BENJAMIN FRANCIS *or* JONATHAN EVANS.]
It is finished.—]ohn xix. 30.

1 **H**ARK ! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary ;
See, it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth and veils the sky ;
It is finished !
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 It is finished ! O what pleasure
Do those gracious words afford ;
Heavenly blessings without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord ;
It is finished !
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Finished, all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law ;
Finished, all that God had promised ;
Death and hell no more shall awe.
It is finished !
Saints from hence your comfort draw.

HIS SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

- 4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs ;
Join to sing the glorious theme,
All on earth and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name.
Hallelujah !
Glory to the bleeding Lamh.

265 887. F. H. HEDGE.
*I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw
all men unto Me.—John xii. 32.*

- 1 IT is finished ! Man of Sorrows !
From Thy cross our frailty borrows
Strength to bear and conquer thus.
- 2 While extended there we view Thee,
Mighty Sufferer ! draw us to Thee,
Sufferer victorious !
- 3 Not in vain for us uplifted,
Man of Sorrows, wonder gifted ;
May that sacred emblem be ;
- 4 Lifted high amid the ages,
Guide of heroes, saints, and sages,
May it guide us still to Thee !
- 5 Still to Thee ! whose love unbounded,
Sorrow's depths for us hath sounded,
Perfectured by conflicts sore.
- 6 Honoured be Thy cross for ever ;
Star that points our high endeavour
Whither Thou hast gone before !

266 L.M. WATTS.
The cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.
Galatians vi. 14.

- 1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST :

- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the cross of Christ my God ;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.
- 3 See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down ;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all !

267 87s. SIR JOHN BOWRING.
*God forbid that I should glory save in the
cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.—Galatians vi. 14.*

- 1 **I** N the cross of Christ I glory ;
Towering o'er the wrecks of time
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.
- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me ;
Lo ! it glows with peace and joy.
- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way ;
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified ;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys, that through all time abide.
- 5 In the cross of Christ I glory ;
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

HIS RESURRECTION.

(WITH SPECIAL HYMNS FOR EASTER SUNDAY.)

268 6666, 88. DODDRIDGE.
*A vision of angels, which said that He was
alive.—Luke xxiv. 23.*

1 **Y**ES! the Redeemer rose!
The Saviour left the dead,
And o'er our hellish foes
High raised His conquering head.
In wild dismay,
The guards around
Fell to the ground,
And sunk away.

2 **L**o! the angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait His high commands,
And worship at His feet;
Joyful they come,
And wing their way
From realms of day
To such a tomb.

3 **T**hen back to heaven they fly,
And the glad tidings bear.
Hark! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air!
Their anthems say,
Jesus, who bled,
*Hath left the dead,
He rose to-day.*

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST :

4 Ye mortals, catch the sound,
Redeemed by Him from hell ;
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell ;
Transported, cry,
Jesus, who bled,
Hath left the dead,
No more to die.

5 All hail ! triumphant Lord,
Who sav'st us with Thy blood ;
Wide be Thy name adored,
Thou rising, reigning God !
With Thee we rise,
With Thee we reign,
And empires gain
Beyond the skies.

269 10, 11, 11, 11, 12, 11, 10, 11. H. WARE.
*If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we
are of all men most miserable.—1 Cor. xv. 19.*

- 1 **L**IFT your glad voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man cannot die ;
Vain were the terrors that gathered around Him,
And short the dominion of death and the
grave ;
He burst from the fetters of darkness that bound
Him,
Resplendent in glory to live and to save.
Loud was the chorus of angels on high,
The Saviour hath risen, and man shall not die !
- 2 Glory to God, in full anthems of joy ;
The being He gave us death cannot destroy ;
Sad were the life we must part with to-morrow,
If tears were our birthright and death were
our end ;

HIS RESURRECTION.

But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of sorrow,
And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend.
Lift, then, your voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die !

270

87. Twelve lines.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

*That He might destroy him that had the
power of death.*—Hebrews ii. 14.

- 1 **C**HRISt is risen ! hallelujah !
Risen our victorious Head !
Sing His praises ! hallelujah !
Christ is risen from the dead !
Gratefully our hearts adore Him !
As His light once more appears,
Bowing down in joy before Him,
Rising up from grief and tears.
Christ is risen ! hallelujah ;
Risen our victorious Head !
Sing His praises ! hallelujah !
Christ is risen from the dead.
- 2 Christ is risen ! all the sadness
Of His earthly life is o'er,
Through the open gates of gladness
He returns to life once more ;
Death and hell before Him bending,
He doth rise the victor now,
Angels on His steps attending,
Glory round His wounded brow.
Christ is risen ! hallelujah !
Risen our victorious Head !
Sing His praises ! hallelujah !
Christ is risen from the dead.
- 3 Christ is risen ! henceforth never
Death or hell shall us enthrall,
We are Christ's, in Him for ever
We have triumphed over all ;

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST :

All the doubting and dejection
Of our trembling hearts have ceased,
'Tis His day of resurrection !
Let us rise and keep the feast.
Christ is risen ! hallelujah !
Risen our victorious Head !
Sing His praises ! hallelujah !
Christ is risen from the dead.

271 ^{8, 7s.} *Risen with Christ.*—Colossians iii. 1.

- 1 PRAISE to Thee, O risen Saviour,
Our eternal God and King ;
Help us by Thy Holy Spirit,
That we may Thy triumph sing.
- 2 Heart and voice, by Thee redeemed,
In Thy worship, Lord, we raise ;
Glorying in Thine exaltation,
Offering glad, exulting praise.
- 3 See Thy Church approach, adoring
Thee, her Lord, her Life, her Head !
In Thy resurrection sharing,
Risen from among the dead.
- 4 Shout ! for Christ indeed is risen ;
First-fruits He of them that sleep :
All the strength of death and Hades
Failed the Lord of Life to keep.

272 ^{7, 8, 7, 8, 4.} *Why seek ye the living among the dead ?* C. F. GELLERT.*
Luke xxiv. 5.

- 1 JESUS lives, no longer now
Can thy terrors, death, appal us :
Jesus lives, and this we know,
Thou, O grave, canst not enthrall us.
Hallelujah !

HIS RESURRECTION.

- 2 Jesus lives, henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal ;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Hallelujah !
- 3 Jesus lives ; for us He died ;
Then alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving,
Hallelujah !
- 4 Jesus lives, our hearts know well ;
Nought from us His love shall sever,
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell,
Tear us from His keeping ever.
Hallelujah !
- 5 Jesus lives, to Him the throne
Far above all power is given ;
We shall go where He has gone,
Rest and reign with Him in heaven.
Hallelujah !

273 9, 6. Double. JOSIAH CONDER.*
Christ being raised from the dead, dieth no more.—Romans vi. 9.

- 1 **O** SHOW me not my Saviour dying,
As on the cross He bled !
Nor in the tomb, a captive lying,
For He has left the dead.
'Then bid me not that form suspended
For my Redeemer own,
Who, to the highest heavens ascended,
In glory fills the throne.
- 2 Weep not for Him on Calvary dying ;
Weep only for thy sins.
Come, see the place where He was lying ;
'Tis there our hope begins ;

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST :

Yet stay not there, thy sorrows feeding,
Amid the scenes He trod ;
Look up, and see Him interceding
At the right hand of God.

- 3 Still in the shameful cross I glory,
Where His dear blood was spilt ;
His shameful cross, set forth before me,
Hath cancelled all my guilt.
Yet what, 'mid conflict and temptation,
Shall strength and succour give ?
He lives, the Captain of Salvation ;
Therefore His servants live.
- 4 By death, He death's dark king defeated,
And overcame the grave ;
Rising, the triumph He completed ;
He lives, He reigns to save.
Heaven's happy myriads bow before Him ;
He comes, the Judge of Men ;
These eyes shall see Him and adore Him ;
Lord Jesus ! own me then.

[FOR SUNDAY, AND ESPECIALLY EASTER SUNDAY.]

274 7s. CHARLES WESLEY.*
He is not here ; for He is risen.
Matt. xxviii. 6.

- 1 CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day.
[Hallelujah ! *]
Sons of men and angels say !
Raise your joys and triumphs high ;
Sing ye heavens ; thou earth reply !

- 2 Love's redeeming work is done ;
Fought the fight, the battle won ;
Lo ! the sun's eclipse is o'er ;
Lo ! he sets in blood no more !

* "Hallelujah" can be sung at the end of each line.

HIS RESURRECTION.

- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids His rise;
Christ hath opened Paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious King!
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once he died our souls to save;
Where's thy victory, boasting grave?
- 5 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like Him, like Him we rise,
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.
- 6 Risen with Him, we upward move,
Still we seek the things above;
Heaven our aim and loved abode,
Hid our life with Christ in God.
- 7 Hail the Lord of Earth and Heaven!
Praise to Thee by both be given!
Thee we greet triumphant now;
Hail! the Resurrection Thou!
- 8 Lord of glory! King of bliss!
Everlasting life is this;
Thee to know, Thy power to prove,
Thus to sing, and thus to love.

[FOR SUNDAY, AND ESPECIALLY EASTER SUNDAY.]

275 76. Double. DAMASCENUS, *tr.* NEALE.*
He is not here, but is risen.—Luke xxiv. 6.

- 1 THE day of resurrection;
Earth, tell it out abroad!
The Passover of gladness!
The Passover of God!

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST :

From death to life eternal,
From earth unto the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us over,
With hymns of victory.

- 2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection-light ;
And, listening to His accents,
May hear, so calm and plain,
His own All hail ! and, hearing,
May raise the victor strain !
- 3 Now let the heavens be joyful !
Let earth her song begin !
Let the round world keep triumph,
And all that is therein ;
Invisible and visible,
Their notes let all things blend,
For Christ the Lord hath risen,
Our joy that hath no end.

[FOR SUNDAY, AND ESPECIALLY EASTER SUNDAY.]

276 C.M. WATT
He rose again the third day.—I Cor. xv. 4.

- 1 **B**LEST morning, whose young dawning
rays
Beheld our rising God,
That saw Him triumph o'er the dust,
And leave His dark abode.
- 2 In the cold prison of a tomb
The dead Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, the appointed day.

HIS RESURRECTION.

- 3 Hell and the grave unite their force
To hold our King in vain ;
The sleeping Conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.
- 4 To Thy great name, Almighty Lord,
These sacred hours we pay ;
And loud hosannas shall proclaim
The triumph of the day.
- 5 Salvation and immortal praise
To our victorious King ;
Let heaven and earth, and rocks and seas,
With glad hosannas ring.

[FOR SUNDAY, AND ESPECIALLY EASTER SUNDAY.]

77 C.M. Double.
Ye are risen with Him.—Col. ii. 12.

- 1 THE shade and gloom of life are fled,
This resurrection day ;
Henceforth in Christ are no more dead,
The grave hath no more prey ;
In Christ we live, in Christ we sleep,
In Christ we wake and rise,
And the sad tears death makes us weep,
He wipes from all our eyes.
- 2 Then wake, glad heart, awake ! awake !
And seek thy risen Lord ;
Joy in His resurrection take,
And comfort in His word ;
And let Thy life, through all its ways,
One long thanksgiving be ;
Its theme of joy, its song of praise,
Christ died and rose for me.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST :

[FOR SUNDAY, AND ESPECIALLY EASTER SUNDAY.]

278

^{7, 4.}
He is risen.—Mark xvi. 6.

- 1 **J**ESUS Christ is risen to-day,
Hallelujah !
Our triumphant holy day,
Hallelujah !
Who did once, upon the cross,
Hallelujah !
Suffer to redeem our loss,
Hallelujah !
- 2 Hymns of praise then let us sing,
Hallelujah !
Unto Christ, our heavenly King,
Hallelujah !
Who endured the cross and grave,
Hallelujah !
Sinners to redeem and save,
Hallelujah !
- 3 But the pain which he endured,
Hallelujah !
Our salvation hath procured ;
Hallelujah !
Now above the sky He's King,
Hallelujah !
Where the angels ever sing,
Hallelujah ! Amen.

[FOR EASTER SUNDAY.]

279

8, 7. Double. C. WORDSWORTH.
*Christ the firstfruits; afterward they that are
Christ's at His coming.*—1 Cor. xv. 23.

- 1 **H**ALLELUJAH ! Hallelujah ! Hearts to
heaven and voices raise ;
Sing to God a hymn of gladness, sing to God a
hymn of praise ;

HIS RESURRECTION.

- He who on the cross a victim for the world's
salvation bled ;
Jesus Christ, the King of Glory, now is risen
from the dead.
- 2 Now the iron bars are broken, Christ from death
to life is born ;
Glorious life, and life immortal, on this holy
Easter morn ;
Christ has triumphed, and we conquer by His
mighty enterprise ;
We with Him to life eternal by His resurrection
rise.
- 3 Christ is risen, Christ the Firstfruits of the holy
harvest field,
Which will all its full abundance at His second
coming yield ;
Then the golden ears of harvest will their heads
before Him wave,
Ripened by His glorious sunshine, from the
furrows of the grave,
- 4 Christ is risen ; we are risen. Shed upon us
heavenly grace,
Rain and dew and gleams of glory from the
brightness of Thy face,
That we, with our hearts in heaven, here on
earth may fruitful be,
And by angel-hands be gathered, and be ever,
Lord, with Thee.
- 5 Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Glory be to God on
high !
Hallelujah ! to the Saviour, who has gained the
victory !
Hallelujah ! to the Spirit, Fount of Love and
Sanctity ;
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! to the Triune Majesty !
Amen.

- 1 **O**UR Lord is risen from the dead ;
Our Jesus is gone up on high ;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay ;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates ;
Ye everlasting doors, give way.
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the ethereal scene ;
He claims these mansions as His right ;
Receive the King of Glory in.
- 4 Who is the King of Glory, who ?
The Lord that all our foes o'ercame ;
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew ;
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.
- 5 Lo ! His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay ;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates ;
Ye everlasting doors, give way.
- 6 Who is the King of Glory, who ?
The Lord, of boundless power possessed ;
The King of saints and angels too ;
God over all, for ever blest.

HIS ASCENSION.

281

C.M. Double.
Psalm xxiv.

TATE AND BRADY.*

- 1 **L**IFT up your heads, eternal gates ;
Unfold to entertain
The King of Glory ; see ! He comes
With His celestial train.
Who is the King of Glory, who ?
The Lord for strength renowned ;
In battle mighty, o'er His foes
Eternal victor crowned.

- 2 Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
In state to entertain
The King of Glory ; see, He comes
With all his shining train.
Who is the King of Glory, who ?
The Lord of Hosts renowned ;
Triumphant over sin and death,
Eternal Victor crowned.

282

C.M.
Psalm xlvii.

WATTS.

- 1 **O** FOR a shout of sacred joy
To God, the Sovereign King ;
Let every land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.
- 2 Jesus, our God, ascends on high ;
His heavenly guards around
Attend Him, rising through the sky,
With trumpets' joyful sound.
- 3 While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains ;
*Let all the earth His honours sing ;
O'er all the earth He reigns.*

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST :

- 4 Rehearse His praise with awe profound,
Let knowledge lead the song,
Nor mock Him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.
- 5 In Israel stood His ancient throne,
He loved that chosen race ;
But now He calls the world His own,
And heathens taste His grace.
- 6 The British Islands are the Lord's ;
There Abraham's God is known ;
While powers and princes, shields and swords,
Submit before His throne.

283 7s. CHARLES WESLEY.*
*He was taken up, and a cloud received Him
out of their sight.—Acts i. 9.*

- 1 **H**AIL the day that sees Him rise,
Glorious, to His native skies ;
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Enters now the gates of heaven.
- 2 There the glorious triumph waits ;
Lift your heads, eternal gates ;
Wide unfold the radiant scene ;
Take the King of Glory in !
- 3 Circled round with angel powers,
Their triumphant Lord, and ours,
Conqueror over death and sin ;
Take the King of Glory in !
- 4 Him though highest heaven receives,
Still He loves the earth He leaves ;
Though returning to His throne,
Still He calls mankind His own.

HIS ASCENSION.

- 5 Still for us He intercedes ;
His prevailing death He pleads ;
Near Himself prepares our place,
Great Forerunner of our race
- 6 Now, though parted from our sight,
High above yon azure height,
Still our hearts may to Him rise,
Following Him beyond the skies.
- 7 There we shall with Thee remain,
Partners of Thy endless reign ;
There Thy face unclouded see,
Find our heaven of heavens in Thee.

284

C.M.

DANIEL TURNER and JAMES FANCH.

Seen of angels.—1 Timothy iii. 16.

- 1 **B**EYOND the glittering starry skies,
Far as the eternal hills,
There, in the boundless worlds of light,
Our great Redeemer dwells.
- 2 Legions of angels, round His throne,
In countless armies shine,
At His right hand, with golden harps,
They offer songs divine.
- 3 Hail, Prince ! they cry, for ever hail !
Whose unexampled love
Moved Thee to quit these glorious realms
And royalties above.
- 4 Through all His travels here below,
They did His steps attend ;
Oft wondering how and where at last
The mystic scene would end.
- 5 They saw His heart transfixed with wounds,
With love and grief run o'er ;
*They saw Him break the bars of death,
Which none ere brake before.*

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST:

- 6 They brought His chariot from above,
To bear Him to His throne ;
Spread their triumphant wings, and cried,
The glorious work is done !

285

C.M.

WATTS.*

A Prince and a Saviour.—Acts v. 31.

- 1 **H**OSANNA to the Prince of Light,
That clothed Himself in clay,
Entered the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.
- 2 Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our Immanuel rose ;
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And spoiled our hellish foes.
- 3 See how the Conqueror, through the heavens,
Up to His Father flies ;
With scars of honour in His flesh,
And triumph in His eyes.
- 4 There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And scatters blessings down ;
Our Jesus fills His glorious seat
On the celestial throne.
- 5 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach His blest abode ;
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To our incarnate God.
- 6 Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise ;
Let heaven and all created things
Sound our Immanuel's praise.

HIS ASCENSION.

286 C.M. [C. F. ALEXANDER.]
I go to prepare a place for you.—John xiv. 2.

- 1 **T**HE eternal gates lift up their heads,
 The doors are opened wide ;
 The King of Glory is gone up
 Unto His Father's side.
- 2 Thou art gone in before us, Lord,
 Thou hast prepared a place,
 That we may be where now Thou art,
 And look upon Thy face.
- 3 And ever on our earthly path
 A gleam of glory lies ;
 A light still breaks upon the cloud
 That veils Thee from our eyes.
- 4 Lift up our thoughts, lift up our songs,
 And let Thy grace be given,
 That while we linger yet below,
 Our hearts may be in heaven.
- 5 That where Thou art, at God's right hand,
 Our hope, our love may be ;
 Dwell in us now, that we may dwell
 For evermore in Thee.

287 7, 6. Double. [COX.]
That where I am, there ye may be also.
 John xiv. 3.

- 1 **L**O ! God to heaven ascendeth ;
 Throughout its regions vast,
 With shouts triumphant blendeth
 The trumpet's thrilling blast ;
 Sing praise with exultation,
 Sing praise to Christ the Lord ;
 King of each heathen nation,
 The God of Hosts adored.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST :

2 With joy is heaven resounding,
Christ's glad return to see ;
Behold the saints surrounding
The Lord, who set them free ;
The cherub band rejoices,
Bright myriads thronging come,
And loud seraphic voices
Welcome Messiah home.

3 No more the way is hidden,
Since Christ, our Head, arose ;
No more to man forbidden,
The road to heaven that goes.
Where Jesus Christ has entered,
There may our hearts be found ;
There let our hopes be centred,
Our journey thither bound.

288 8, 7. Double. C. WORDSWORTH
*While He blessed them He was parted from
them, and carried up into Heaven.—Luke xxiv. 51.*

SEE the Conqueror mounts in triumph ;
See the King in royal state,
Riding on the clouds, His chariot,
To His heavenly palace gate.
Hark, the quires of angel voices
Joyful hallelujahs sing,
And the portals high are lifted,
To receive their heavenly King.

2 Who is this that comes in glory,
With the trump of jubilee ?
Lord of Battles, God of Armies,
He has gained the victory.
He who on the cross did suffer,
He who from the grave arose,
He has vanquished sin and Satan,
He by death has spoiled His foes.

HIS ASCENSION.

- 3 He hath raised our human nature
On the clouds to God's right hand ;
There we sit in heavenly places,
There with Thee in glory stand.
Jesus reigns, adored by angels ;
Man with God is on the throne ;
Mighty Lord, in Thine ascension,
We by faith behold our own.
- 4 See Him, who is gone before us,
Heavenly mansions to prepare ;
See Him, who is ever pleading
For us with prevailing prayer ;
See Him who with sound of trumpet,
And with His angelic train,
Summoning the world to judgment,
On the clouds will come again.
- 5 Raise us up from earth to heaven,
Give us wings of faith and love,
Gales of holy aspirations,
Wafting us to realms above.
That with hearts and minds uplifted,
We with Christ our Lord may dwell,
Where He sits enthroned in glory,
In the heavenly citadel.
- 6 So at last, when He appeareth,
We from out our graves may spring,
Filled with rapture, clothed in glory,
Flocking round our heavenly King,
Caught up on the clouds of heaven,
And may meet Him in the air ;
Rise to realms where He is reigning,
And may reign for ever there.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST :

- 7 Glory be to God the Father ;
Glory be to God the Son ;
Dying, risen, ascending for us,
Who the heavenly realm has won ;
Glory to the Holy Spirit ;
To One God in Persons Three !
Glory, both in earth and heaven,
Glory, endless glory be ! Amen.

289 6666, 88. C. WESLEY.
Who is this King of Glory ?—Psalm xxiv. 10.

- 1 GOD is gone up on high,
G With a triumphant noise ;
The clarions of the sky
Proclaim the angelic joys.
Join, all on earth, rejoice and sing !
Glory ascribe to Glory's King.
- 2 God in the flesh below,
For us He reigns above ;
Let all the nations know
Our Jesus' conquering love.
Join, all on earth, rejoice and sing ;
Glory ascribe to Glory's King.
- 3 All power to our great Lord
Is by the Father given ;
By angel-hosts adored,
He reigns supreme in heaven.
Join, all on earth, rejoice and sing ;
Glory ascribe to Glory's King.
- 4 High on His holy seat,
He bears the righteous sway ;
His foes beneath His feet
Shall sink and die away ;
Join, all on earth, rejoice and sing ;
Glory ascribe to Glory's King.

HIS ASCENSION.

5 His foes and ours are one,
Satan, the world, and sin ;
But He shall tread them down,
And bring His kingdom in.
Join, all on earth, rejoice and sing,
Glory ascribe to Glory's King.

6 Till all the earth, renewed
In righteousness divine,
With all the hosts of God
In one great chorus join.
Join, all on earth, rejoice and sing ;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

290

C.M.

LATIN HYMN, *tr.* EDWARD CASWALL.*

He sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high.—Hebrews i. 3.

- 1 **O** THOU, eternal King most high,
Who didst the world redeem ;
And, conquering death and hell, receive
A dignity supreme ;
- 2 Thou, through the starry orbs, O Christ,
Didst to Thy throne ascend ;
Thenceforth to reign in sovereign power,
And glory without end.
- 3 There, seated in Thy majesty,
To Thee submissive bow
The heaven of heavens, the spacious earth,
The awful depths below.
- 4 With trembling there the angels see
The changed estate of men ;
The flesh which sinned, by flesh redeemed ;
Man in the Godhead reign.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST :

- 5 There, waiting for Thy faithful souls,
Be Thou to us, O Lord,
Our peerless joy, while here we stay,
In heaven, our great reward.
- 6 Renew our strength ; our sins forgive ;
Our miseries efface ;
And lift our souls aloft to Thee,
By Thy celestial grace.
- 7 So, when Thou shinest on the clouds,
With Thy angelic train,
May we be saved from vengeance due,
And our lost crowns regain.
- 8 Glory to Jesus, who returns
Triumphantly to heaven ;
Praise to the Father evermore,
And Holy Ghost be given.

291 ^{87, 87, 77, 4.} *It is expedient for you that I go away.* J. E. L.
John xvi. 7.

- 1 **W**AKE, ye saints, the song of triumph,
Let the hallelujahs ring
To the Lord on high ascended,
Christ our Brother, Christ our King.
Entered now within the veil,
Jesu, our Forerunner, hail !
Hallelujah !

- 2 Parted in the act of blessing,
To His brethren still He cleaves ;
Though the highest heaven receives Him,
Still He loves the earth He leaves.
Seated on His Father's throne,
Still He calls mankind His own.
Hallelujah !

HIS ASCENSION.

- 3 Well He knew it was expedient,
For our sake, that He should go ;
That the promise of the Father
Might be shed on us below.
Now, though widowed and bereft,
Not as orphans are we left.
Hallelujah !

- 4 By the Spirit of Adoption,
Abba, Father, taught to say ;
Waiting till our Head shall call us
Up the heaven-illuminated way ;
Ever looking up to Thee,
Blessed Lord, Thy members see.
Hallelujah !

292 668,666,86. E. TOKE.
*They looked steadfastly toward Heaven as He
went up.—Acts i. 10.*

1 THOU art gone up on high,
To mansions in the skies ;
And round Thy throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise ;
But we are lingering here,
With sin and care oppressed ;
Lord, send Thy promised Comforter,
And lead us to Thy rest.

2 Thou art gone up on high ;
But Thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter agony
To pass unto Thy crown ;
And, girt with griefs and fears,
Our onward course must be ;
But only let that path of tears
Lead us at last to Thee.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST :

3 Thou art gone up on high ;
But Thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the **sky**
Attendant in Thy train.
O, by Thy saving power
So make us live and die,
That we may stand in that dread hour
At Thy right hand on high !

293

87, 87, 8887.
Psalm lxxiii.

- 1 **L**ET God arise, and let His foes
Be scattered now before Him ;
Let all on Him with joy repose
Who holily adore Him.
Before the Lord let them rejoice,
And in His praise lift up their voice
Who rideth on the heavens.
- 2 When Thou, O God, Thy flock didst **guide**,
Earth shook at Thy descending ;
When Thou on Sinai didst abide,
The rocks beneath were rending.
Thou Lord, didst send a plenteous rain,
And didst Thy heritage sustain,
Their weariness refreshing.
- 3 Thou hast gone up, O God, on high,
With angel hosts attending ;
Thou captive led'st captivity,
To heaven's high throne ascending.
Thou hast received gifts for men,
That God might dwell with them again,
E'en with our race rebellious.

HIS EXAMPLE.

- 4 Blest be the Lord for all His love,
The God of our salvation ;
He daily blesseth from above
His own—His ransomed nation.
The Father, Son, and Spirit bless,
One God of Power and Holiness ;
Eternal be our praises.

CHRIST THE SAVIOUR OF MEN :
HIS EXAMPLE.

294

L.M.

JOSIAH CONDER.

That ye should follow His steps.

1 Peter ii. 21.

- 1 **H**OW shall I follow Him I serve ?
How shall I copy Him I love ?
Nor from those blessed footsteps swerve,
Which lead me to His seat above ?
- 2 Privations, sorrows, bitter scorn,
The life of toil, the mean abode,
The faithless kiss, the crown of thorn,
Are these the consecrated road ?
- 3 'Twas thus He suffered, though a Son,
Foreknowing, choosing, feeling all,
Until the perfect work was done,
And drunk the bitter cup of gall.
- 4 Lord, should my path through suffering lie,
Forbid it I should e'er repine ;
Still let me turn to Calvary,
Nor heed my griefs, remembering Thine.
- 5 O let me think how Thou didst leave
Untasted every pure delight,
To fast, to faint, to watch, to grieve
The toilsome day, the homeless night ;

CHRIST THE SAVIOUR OF MEN :

- 6 To faint, to grieve, to die for me !
Thou camest not Thyself to please ;
And, dear as earthly comforts be,
Shall I not love Thee more than these ?
- 7 Yes ! I would count them all but loss,
To gain the notice of Thine eye ;
Flesh shrinks and trembles at the cross,
But Thou canst give the victory.

295 C.M. J. H. GURNEY.
I have given you an example.—John xiii. 15.

- 1 **L**ORD, as to Thy dear cross we flee,
And plead to be forgiven,
So let Thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.
- 2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear ;
Like Thee to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.
- 3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine,
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as Thine.
- 4 If joys shall at Thy bidding flee,
And grief's dark day come on,
We, too, O Christ, would cry like Thee,
Father, Thy will be done !
- 5 Should friends misjudge, or foes defame,
Or brethren faithless prove,
Then like Thine own, be all our aim,
To conquer them by love.
- 6 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to heaven.

HIS EXAMPLE.

296 L.M. WATTS.
*He that saith he abideth in Him ought himself
also so to walk even as He walked.—1 John ii. 6.*

- 1 **M**Y dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in Thy word ;
But in Thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 Such was Thy truth, and, such Thy zeal,
Such deference to Thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervour of Thy prayer ;
The desert Thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and Thy victory too.
- 4 Be Thou my pattern ; make me bear
More of Thy gracious image here ;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

297 C.M. J. COTTERILL.
He humbled Himself. Philippians ii. 8.

- 1 **J**ESUS, exalted far on high,
To whom a name is given,
A name surpassing every name
That 's known in earth or heaven.
- 2 Before whose throne shall every knee
Bow down with one accord ;
Before whose throne shall every tongue
Confess that Thou art Lord.
- 3 Jesus, who in the form of God
Didst equal honour claim,
Yet, to redeem our guilty souls,
Didst stoop to death and shame ;

CHRIST THE SAVIOUR OF MEN :

4 O may that mind in us be formed,
Which shone so bright in Thee;
A humble, meek, and lowly mind,
From pride and envy free.

5 May we to others stoop, and learn
To emulate Thy love;
So shall we bear 'Thine image here,
And share Thy throne above.

298 C.M. [SIR E. DENNY.]
Who, when He was reviled, reviled not again
1 Peter ii. 23.

1 **W**HAT grace, O Lord, and beauty shone
Around Thy steps below!
What patient love was seen in all
Thy life and death of woe!

2 For ever on Thy burdened heart
A weight of sorrow hung;
Yet no ungentle murmuring word
Escaped Thy silent tongue.

3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove;
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.

4 O give us hearts to love like Thee,
Like Thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for others' sins than all
The wrongs that we receive.

5 One with Thyself, may every eye,
In us, Thy brethren, see
That gentleness and grace which spring
From union, Lord, with Thee.

HIS EXAMPLE.

299

8, 7s.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

*Whatsoever things were written aforetime
were written for our learning.*—Romans xv. 4.

- 1 **B**LESSED Lord, who, till the morning
Of Thine Advent shall appear,
Words of hope hast left, and warning,
Souls to strengthen, guide, and cheer ;
- 2 Left them written for our learning,
Pointing out the narrow way,
Lest our hearts, with all their yearning
After home, should go astray ;—
- 3 Grant us, in these sacred pages,
Grace to find those gifts untold,
Which, for ages upon ages,
Did Thy people's hearts uphold.
- 4 Grant us, in the sacred story
Of the deeds which Thou hast done,
Grace to catch those gleams of glory,
That on saint and martyr shone ;
- 5 From Thy life, so high and holy,
From Thy love, so deep and pure,
From Thy Head, which bowed so lowly,
Pains for others to endure ;—
- 6 From Thy heart, so meekly bearing
All the scorn of sinful men,
Lord of legions ! yet so sparing !
Never answering again.
- 7 O how blessèd thus to linger
O'er the steps which Thou hast trod,
While Thy cross, with silent finger,
Points the upward way to God ;—

CHRIST THE SAVIOUR OF MEN :

- 8 In the paths of self-denial,
 Meekly borne for love of Thee,
 Wearing out life's weary trial
 Till the blushing dawn we see ;—
- 9 With our lamps well trimmed and burning,
 Patient through Thy Holy Word,
 Watching for the bright returning
 Of our too long absent Lord.

300 7s. Six lines. MONTGOMERY.⁴
A place called Gethsemane.—Matt. xxvi. 36.

- 1 **G**O to dark Gethsemane,
 Ye that feel the tempter's power ;
 Your Redeemer's conflict see :
 Watch with Him one bitter hour :
 Turn not from His griefs away :
 Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.
- 2 Follow to the judgment hall :
 View the Lord of Life arraigned.
 O the wormwood and the gall !
 O the pangs His soul sustained !
 Shun not suffering, shame, or loss :
 Learn of Him to bear the cross.
- 3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb ;
 There, adoring at His feet,
 Mark that miracle of time,
 God's own sacrifice complete.
 It is finished ; hear Him cry ;
 Learn of Jesus Christ to die.
- 4 Early hasten to the tomb,
 Where they laid His breathless clay.
 All is solitude and gloom ;
 Who hath taken Him away ?
 Christ is risen ; He seeks the skies.
 Saviour, teach us so to rise.

THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE.

301 L.M. Six lines. PLUMPTRE.
I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life.
John xiv. 6.

- 1 **O** LIGHT! whose beams illumine all,
From twilight dawn to perfect day,
Shine Thou before the shadows fall
That lead our wandering feet astray;
At morn and eve Thy radiance pour,
That youth may love, and age adore.
- 2 **O** Way! through whom our souls draw near
To yon eternal home of peace,
Where perfect love shall cast out fear,
And earth's vain toil and wandering cease;
In strength or weakness may we see
Our heavenward path, O Lord, through Thee.
- 3 **O** Truth! before whose shrine we bow,
Thou priceless pearl for all who seek,
To Thee our earliest strength we vow,
Thy love will bless the pure and meek;
When dreams or mists beguile our sight,
Turn Thou our darkness into light.
- 4 **O** Life! the well that ever flows
To slake the thirst of those that faint,
Thy power to bless what seraph knows?
Thy joy supreme what words can paint?
In earth's last hour of fleeting breath
Be Thou our Conqueror over death.

CHRIST THE SAVIOUR OF MEN :

- 5 O Light ! O Way ! O Truth ! O Life !
O Jesus, born mankind to save !
Give Thou Thy peace in deadliest strife,
Shed Thou Thy calm on stormiest wave ;
Be Thou our hope, our joy, our dread,
Lord of the Living and the Dead.
- 6 O mightiest Three ! O holiest One !
Of all in heaven and earth the King.
All power and glory Thou hast won,
To Thee all saints and angels sing ;
Still serving, through the eternal rest,
They do Thy bidding, and are blest.

302

C.M.

G. W. DOANE.

I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

John xiv. 6.

- 1 **T**HOU art the Way ; to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee ;
And He who would the Father seek,
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.
- 2 Thou art the Truth ; Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart ;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.
- 3 Thou art the Life ; the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm ;
And those who put their trust in Thee,
Nor death nor hell shall harm.
- 4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life ;
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

303 10, 10, 10, 10. [THEODORE PARKER.]
I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life.
John xiv. 6.

- 1 **O** THOU, great Friend to all the sons of
men,
Who once didst come in humbler guise below,
Sin to rebuke, to break the captive's chain,
And call Thy brethren forth from want and
woe ;—
- 2 We look to Thee ; Thy truth is still the Light
Which guides the nations, groping on their
way,
Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,
Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.
- 3 Yes ! Thou art still the Life ; Thou art the Way
The holiest know ; Light, Life, and Way of
heaven !
And They who dearest hope, and deepest pray,
Toil by the Light, Life, Way, which Thou hast
given.
-

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

304 7s. C. WORDSWORTH.
Christ shall give thee light.—Eph. v. 14.

- 1 **S**ON of God, Eternal World,
Glorious Dayspring, Christ the Lord ;
Shine upon us with Thy rays,
While we celebrate Thy praise.

CHRIST THE SAVIOUR OF MEN :

- 2 When Thou madest heaven and earth,
Angels shouted at their birth ;
Morning stars in chorus sang
When the world from darkness sprang.
- 3 When in sin and death we lay,
Thou didst wake us into day ;
Thou in human nature born,
Art to us a glorious morn.
- 4 When Thou didst arise from death,
We were quickened by Thy breath ;
We arose with Thee, our Head,
First begotten from the dead.
- 5 Look on all with pitying eye
Who in heathen darkness lie ;
Scatter, Lord, their shades of night,
Dawn upon them with Thy light.
- 6 Send to us the Holy Ghost,
Give the light of Pentecost ;
That we may for ever bless
Thee, the Sun of Rightousness.
- 7 Keep us safe from harm and sin,
Foes around us and within ;
May we know Thee ever nigh,
Ever walk as in Thine eye !
- 8 Lead us onward, Lord, we pray,
To the pure and perfect day,
Where we may the glory see
Of the blessed Trinity.
- 9 Glory to the Father be,
Glory, Light of Light, to Thee ;
With the Father and the Son,
Praise the Spirit, Three in One. Amen.

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

305

87s. Double.

C. WESLEY.*

The true light.—John i. 9.

- 1 **L**IGHT of those, whose dreary dwelling
 Borders on the shades of death,
 Come, and all Thy love revealing,
 Dissipate the clouds beneath.
 The new heaven and earth's Creator,
 On our deepest darkness rise ;
 Scattering all the night of nature,
 Pouring day upon our eyes.
- 2 Still we wait for Thine appearing ;
 Life and joy Thy beams impart,
 Chasing all our doubts, and cheering
 Every poor benighted heart.
 Come and manifest the favour
 God hath to our ransomed race ;
 Come Thou universal Saviour,
 Manifest Thy wondrous grace.
- 3 Save us in Thy great compassion,
 O Thou Prince of Peace and Love ;
 Give the knowledge of salvation ;
 Raise our hearts to things above ;
 By Thine all-sufficient merit,
 Every burdened soul release ;
 By the teaching of Thy Spirit
 Guide us into perfect peace.

306

7s. Six lines.

C. WESLEY

*Unto you that fear My name shall the Sun of
 Righteousness arise.*—Malachi iv. 2.

- 1 **C**HRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
 Christ, the true, the only Light,
 Sun of Righteousness, arise,
 Triumph o'er the shades of night ;
 Day-spring from on high, be near ;
 Day-star, in my heart appear.

CHRIST THE SAVIOUR OF MEN :

- 2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by Thee ;
Joyless is the day's return
Till Thy mercy's beams I see ;
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.
- 3 Visit, then, this soul of mine ;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief ;
Fill me, Radiancy Divine !
Scatter all my unbelief ;
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

307

L.M.

LATIN HYMN, *tr.* by EDWARD CASWALL.
*As long as I am in the World I am the Light
of the World.*—John ix. 5.

- 1 **L**IGHT of the soul, O Saviour blest !
Soon as Thy presence fills the breast,
Darkness and guilt are put to flight,
And all is sweetness and delight.
 - 2 Son of the Father ! Lord most high !
How glad is He who feels Thee nigh !
How sweet in heaven Thy beam doth glow,
Denied to eye of flesh below !
 - 3 O Light of Light celestial !
O Charity ineffable !
Come in Thy hidden majesty !
Fill us with love, fill us with Thee !
-

HIS ATONEMENT.

308

6666, 4444.

H. BONAR.

He was wounded for our transgressions.

Isaiah liii. 5.

1 **T**HY works, not mine, O Christ,
Speak gladness to this heart ;
They tell me all is done ;
They bid my fear depart.
To whom, save Thee,
Who can alone
For sin atone,
Lord, shall I flee ?

2 Thy tears, not mine, O Christ,
Have wept my guilt away ;
And turned this night of mine
Into a blessed day.
To whom, save Thee,
Who can alone
For sins atone,
Lord, shall I flee ?

3 Thy blood, not mine, O Christ,
Thy blood so freely spilt,
Can blanch my blackest stains,
And purge away my guilt.
To whom, save Thee,
Who can alone
For sins atone,
Lord, shall I flee ?

- 4 Thy cross, not mine, O Christ,
Has borne the awful load
Of sins that none in heaven
Or earth could bear but God.

To whom, save Thee,
Who can alone
For sins atone,
Lord, shall I flee ?

- 5 Thy death, not mine, O Christ,
Has paid the ransom due,
Ten thousand deaths like mine
Would have been all too few.

To whom, save Thee,
Who can alone
For sins atone,
Lord, shall I flee ?

309

C.M.

COWPER.*

A fountain opened...for sin and for uncleanness.
Zechariah xiii. 1.

- 1 **T**HERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

- 3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till the whole ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die :

HIS ATONEMENT.

- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

310 C.M.
Being now justified by His blood, we shall be saved from wrath through Him.—Romans v. 9.

- 1 BLESSED be God, for ever blest,
And glorious be His Name !
His Son He gave our souls to save
From everlasting shame.
- 2 The Eternal Life His life laid down,
Such was the wondrous plan,—
And God, the blessed God, was made
A curse for cursèd man.
- 3 Our flesh He took, our sins He bore,
Himself for us He gave ;
His woes were ours, and we with Him
Were buried in one grave.
- 4 With Him we rose, with Him we live ;
With Him we sit above ;
With Him for ever we shall share
The Father's boundless love.
- 5 Bless, then, Jehovah's blessed Name,
And bless our blessed King ;
And songs of glad deliverance
For ever, ever sing.

311 87, 87, 88. ARTHUR TOZER RUSSELL.
Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.—John xv. 13.

- 1 JESUS ! who for my transgression
Didst the shameful cross endure,
And didst there the blest possession
Of Thy joys to me insure ;
May my praise be ever telling
Of Thy love, all love excelling !

CHRIST THE SAVIOUR OF MEN :

- 2 Wondrous woes that brought salvation !
Wondrous grace to sinners shown !
Heaven is wrapt in contemplation
Of His love, whom men disown.
Oh my soul, wilt thou disown him ?
Wilt not thou, my heart, enthrone Him ?
- 3 Who but He can bless thy weeping ?
Who but He can soothe Thy grief ?
Only safe beneath His keeping,
Thou in Him hast sure relief :
To the cross He came to bless thee ;
Let His love, my soul, possess thee.
- 4 Lord, each thought and inclination,
All my heart and will inspire,
That my soul, Thy new creation,
Thee may serve with pure desire ;
Daily Thy great love reviewing,
Daily thus my sins subduing.

312

75.

H. BO:

Christ died for our sins.—1 Cor. xv. 3.

- 1 JESU, Saviour, Son of God,
Bearer of the sinner's load,
Breaker of the captive's chain,
Cleanser of the guilty's stain ;
- 2 Thou the sinner's death hast died,
Thou for us wast crucified ;
For our sin Thy flesh was torn,
Thou the penalty hast borne ;
- 3 Saviour, Surety, Lamb of God,
Thou hast bought us with Thy blood .
Thou hast wiped the debt away,
Nothing left for us to pay ;

HIS ATONEMENT.

- 4 Nothing left for us to bear,
Nothing left for us to share,
But the pardon and the bliss,
But the love, the light, the peace.
- 5 Jesu, Saviour, Son of God,
Bearer of the sinner's load,
I to Thee will look and live,
And, in looking, praises give.
- 6 I would rise to Thee above,
I would look, and praise, and love ;
Blessing Thee with lip and soul,
While the endless ages roll.

313 87, 87, 77. NEWTON.*
We have redemption through His blood.
Ephesians i. 7.

- 1 **L**ET us love, and sing, and wonder ;
Let us praise the Saviour's name !
He has hushed the law's loud thunder ;
He has quenched Mount Sinai's flame.
He has washed us with his blood :
He has brought us nigh to God.
- 2 Let us love the Lord who bought us,
Dying for our rebel race ;
Called us by His word, and taught us
By the Spirit of His grace.
He has washed us with His blood :
He presents our souls to God.
- 3 Let us sing, though fierce temptation
Threaten hard to bear us down ;
For the Lord, our strong salvation,
Holds in view the conqueror's crown.
He who washed us with His blood,
Soon will bring us home to God.

CHRIST THE SAVIOUR OF MEN :

- 4 Let us praise, and join the chorus
Of His saints enthroned on high.
Here they trusted Him before us ;
Now their praises fill the sky :—
Thou hast washed us with Thy blood :
Thou art worthy, Lamb of God.

314 C.M. WATT
And they sung a new song.—Revelation v. 9

- 1 **B**EHOLD the glories of the Lamb
Amidst His Father's throne ;
Prepare new honours for His name,
And songs before unknown.
- 2 Now to the Lamb that once was slain
Be endless blessings paid ;
Salvation, glory, joy remain
For ever on Thy head.
- 3 Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoners free :
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with Thee.
- 4 The worlds of nature and of grace
Are put beneath Thy power ;
Then shorten these delaying days,
And bring the promised hour.

315 6 6 4, 6 6 6 4. [JAMES ALLEN
Worthy is the Lamb.—Revelation v. 12.

- 1 **G**LORY to God on high !
Let earth to heaven reply :
Praise ye His name ;
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore ;
And praise Him evermore ;
Worthy the Lamb !

HIS ATONEMENT.

- 2 Jesus, our Lord and God,
Bore sin's tremendous load ;
Praise ye His name :
Tell what His arm hath done,
What spoils from death He won ;
Sing his great name alone ;
Worthy the Lamb !
- 3 While they around the throne
Join cheerfully in one,
Praising His name ;
We who have felt His blood
Sealing our peace with God,
Sound His high praise abroad ;
Worthy the Lamb !
- 4 Join, all the ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless ;
Praise ye His name :
In Him we will rejoice,
Making a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
Worthy the Lamb !
- 5 Though we must change our place,
Yet shall we never cease
Praising His name ;
To Him our tribute bring,
Hail Him our gracious King,
And, without ceasing, sing,
Worthy the Lamb !
- 6 Now let the hosts above,
In realms of endless love,
Praise His great name :
To Him ascribed be,
Honour and majesty,
Through all eternity ;
Worthy the Lamb !

CHRIST THE SAVIOUR OF MEN :

316 C.M. WATTS.
Worthy is the Lamb that was slain.
Revelation v. 12.

- 1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs,
With angels round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus :
Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,
For he was slain for us.
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine ;
And blessings more than we can give
Be Lord, for ever Thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise.
- 5 The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

317 C.M. MONTGOMERY.*
*I beheld, and lo ! a great multitude, which no
man could number, etc.—Revelation vii. 9.*

- 1 SING we the song of those who stand
Around the eternal throne,
Of every kindred, clime, and land,
A multitude unknown.
- 2 Life's poor distinctions vanish here ;
To-day the young, the old,
Our Saviour and His flock appear
One shepherd and one fold.

HIS ATONEMENT.

- 3 Toil, trial, suffering, still await
On earth the pilgrim-throng,
Yet learn we in our low estate,
The saint's triumphant song.
- 4 Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,
Cry the redeemed above,
Blessing and honour to obtain,
And everlasting love.
- 5 Worthy the Lamb ! on earth we sing,
Who died our souls to save ;
Henceforth, O death ! where is thy sting ?
Thy victory, O grave ?
- 6 Then hallelujah ! power and praise
To God in Christ be given ;
May all who now this anthem raise,
Renew the strain in heaven.

318 L.M. WATTS.*
Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift.
2 Corinthians ix. 15.

- 1 LORD, when my thoughts with wonder roll,
O'er the sharp sorrows of Thy soul,
And read my Maker's broken laws
Repaired and honoured by Thy cross ;
- 2 When I behold how death was foiled,
Hell vanquished and the grave despoiled,
And see the Man who groaned and died
Sit glorious by His Father's side ;
- 3 My passions rise and soar above,
I'm winged with faith and fired with love,
Fain would I reach eternal things,
And learn the notes that Gabriel sings.
- 4 But my heart fails, my tongue complains,
For want of their immortal strains ;
And, in such humble notes as these,
Must fall below Thy victories,

- 5 Soon, the kind minute must appear
When we shall leave these bodies here,
These clogs of clay, and mount on high,
To join the songs above the sky.

319 L.M. WATTS.*
The Prince of Life.—Acts iii. 15.

- 1 OUR spirits join to adore the Lamb ;
O that our feeble lips could move,
In strains immortal as His name,
And melting as His dying love !
- 2 Was ever equal pity found ?
The Prince of Heaven resigns His breath,
And pours His life out on the ground,
To ransom guilty souls from death.
- 3 In vain our mortal voices strive
To speak compassion so divine ;
Had we a thousand lives to give,
A thousand lives should all be Thine.

320 C.M. LATIN HYMN, tr. CHANDLER.
Christ...over all, God blessed for ever.
Romans ix. 5.

- 1 CHRIST, our hope, our heart's desire,
Redemption's only spring ;
Creator of the world art Thou,
Its Saviour and its King.
- 2 How vast the mercy and the love,
Which laid our sins on Thee,
And led Thee to a cruel death,
To set Thy people free.
- 3 But now the bonds of death are burst,
The ransom has been paid ;
And Thou art on Thy Father's throne,
In glorious robes arrayed.

HIS ATONEMENT.

- 4 O may Thy mighty love prevail.
Our sinful souls to spare ;
O may we come before Thy throne,
And find acceptance there.
- 5 O Christ, be Thou our present joy,
Our future, great reward ;
Our only glory may it be
To glory in the Lord.

321 87s. Double. [BAKEWELL.]
Christ our Passover.—1 Corinthians v. 7.

- 1 HAIL! Thou once despised Jesus,
Hail! Thou Galilean King ;
Thou didst suffer to release us ;
Thou didst free salvation bring.
Hail! Thou glorious God and Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame,
By Thy merits we find favour ;
Life is given through Thy name.
- 2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on Thee were laid :
By Almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
All Thy people are forgiven,
Through the virtue of Thy blood ;
Opened is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made for man with God.
- 3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide ;
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side :
There for sinners Thou art pleading ;
There Thou dost our place prepare
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

CHRIST THE SAVIOUR OF MEN :

- 4 Worship, honour, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive :
Loudest praises without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give :
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays,
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

322

87s.

*The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleans
us from all sin.—1 John i. 7.*

- 1 JESUS ! who on Calvary's mountain
Poured Thy precious blood for me,
Wash me in its flowing fountain,
That my soul may spotless be.
- 2 I have sinned, but O, restore me,
For unless Thou smile on me,
Dark is all the world before me,
Darker yet eternity !
- 3 In Thy word I hear Thee saying—
Come, and I will give you rest ;
Glad the gracious call obeying,
See, I hasten to Thy breast.
- 4 Grant, oh, grant Thy Spirit's teaching,
That I may not go astray,
Till, the gate of heaven reaching,
Earth and sin are passed away !
-

HIS PRIESTHOOD.

323

L.M.

MICHAEL BRUCE.

A great High Priest, that is passed into the heavens.—Heb. iv. 14.

- 1 **W**HERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The House of God, not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears ;
The Guardian of mankind appears.
- 2 He who, for men, their Surety stood,
And poured on earth His precious blood,
Pursues in heaven His mighty plan ;—
The Saviour and the Friend of Man.
- 3 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a Brother's eye ;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.
- 4 Our Fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains ;
And still remembers, in the skies,
His tears, His agonies, and cries.
- 5 In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of Sorrows had a part ;
He sympathises with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.
- 6 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And ask the aids of heavenly power
To help us in the evil hour.



CHRIST THE SAVIOUR OF MEN :

324 C.M. WATTS.*
But was in all points tempted like as we are.
 Heb. iv. 15.

- 1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
 Of our High Priest above :
 His heart is made of tenderness,
 And overflows with love.
- 2 Touched with a sympathy within,
 He knows our feeble frame ;
 He knows what sore temptations mean,
 For He has felt the same.
- 3 But spotless, innocent, and pure
 The great Redeemer stood,
 While Satan's fiery darts He bore,
 And did resist to blood.
- 4 He in the days of feeble flesh,
 Poured out His cries and tears ;
 And in His measure feels afresh
 What every member bears.
- 5 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
 But raise it to a flame ;
 The bruised reed He never breaks,
 Nor scorns the meanest name.
- 6 Then let our humble faith address
 His mercy and His power ;
 We shall obtain delivering grace
 In the distressing hour.

325 L.M. WATTS.*
Hath made us kings and priests unto God.
 Rev. i. 6.

- 1 NOW to the Lord that makes us know
 The wonders of His dying love,
 Be humble honours paid below,
 And strains of nobler praise above.

HIS PRIESTHOOD.

- 2 'Twas He that cleansed us from our sins,
And washed us in His precious blood ;
'Tis He that makes us priests and kings,
And brings us rebels near to God.
- 3 To Jesus, our atoning Priest,
To Jesus, our exalted King,
Be everlasting power confessed,
And every tongue His glory sing.

326

C.M. DODDRIDGE.*
High Priest of our Profession.
Heb. iii. 1.

- 1 **N**OW let our trustful eyes survey
Our great High Priest above ;
And celebrate His constant care,
And sympathising love.
- 2 Though raised to a superior throne,
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the shining train
With matchless honours crowned ;
- 3 The names of all His saints He bears
Deep graven on His heart ;
Nor shall the meanest Christian say
That he hath lost his part.
- 4 Those characters shall fair abide
Our everlasting trust,
When gems and monuments and crowns
Are mouldered down to dust.
- 5 So, gracious Saviour, on my breast
May Thy dear name be worn,
A sacred ornament and guard,
To endless ages borne.

CHRIST THE SAVIOUR OF MEN :

327

888, 6.

C. F. ELLI

An Advocate with the Father.—1 John i

- 1 **O** THOU, the contrite sinner's Friend,
Who, loving, lovest to the end,
On this alone my hopes depend
That Thou wilt plead for me.
 - 2 When weary in the Christian race,
Far off appears my resting place,
And, fainting, I mistrust Thy grace,
Then, Saviour, plead for me.
 - 3 When I have erred and gone astray,
Afar from Thine and wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering, guiding ray,
Still, Saviour, plead for me.
 - 4 When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from Thy cross to loose my hold,
Then with Thy pitying arms infold,
And plead, O plead for me.
 - 5 And when my dying hour draws near,
Darkened with anguish, guilt, and fear,
Then to my fainting sight appear,
Pleading in heaven for me.
 - 6 When the full light of heavenly day
Reveals my sins in dread array,
Say—Thou hast washed them all away ;
O say—Thou pleadest for me.
-

HIS KINGSHIP.

28

6666, 88.

C. WESLEY.*

[*He*] *sat down on the right hand of God.*

Heb. x. 12.

- 1 **R**EJOICE, the Lord is King :
Your Lord and King adore :
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore.
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice :
Rejoice ; He bids His saints rejoice.
- 2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
The God of truth and love :
When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above.
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice :
Rejoice ; He bids His saints rejoice.
- 3 His kingdom cannot fail :
He rules o'er earth and heaven :
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Saviour given.
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice :
Rejoice ; He bids His saints rejoice.
- 4 He sits at God's right hand
Till all His foes submit,
And bow to His command,
And fall beneath His feet.
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice :
Rejoice ; He bids His saints rejoice.

CHRIST THE SAVIOUR OF MEN :

- 5 Rejoice in glorious hope :
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal home.
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice :
The trump of God shall sound—Rejoice.

329 87, 87, 47. KELI
We see Jesus... crowned with glory.
Heb. ii. 9.

- 1 **L**OOK, ye saints, the sight is glorious ;
See the Man of Sorrows now,
From the fight returned victorious :
Every knee to Him shall bow.
Crown Him, crown Him :
Crowns become the Victor's brow.
- 2 Crown the Saviour, angels ! crown Him :
Rich the trophies Jesus brings ;
In the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of heaven rings—
Crown Him, crown Him :
Crown the Saviour, King of kings !
- 3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim :
Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His name.
Crown Him, crown Him :
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.
- 4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation !
Hark, those loud triumphant chords !
Jesus takes the highest station :
O what joy the sight affords !
Crown Him, crown Him,
King of kings, and Lord of lords !

HIS KINGSHIP.

30 C.M. [E. PERRONET.]
He is Lord of all.—Acts x. 36.

- 1 **A**LL hail the power of Jesus' name !
Let angels prostrate fall.
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God,
Who from His altar call :
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye saints redeemed of Adam's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 5 Let every kindred, every tribe
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 6 O that with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall,
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

31 L.M. WATTS.*
*To Him be glory and dominion for ever and
ever.*—Rev. i. 6.

- 1 **W**HAT equal honour shall we bring
To Thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb.
When all the notes that angels sing
Are far inferior to Thy name ?

CHRIST THE SAVIOUR OF MEN :

- 2 Worthy is He that once was slain,
The Prince of Peace that groaned and died ;
Worthy to rise and live and reign
At His Almighty Father's side.
- 3 Power and dominion are His due
Who stood condemned at Pilate's bar :
Wisdom belongs to Jesus, too,
Though He was charged with madness here.
- 4 All riches are His native right,
Yet He sustained amazing loss ;
To Him ascribe eternal might,
Who left His weakness on the cross.
- 5 Honour immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn :
While glory shines around His head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.
- 6 Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men ;
Let angels sound His sacred name,
And every creature say, Amen.

332

L.M.

WATTS.*

He shall give His angels charge over thee.

Psalm xci. 11.

- 1 GREAT God ! to what a glorious height
Hast Thou advanced the Lord, Thy Son ;
Angels, in all their robes of light,
Are made the servants of His throne.
- 2 Before His feet Thine armies wait,
And swift as flames of fire they move
To manage His affairs of state,
In works of judgment and of love.
- 3 Now they are sent to guide our feet
Up to the gates of Thine abode,
Through all the dangers that we meet
In travelling o'er the heavenly road.

HIS KINGSHIP.

- 4 Lord, when I leave this mortal ground,
And Thou shalt bid me rise and come,
Send a belovèd angel down,
Safe to conduct my spirit home.

333

C.M.

WATTS.

That they may behold my glory.
John xvii. 24.

- 1 O ! the delights, the heavenly joys,
The glories of the place
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
Of His o'erflowing grace !
- 2 Sweet majesty and awful love
Sit smiling on His brow,
And all the glorious ranks above
At humble distance bow.
- 3 Princes to His imperial name
Bend their bright sceptres down,
Dominions, thrones, and powers rejoice
To see Him wear the crown.
- 4 Archangels sound His lofty praise
Through every heavenly street,
And lay their highest honours down
Submissive at His feet.
- 5 This is the Man, the exalted Man,
Whom we unseen adore ;
But when our eyes behold His face,
Our hearts shall love Him more.
- 6 Lord, how our souls are all on fire
To see Thy blessed abode ;
Our tongues rejoice in tunes of praise
To our incarnate God !
- 7 And while our faith enjoys this sight,
We long to leave our clay ;
And wish Thy fiery chariots, Lord,
To fetch our souls away.

CHRIST THE SAVIOUR OF MEN :

- 5 They suffer with their Lord below ;
They reign with Him above ;
Their profit and their joy, to know
The mystery of His love.

337 C.M. WATTS.
Crowned with glory and honour.—Heb. ii. 9.

- 1 I SING my Saviour's wondrous death ;
He conquered when He fell :
'Tis finished ! said His dying breath,
And shook the gates of hell.
- 2 'Tis finished, our Immanuel cries ;
The dreadful work is done :
Hence shall His Sovereign throne arise,
His kingdom is begun.
- 3 His cross a sure foundation laid
For glory and renown
When through the regions of the dead
He passed to reach the crown.
- 4 Exalted at His Father's side
Sits our victorious Lord ;
To heaven and hell His hands divide
The vengeance or reward.
- 5 The saints, from His propitious eye,
Await their several crowns ;
And all the sons of darkness fly
The terror of His frowns.

338 6 6 6 6, 8 8.
The power of His resurrection.—Phil. iii. 10.

- 1 A LL hail ! triumphant Lord,
Who hast our ransom paid ;
Wide be Thy name adored,
On Thee our help is laid :
To Thee all power in earth and heaven,
The keys of death and hell, are given.

HIS FINAL TRIUMPH AND ETERNAL GLORY.

- 2 All hail ! exalted Priest !
 To Thee our all we give ;
 Enthroned above the skies,
 All homage to receive :
 There deign in our behalf to plead ;
 Yea, there for ever intercede.
- 3 Jesus, the gift impart,
 Thy risen power to know,
 And teach each quickened heart
 In Thy true love to glow.
 Thou art the Life—our sins forgive :
 Speak Thou the word, and we shall live.
- 4 All hail ! victorious Lord,
 At God's right hand above,
 Triumphant o'er Thy foes,
 Triumphant in Thy love.
 To Thee our joyful songs we bring ;
 To Thee we bow, all-conquering King.

**HIS FINAL TRIUMPH AND ETERNAL
GLORY.**

339

76, Double
Ps. lxxii.

MONTGOMERY.*

- 1 **H**AIL to the Lord's Anointed,
 Great David's greater Son !
Hail, in the time appointed,
 His reign on earth begun !
He comes to break oppression ;
 To set the captive free ;
To take away transgression,
 And rule in equity.

CHRIST THE SAVIOUR OF MEN :

- 2 He shall come down like showers
 Upon the fruitful earth ;
And joy and hope like flowers
 Spring in His path to birth.
Before Him on the mountains
 Shall peace, the herald, go :
And righteousness, in fountains,
 From hill to valley flow.
- 3 Arabia's desert-ranger
 To Him shall bow the knee :
The Ethiopian stranger
 His glory come to see ;
With offerings of devotion,
 Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
 In tribute at His feet.
- 4 Kings shall fall down before Him,
 And gold and incense bring ;
All nations shall adore Him,
 His praise all people sing :
For He shall have dominion
 O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
 Or dove's light wing can soar.
- 5 For Him shall prayer unceasing,
 And daily vows ascend ;
His kingdom still increasing,—
 A kingdom without end.
The mountain dews shall nourish
 A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
 And shake like Lebanon.

HIS FINAL TRIUMPH AND ETERNAL GLORY.

- 6 O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest ;
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove :
His name shall stand for ever :
His great, best name of Love.

340

L.M.
Psalm lxxii.

WATTS.*

- 1 **J**ESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does His successive journeys run :
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 Behold the islands with their kings,
And Europe her best tribute brings ;
From north to south the princes meet
To pay their homage at His feet.
- 3 There Persia glorious to behold,
There India shines in eastern gold :
And barbarous nations at His word
Submit and bow and own their Lord.
- 4 For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head ;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- 5 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.
- 6 Blessings abound where'er He reigns,
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

CHRIST THE SAVIOUR OF MEN :

- 7 Where He displays His healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more ;
In Him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.
- 8 Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honours to our King ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

341

7s. Double. MONTGOMERY.
Hallelujah.—Rev. xix. 6.

- 1 **H**ARK ! the song of Jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunder's roar,
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore ;
Hallelujah ! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign :
Hallelujah ! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.
- 2 Hallelujah ! hark ! the sound,
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies ;
See Jehovah's banner furled,
Sheathed His sword :—He speaks—'tis done ;
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of His Son.
- 3 He shall reign from pole to pole,
With illimitable sway ;
He shall reign, when like a scroll
Yonder heavens have passed away :
Then the end ;—beneath His rod
Man's last enemy shall fall ;
*Hallelujah ! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all.*

HIS FINAL TRIUMPH AND ETERNAL GLORY.

342 C.M. Double. E. H. SEAPS.
*In His days shall the righteous flourish;
and abundance of peace so long as the moon endureth.*
Psalm lxxii. 7.

- 1 **I**T came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold—
Peace to the earth, good will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King;
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.
- 2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessèd angels sing.
- 3 Yet, with the woes of sin and strife,
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring:
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!
- 4 And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow;
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
O rest beside the weary road
And hear the angels sing!

CHRIST THE SAVIOUR OF MEN :

- 5 For lo ! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold :
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

343

C.M.

WATTS.

Psalm xcvi.

- 1 SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of every tongue :
His new-discovered grace demands
A new and nobler song.
- 2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
God's own almighty Son ;
His power the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds His throne.
- 3 Let heaven proclaim the joyful day,
Joy through the earth be seen ;
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.
- 4 Let an unusual joy surprise
The islands of the sea ;
Ye mountains, sink ; ye valleys, rise ;
Prepare the Lord His way.
- 5 Behold ! He comes, He comes to bless
The nations as their God ;
To show the world His righteousness,
And send His truth abroad.

344

L.M.

WATTS.*

Psalm lxxii.

- 1 GREAT God, whose universal sway,
The known and unknown worlds obey,
Now give the kingdom to Thy Son,
Extend His power, exalt His throne.

HIS FINAL TRIUMPH AND ETERNAL GLORY.

- 2 Thy sceptre well becomes His hands,
All heaven submits to His commands :
His justice shall avenge the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.
- 3 With power He vindicates the just,
And treads the oppressor in the dust ;
His worship and His fear shall last,
Till hours and years and time be past.
- 4 As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall He send His influence down ;
His grace on fainting souls distils,
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.
- 5 The heathen lands, that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at His first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.
- 6 Peace, like a river, from His throne
Shall flow to nations yet unknown ;
And all the earth one chorus raise,
Dressed in the robes of love and praise.

345

L.M.
Psalm xcvi.

H. F. LYTE,

- 1 **T**HE Lord is King, let earth be glad,
He comes, in heavenly glory clad,
To fix in human hearts His throne,
And make the mighty world His own.
- 2 Darkness and clouds around Him move,
Himself is everlasting love.
Ye heathen, at His footstool fall !
Ye gods, adore the God of all !
- 3 Rejoice, ye saints ! the King of kings
Appears with healing in His wings.
Rejoice, your Saviour God to view :
He brings but hope and peace to you.

CHRIST THE SAVIOUR OF MEN :

- 4 Oh, follow good, and evil flee :
His presence then your joy shall be.
Light for His people here is sown :
The full fruit reaped in heaven alone.

346

L.M.
Psalm xcvi.

WATTS.

- 1 **H**E reigns ! the Lord, the Saviour reigns :
Praise Him in evangelic strains ;
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,
And distant islands join their voice.
- 2 Deep are His counsels and unknown,
But grace and truth support His throne :
Though gloomy clouds His ways surround,
Justice is their eternal ground.
- 3 In robes of judgment, lo ! He comes,
Shakes the wide earth and cleaves the tombs ;
Before Him burns devouring fire,
The mountains melt, the seas retire.
- 4 His enemies, with sore dismay,
Flee from the sight and shun the day :
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
And sing, for your redemption's night.

347

C.M.
Psalm lxxxv.

MILTON.

- 1 **T**HE Lord will come and not be slow,
His footsteps cannot err ;
Before Him righteousness shall go,
His royal harbinger.
- 2 Truth from the earth, like to a flower,
Shall bud and blossom then ;
And Justice, from her heavenly bower,
Look down on mortal men.

HIS FINAL TRIUMPH AND ETERNAL GLORY.

- 3 Rise, Lord, judge Thou the earth in night,
This longing earth redress ;
For Thou art He who shall by right
The nations all possess.
- 4 The nations all whom Thou hast made
Shall come, and all shall frame
To bow them low before Thee, Lord,
And glorify Thy name.
- 5 For great Thou art, and wonders great,
By Thy strong hand are done ;
Thou, in Thine everlasting seat,
Remainest God alone.

348

S.M.

BONAR

Behold, I come quickly.—Rev. iii. 11.

- 1 COME, Lord, and tarry not :
Bring the long-looked-for day ;
O ! why these years of waiting here,
These ages of delay ?
- 2 Come, for the good are few ;
They lift the voice in vain ;
Faith waxes fainter on the earth,
And love is on the wane.
- 3 Come, for love waxes cold,
Its steps are faint and slow ;
Faith now is lost in unbelief :
Hope's lamp burns dim and low.
- 4 Come, for creation groans,
Impatient of Thy stay,
Worn out with these long years of ill,
These ages of delay.
- 5 Come, and make all things new,
Build up this ruined earth ;
Restore our faded Paradise,
Creation's second birth.

CHRIST THE SAVIOUR OF MEN:

- 6 Come, and begin Thy reign
Of everlasting peace ;
Come, take the kingdom to Thyself,
Great King of Righteousness.

349 7s. Double. JOSIAH CONDER.
*The kingdoms of this world are become the
kingdoms of our Lord, and of His Christ.*
Revelation xi. 15.

- 1 SEE, the ransomed millions stand,
Palms of conquest in their hand ;
This before the throne their strain—
Hell is vanquished, death is slain ;
Blessing, honour, glory, might,
Are the Conqueror's native right ;
Thrones and powers before Him fall ;
Lamb of God, and Lord of all !
- 2 Hasten, Lord, the promised hour ;
Come in glory and in power ;
Still Thy foes are unsubdued ;
Nature sighs to be renewed ;
Time has nearly reached its sum,
All things with Thy church say, Come ;
Jesus, whom all worlds adore,
Come, and reign for evermore !

350 7 6 7, 4 E. W. EDDIS.
*The whole creation groaneth and travaileth
in pain together until now.*
Romans viii. 22.

- 1 IN us the hope of glory,
O risen Lord, art Thou ;
The first-fruits of the Spirit
Are in us now.
- 2 Yet still, in dust and ashes,
Before Thy throne we kneel,
And in our hearts is hidden
Thy living seal.

HIS FINAL TRIUMPH AND ETERNAL GLORY.

3. The whole creation groaneth
In prison chains for Thee ;
O, rend the veil asunder,
And set us free.
- 4 Raise up Thy holy sleepers,
And change Thy saints on earth,
In all as one revealing
The second birth.
- 5 O, come in all Thy glory,
Our great Emmanuel !
Come forth, our Prince and Saviour,
With us to dwell !
- 6 Bring Thine eternal Sabbath,
Bring Thine eternal day,
And cause all grief and sighing
To flee away.
- 7 To Thee, Almighty Father !
O, Saviour, unto Thee !
To Thee, Creator Spirit !
All glory be.

351 C.M. [SIR H. DENNY.]
Come, Lord Jesus.—Revelation xxii. 20.

- 1 **H**OPE of our hearts, O Lord, appear,
Thou glorious Star of day ;
Shine forth, and chase the dreary night,
With all our tears, away.
- 2 Strangers on earth, we wait for Thee ;
O leave the Father's throne ;
Come, with a shout of victory,
And claim us as Thine own.
- 3 No resting-place we seek on earth,
No loveliness we see ;
Our eye is on the royal crown
Prepared for us with Thee.

CHRIST THE SAVIOUR OF MEN :

- 4 But, oh, the thought of sharing, **Lord**,
Thy glorious throne above,
What is it to the brighter hope
Of dwelling in Thy love?
- 5 What to the joy, the deeper joy,
Unmingled, pure, and free,
Of union with our living Head,
Of fellowship with Thee?

352

C.M.

WATTS.

*The Holy City, new Jerusalem, coming down
from God out of Heaven.—Revelation xxi. 2.*

- 1 **L**O, what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes !
The earth and seas are passed away,
And the old rolling skies.
- 2 From the third heaven, where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The new Jerusalem comes down,
Adorned with shining grace.
- 3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing,
Mortals, behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King.
- 4 The God of Glory down to men
Removes His blessed abode ;
Men the dear objects of His grace,
And He the loving God.
- 5 How long, dear Saviour ! O how long
Shall this bright hour delay ?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

HIS FINAL TRIUMPH AND ETERNAL GLORY.

353 87, 87, 7, 7. KELLY.
He is Lord of Lords and King of Kings.
Revelation xvii. 14.

- 1 **H**ARK, ten thousand harps and voices
 Sound the note of praise above ;
 Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices ;
 Jesus reigns, the God of Love.
 See, He sits on yonder throne ;
 Jesus rules the world alone.
- 2 Come, ye saints, unite your praises
 With the angels round the throne ;
 Soon, we hope, our Lord will raise us
 Whither He Himself is gone.
 Meet it is that we should sing,
 Glory ! glory to our King !
- 3 King of Glory, reign for ever !
 Thine an everlasting crown !
 Nothing from Thy love shall sever
 Those whom Thou hast made Thine own.
 Happy objects of Thy grace,
 Destined to behold Thy face !
- 4 Saviour, hasten Thy appearing ;
 Bring, O bring the glorious day,
 When, the awful summons hearing,
 Heaven and earth shall pass away.
 Then with golden harps we'll sing,
 Glory ! glory to our King !

354 C.M. Double. PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.*
The manifestation of the Sons of God.
Romans viii. 19.

- 1 **C**ALL all who love Thee, Lord, to Thee ;
 Thou knowest how they long
 To leave these broken lays, and aid
 In heaven's unceasing song.

CHRIST THE SAVIOUR OF MEN.

Earth is the place of severance,
Sin, danger, and defect ;
Call all who love Thee, Lord, to Thee,
Accomplish Thine elect.

- 2 Father, the whole creation groans,
Till in Thine own abode,
Complete in number and in bliss,
Shine all the sons of God.
Let them be manifested, Lord !
One countless, sacred host,
From every world and bygone time,
From every clime and coast.
- 3 Prophets, apostles, martyrs, kings,
The sage, the little child ;
Confessing, through one wondrous death
They all are reconciled.
Then shall they all be one with Thee,
For ever safe from sin ;
Lord, close the book of time, and let
Eternity begin.

355

L.M.
Psalm cxvii.

WATTS.

- 1 **F**ROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord ;
Eternal truth attends Thy word ;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

356

C.M.

KEBLE.

*And there appeared unto them cloven tongues
as of fire, and it sat upon each of them.*

Acts ii. 3.

- 1 **W**HEN God of old came down from
heaven,
In power and wrath He came ;
Before His feet the clouds were riven,
Half darkness and half flame.
- 2 But when He came the second time,
He came in power and love ;
Softer than gale at morning prime
Hovered His Holy Dove.
- 3 The fires that rushed on Sinai down
In sudden torrents dread,
Now gently light a glorious crown
On every sainted head.
- 4 And as on Israel's awestruck ear
The voice exceeding loud,
The trump that angels quake to hear,
Thrilled from the deep, dark cloud ;
- 5 So when the Spirit of our God
Came down His flock to find,
A voice from heaven was heard abroad,
A rushing mighty wind.
- 6 It fills the Church of God ; it fills
The sinful world around ;
Only in stubborn hearts and wills
No place for it is found.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 7 Come Lord, come Wisdom, Love, and Pow
Open our ears to hear ;
Let us not miss the accepted hour ;
Save, Lord, by love or fear.

357 86, 84. H. AUBE
*I will pray the Father, and He shall give y
another Comforter.—John xiv. 16,*

- 1 **O**UR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed
With us to dwell.
- 2 He came in semblance of a dove,
With sheltering wings outspread,
The holy balm of peace and love
On each to shed.
- 3 He came in tongues of living flame
To teach, convince, subdue ;
All-powerful as the wind He came—
As viewless too.
- 4 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.
- 5 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of Heaven.
- 6 And every virtue we possess,
And every conquest won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 7 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness pitying see ;
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee.

358

86, 86, 88.

COTTERILL.

The Spirit of Christ.—1 Peter i. 11.

- 1 **L**ET songs of praises fill the sky ;
Christ, our ascended Lord,
Sends down His Spirit from on high,
According to His word.
All hail the day of Pentecost,
The coming of the Holy Ghost !
- 2 The Spirit, by His heavenly breath,
New life creates within ;
He quickens sinners from the death
Of trespasses and sin.
All hail the day of Pentecost,
The coming of the Holy Ghost !
- 3 The things of Christ the Spirit takes,
And shows them unto men ;
The fallen soul His temple makes,
God's image stamps again.
All hail the Day of Pentecost,
The coming of the Holy Ghost !
- 4 Come, Holy Spirit, from above,
With Thy celestial fire ;
Come, and with flames of zeal and love,
Our hearts and tongues inspire.
Be this our Day of Pentecost,
The coming of the Holy Ghost !

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

359

L.M. Six lines.

LATIN HYMN, *tr.* DRYDEN.*

Ye are sanctified...by the Spirit.—1 Cor. vi. 11.

- 1 **C**REATOR Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every humble mind ;
Come, pour Thy joys on all mankind ;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples worthy Thee.
- 2 Thou strength of His almighty hand,
Whose power does heaven and earth com-
mand,
Thrice holy Fount, thrice holy Fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire ;
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.
- 3 Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in Thy sevenfold energy ;
Give us Thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by Thee ;
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe.
- 4 Our frailties help, our vice control ;
Submit the senses to the soul ;
Chase from our minds the infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow ;
And lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in the way.
- 5 Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's name ;
Let God the Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died ;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Comforter, to Thee.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

360 L.M. LATIN HYMN, tr. EDWARD CASWALL.*
*The love of God is shed abroad in our hearts
 by the Holy Ghost.*—Romans v. 5.

- 1 COME, O Creator Spirit blest,
 And in our souls take up Thy rest;
 Come with Thy grace and heavenly aid,
 To fill the hearts which Thou hast made.
- 2 Spirit of God, to Thee we cry,
 O highest Gift of God most high!
 O Fount of Life! O Fire of Love!
 And sweet anointing from above.
- 3 Thou in Thy sevenfold gifts art known;
 Thee strength of God's right hand we own;
 The promise of the Father Thou,
 Who dost the tongue with power endow.
- 4 Kindle our senses from above,
 And make our hearts o'erflow with love;
 With patience firm, and virtue high,
 The weakness of our flesh supply.
- 5 Far from us drive the foe we dread,
 And grant us Thy true peace instead;
 So shall we not, with Thee for guide,
 Turn from the path of life aside.
- 6 All glory while the ages run
 Be to the Father and the Son,
 Who rose from death; the same to Thee,
 O Holy Ghost, eternally.

361 C.M. WATTS.*
Is the Spirit of the Lord straitened?
 Micah ii. 7.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With all Thy quickening powers
 Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 2 Look how we grovel here on earth,
Fond of these trifling toys ;
Our souls forget their heavenly birth,
And miss eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise ;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate ?
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great ?
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers ;
Come, shed abroad the Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

362

S.M.

HART. ●

The Spirit of wisdom and revelation.
Ephesians i. 17.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, come ;
Let Thy bright beams arise ;
Dispel all sorrow from our minds,
All darkness from our eyes.
- 2 Convince us of our sin ;
Then lead to Jesu's blood ;
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.
- 3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove ;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.
- 4 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life through every part,
And new-create the whole.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

5 Dwell, therefore, in our hearts ;
Our minds from bondage free ;
Then shall we know and praise and love
The Father, Son, and Thee.

363

L.M.

WATTS.*

He shall teach you all things.—John xiv. 26.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Spirit : we confess
And sing the wonders of Thy grace ;
Thy power conveys our blessings down
From God the Father, and the Son.
- 2 Enlightened by Thine heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day ;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger and our refuge too.
- 3 Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin ;
Do our imperious lusts subdue,
And form our guilty hearts anew.
- 4 The troubled conscience knows Thy voice ;
Thy cheering words awake our joys ;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

364

C.M.

T. H. GILL.

Lo ! I am with you alway.—Matt. xxviii. 20.

- 1 **O**UR God ! our God ! Thou shinest here,
Thine own this latter day ;
To us Thy radiant steps appear ;
We watch Thy glorious way.
- 2 Not only olden ages felt
The presence of the Lord ;
Not only with the fathers dwelt
Thy Spirit and Thy word.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 3 Doth not the Spirit still descend
And bring the heavenly fire ?
Doth He not still Thy Church extend,
And waiting souls inspire ?
- 4 Come, Holy Ghost ! in us arise ;
Be this Thy mighty hour ;
And make Thy willing people wise
To know Thy day of power.
- 5 Pour down Thy fire in us to glow,
Thy might in us to dwell ;
Again Thy works of wonder show,
Thy blessed secrets tell.
- 6 Bear us aloft, more glad, more strong,
On Thy celestial wing,
And grant us grace to look and long
For our returning King.
- 7 He draweth near, He standeth by,
He fills our eyes, our ears ;
Come, King of grace, Thy people cry,
And bring the glorious years !

365

C.M.

RE

Through sanctification of the Spirit.
2 Thessalonians ii. 13.

- 1 SPIRIT Divine, attend our prayers,
And make this house Thy home ;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers ;
O come, great Spirit, come !
- 2 Come as the light ; to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe !
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.
- 3 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame ;
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 4 Come as the dew, and sweetly bless
This consecrated hour ;
May barrenness rejoice to own
Thy fertilising power.
- 5 Come as the dove, and spread Thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love ;
And let Thy church on earth become
Blest as the church above.
- 6 Come as the wind, with rushing sound
And Pentecostal grace ;
That all of woman born may see
The glory of Thy face.
- 7 Spirit Divine, attend our prayers,
Make a lost world Thy home ;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers,
O come, great Spirit, come !

366 C.M. MONTGOMERY.
*The Spirit of God moved upon the face of
the waters.*—Genesis i. 2.

- 1 SPIRIT of power and might behold
A world by sin destroyed !
Creator Spirit ! as of old,
Move on the formless void.
- 2 Give Thou the word ; that healing sound
Shall quell the deadly strife ;
And earth again, like Eden crowned,
Produce the tree of life.
- 3 If sang the morning stars for joy,
When nature rose to view,
What strains will angel-harps employ,
When Thou shalt all renew !
- 4 And if the sons of God rejoice
To hear a Saviour's name,
How will the ransomed raise their voice,
To whom that Saviour came !

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 5 Lo ! every kindred, tongue, and tribe,
Assembled round the throne,
Thy new creation shall ascribe
To sovereign love alone.

367 *7777, 5, 777. HAMMOND.*
He shall receive of mine, and shall show it
unto you.—John xvi. 14

- 1 **H**OLY Spirit, gently come,
Raise us from our fallen state ;
Fix Thy everlasting home
In the heart's Thou didst create !
Gift of God most high,
Visit every troubled breast ;
Light and life and love supply ;
Give our spirits perfect rest !
- 2 Heavenly Unction from above,
Comforter of weary saints,
Fountain, Life, and Fire of love,
Hear and answer our complaints.
Thee we humbly pray,
Finger of the living God,
Now Thy sevenfold grace display,
Shed our Saviour's love abroad !
- 3 Now Thy quickening influence bring,
On our spirits sweetly move ;
Open every mouth to sing
Jesu's everlasting love !
Lighten every heart ;
Drive our enemies away ;
Joy and peace to us impart ;
Lead us in the heavenly way !
- 4 Take the things of Christ, and show .
What our Lord for us hath done ;
May we God the Father know
Only in and through the Son !

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

Nothing will we fear,
'Though to wilds and deserts driven.
While we feel Thy presence near,
Witnessing our sins forgiven.

- 5 Glory be to God alone,
God, whose hand created all !
Glory be to God the Son,
Who redeemed us from our fall !
To the Holy Ghost
Equal praise and glory be,
When the course of time is lost,
Lost in wide eternity !

368

S.M. Double. MONTGOMERY.

They were all filled with the Holy Ghost.

Acts ii. 4.

- 1 **L**ORD God, the Holy Ghost,
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all Thy power.
We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.
- 2 Like mighty, rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind ;
One soul, one feeling breathe.
The young, the old inspire
With wisdom from above ;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire
To pray and praise and love.
- 3 Spirit of light, explore
And chase our gloom away,
With lustre shining more and more
Unto the perfect day.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

Spirit of truth, be Thou
In life and death our guide !
O Spirit of adoption, now
May we be sanctified !

369 C.M. [SAMUEL F. SMITH.]
*My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they
that watch for the morning.—Psalm cxxx. 6.*

1 SPIRIT of holiness, descend ;
Thy people wait for Thee ;
Thine ear in kind compassion lend ;
Let us Thy mercy see.

Behold ! Thy weary churches wait
With wistful longing eyes,
Let us no more be desolate ;
O bid Thy light arise.

3 Thy light, that on our souls hath shone,
Leads us in hope to Thee ;
Let us not feel its rays alone ;
Alone Thy people be.

4 O bring our dearest friends to God ;
Remember those we love ;
Fit them on earth for Thine abode ;
Fit them for joys above.

5 Spirit of holiness, 'tis Thine
To hear our feeble prayer ;
Come, for we wait Thy power divine,
Let us Thy mercy share.

370 C.M. [HAWEIS.]
The promise of the Father.—Acts i. 4.

1 ENTHRONED on high, Almighty Lord,
The Holy Ghost send down ;
Fulfil in us Thy faithful word,
And all Thy mercies crown.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

ough on our heads no tongues of fire
Their wondrous powers impart ;
ant, Saviour, what we more desire,
Thy Spirit in our heart.

irit of life and light and love,
Thy heavenly influence give ;
icken our souls, born from above,
In Christ that we may live.

our benighted minds reveal
The glories of His grace ;
nd bring us where no clouds conceal
The brightness of His face.

is love within us shed abroad,
Life's ever-springing well ;
ll God in us, and we in God,
In love eternal dwell.

S.M. Double.

C. WESLEY.*

The Spirit of Truth.—John xiv. 17.

1 **S**PIRIT of truth, come down,
Reveal the things of God,
And make to us the Saviour known ;
Apply His precious blood.
His merits glorify,
That each may clearly see
Jesus, who did for sinners die,
Hath surely died for me.

2 No man can truly say
That Jesus is the Lord,
Unless Thou take the veil away,
And breathe the living word ;
Only then, we feel
He shed His blood,
With joy unspeakable,
art my Lord, my God !

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

3 O that the world might know
 The sin-atoning Lamb !
 Spirit of faith, descend and show
 The virtue of His name ;
 The grace which all may find,
 The saving power impart ;
 And testify to all mankind,
 And speak in every heart.

372 C.M. C. WESLEY
(They) spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost.—2 Peter i. 21.

- 1 COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire ;
 Let us Thine influence prove ;
 Source of the old prophetic fire,
 Fountain of light and love.
- 2 Come, Holy Ghost, for moved by Thee
 The prophets wrote and spoke ;
 Unlock the truth, Thyself the key,
 Unseal the sacred book.
- 3 Expand Thy wings, celestial dove,
 Brood o'er our nature's night ;
 On our disordered spirits move,
 And let there now be light.
- 4 God, through Himself, we then shall know,
 If Thou within us shine,
 And sound, with all Thy saints below,
 The depths of love divine.

373 887, 887. H. BONAR
He shall take of mine, and shall show it unto you.—John xvi. 15.

- 1 ALMIGHTY Comforter and Friend,
 Eternal Spirit, now descend ;
 Fill us from Thy heavenly store !
 Thou art the church's holy Guest,
 Earnest of her eternal rest ;
 Let us grieve Thee never more.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 2 Great Promise of the Father, come,
The church's fading lamps relume ;
Come, rekindle joy and love.
Wisdom and truth and love are thine,
Life, light, and holiness divine,
Shed Thy gifts down from above !
- 3 Witness of Him who died and rose,
Who, as the Conqueror of our foes,
Took His seat upon the throne !
Great gift of Jesus glorified,
Revealer of the Crucified,
Unto us reveal the Son !

374 777.
KING ROBERT OF FRANCE, *tr.* C. WINKWORTH.*
The Comforter.—John xv. 26.

- 1 **H**OLY Ghost, the Comforter !
Now from highest heaven appear ;
Send Thy gracious radiance here.
- 2 Come to them who suffer dearth,
With Thy gifts of priceless worth,
Lighten all who dwell on earth.
- 3 Thou the heart's most precious Guest,
Thou of Comforters the best,
Give to us the o'erladen, rest.
- 4 What without Thy aid is wrought,
Skilful deed or wisest thought,
Proves at last but vain and naught.
- 5 Blessed Sun of grace ! o'er all
Faithful hearts who on Thee call,
Let Thy joy and solace fall.
- 6 Cleanse us, Lord, from sinful strain,
O'er the parchèd heart O rain ;
Heal the wounded from its pain.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 7 Bend the stubborn will to Thine;
Melt the cold with fire divine;
Erring hearts aright incline.
- 8 Grant us, Lord, who cry to Thee,
Steadfast in the faith to be;
Give Thy gifts of charity.
- 9 May we live in holiness,
And in death find happiness,
And abide with Thee in bliss!

375 7s. Six lines. T. T. LYNCH.
Be filled with the Spirit.—Ephesians v. 18.

- 1 GRACIOUS Spirit, dwell with me!
I myself would gracious be;
And with words that help and heal,
Would Thy life in mine reveal;
And with actions bold and meek,
Would for Christ, my Saviour, speak.
- 2 Truthful Spirit, dwell with me;
I myself would truthful be;
And with wisdom kind and clear,
Let Thy life in mine appear;
And with actions brotherly,
Speak my Lord's sincerity.
- 3 Tender Spirit, dwell with me;
I myself would tender be;
Shut my heart up like a flower,
In temptation's darksome hour;
Open it when shines the sun,
And His love by fragrance own.
- 4 Mighty Spirit, dwell with me;
I myself would mighty be;
Mighty so as to prevail
Where, unaided, man must fail;
Ever, by a mighty hope,
Pressing on and bearing up.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 5 Holy Spirit, dwell with me ;
I myself would holy be ;
Separate from sin, I would
Choose and cherish all things good ;
And, whatever I can be,
Give to Him who gave me Thee.

176 777, 5. GEORGE RAWSON.
He shall give you another Comforter.
John xiv. 16.

- 1 COME to our poor nature's night,
With Thy blessed inward light
Holy Ghost, the Infinite ;
Comforter divine.
- 2 We are sinful—cleanse us, Lord ;
Sick and faint—Thy strength afford ;
Lost—until by Thee restored,
Comforter divine.
- 3 Orphans are our souls, and poor ;
Give us from Thy heavenly store
Faith, love, joy, for evermore,
Comforter divine.
- 4 Like the dew Thy peace distil ;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter divine.
- 5 Gentle, awful, holy Guest,
Make Thy Temple in each breast,
Shrine of purity confessed,
Comforter divine.
- 6 In us, for us, intercede,
And with voiceless groanings plead
Our unutterable need,
Comforter divine.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 7 Dwell in us as in the Son,
With His Father ever one
In adoring union,
Comforter divine.
- 8 In us, Abba, Father, cry ;
Earnest of our bliss on high ;
Seal of immortality,
Comforter divine.
- 9 Search for us the depths of God ;
Bear us up the starry road,
To the height of Thine abode,
Comforter divine.

377 L.M. S. BROWN
Led by the Spirit of God.—Romans viii.

- 1 COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above ;
Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.
- 2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose Thy way ;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.
- 3 Lead us to holiness—the road
Which we must take to dwell with God ;
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from His pastures stray.
- 4 Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with him for ever blest ;
Lead us to heaven, that we may share
Fulness of joy for ever there.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

378 C.M. CONDER.
He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost.
 Matthew iii. 11.

1 O BREATHE upon this languid frame,
 Spirit of heavenly might !
 Baptise me with the vital flame,
 Of purity and light.

2 Spring up within this flinty heart,
 Well-spring of life divine ;
 Health to my feeble pulse impart ;
 Light out of darkness shine.

3 O Light and power ! O Life and Love !
 Of every good the source ;
 Send me sweet succour from above,
 To speed me on my course.

4 Instruct me, rule me, guide my feet,
 My every thought control ;
 My Teacher, Patron, Paraclete,
 Possess and guard my soul.

5 Spirit of Christ, sent forth from Him,
 Yet uncreate, Divine !
 Thine are the songs of seraphim ;
 All human praise be Thine.

379 7s. MANT.
Faith, hope, charity.—1 Cor. xiii. 13.

1 HOLY Spirit, in my breast
 Grant that lively faith may rest,
 And subdue each rebel thought
 To believe what Thou hast taught.

2 When around my sinking soul
 Gathering waves of sorrow roll,
Spirit blest, the tempest still,
And with Hope my bosom fill.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 3 Holy Spirit, from my mind
Thought, and wish, and will unkind,
Deed and word unkind remove,
And my bosom fill with love.
- 4 Faith, and hope, and charity,
Comforter, descend from Thee ;
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
These Thy gifts to us impart,—
- 5 Till our Faith be lost in sight,
Hope be swallowed in delight,
And Love return to dwell with Thee
In the Threefold Deity !

380

7s.

S. LONGFELLOW.

*Walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfil the
lust of the flesh.*—Galatians v. 16.

- 1 **H**OLY Spirit, Truth Divine !
Dawn upon this soul of mine ;
Word of God, and inward Light,
Wake my spirit, clear my sight.
- 2 Holy Spirit, Love Divine !
Glow within this heart of mine ;
Kindle every high desire ;
Perish self in Thy pure fire !
- 3 Holy Spirit, Power divine !
Fill and nerve this will of mine ;
By Thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear, and nobly strive !
- 4 Holy Spirit, Right Divine !
King within my conscience reign ;
Be my Lord, and I shall be
Firmly bound, yet ever free.
- 5 Holy Spirit, Peace Divine !
Still this restless heart of mine ;
Speak to calm this tossing sea,
Stayed in Thy tranquillity.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

6 Holy Spirit, Joy Divine !
Gladden Thou this heart of mine ;
In the desert ways I'll sing
Spring, O Well, for ever spring !

381 6, 7, 10, 7, 6, 8, 6, 8, 8. J. H. HOPKINS, JUN.
Prophecy unto the wind.—Ezekiel xxxvii. 9.

1 **B**LOW on, thou mighty wind,
And waft to realms unbounded
The notes of faith, and hope, and tender love,
The Gospel trump hath sounded.
Those sweetly piercing tones,
That charm all wars, and tears, and groans,
Through earth, and sea, and sky,
Upon Thy rushing wings shall fly ;
Therefore, thou mighty wind, blow on.

2 Blow on, thou mighty wind,
For tempest-tossed and lonely
The church upon the rolling billows rides,
And trusts in Thy breath only.
She spreads her swelling sails
For Thee to fill with favouring gales,
Till, through the stormy sea,
Thou bring her home where she would be ;
Therefore, thou mighty wind, blow on.

3 Blow on, thou mighty wind,
On hearts contrite and broken,
And bring in quickening power the gracious
words
That Jesu's lips have spoken.
Lo ! then, from death and sleep,
The listening souls to life shall leap.
Then love shall reign below,
And joy the whole wide world o'erflow ;
Therefore, thou mighty wind, blow on.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

4 To God the Father, Son,
By all in earth and heaven,
And to the Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Eternal praise be given.
As once triumphant rang
When morning stars together sang,
Is now, as aye before,
And shall be so for evermore,
World without end. Amen. Amen.

[FOR WHITSUNDAY.]

382 C.M. HEBER.
Now abideth Faith, hope, and charity.
1 Cor. xiii. 13.

- 1 SPIRIT of Truth, on this Thy day,
To Thee for help we cry,
To guide us through the dreary way
Of dark mortality.
- 2 We ask not, Lord, Thy cloven flame,
Or tongues of various tone ;
But long Thy praises to proclaim
With fervour in our own.
- 3 We mourn not that prophetic skill
Is found on earth no more ;
Enough for us to trace Thy will
In Scripture's sacred lore.
- 4 No heavenly harpings soothe our ear,
No mystic dreams we share ;
Yet hope to feel Thy comfort near,
And bless Thee in our prayer.
- 5 When tongues shall cease, and power decay,
And knowledge empty prove,
Do Thou Thy trembling servants stay
With faith, with hope, with love.

THE WORD OF GOD:
THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

383

C.M.

[B. BARTON.]

Thy word is a lamp unto my feet.
Ps. cxix. 105.

- 1 **L**AMP of our feet, whereby we trace
Our path when wont to stray;
Stream, from the fount of heavenly grace;
Brook, by the traveller's way;
- 2 Bread of our souls, whereon we feed;
True manna from on high;
Our guide and chart, wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky;
- 3 Pillar of fire, through watches dark,
And radiant cloud by day;
When waves would whelm our tossing bark,
Our anchor and our stay;
- 4 Word of the everlasting God,
Will of His glorious Son;
Without thee how could earth be trod,
Or heaven itself be won!
- 5 Lord, grant us all aright to learn
The wisdom it imparts;
And to its heavenly teaching turn,
With simple, childlike hearts.

384

L.M.
Psalm xix.

WATTS.

- 1 **T**HE heavens declare Thy glory, Lord,
In every star Thy wisdom shines ;
But when our eyes behold Thy word,
We read Thy name in fairer lines.
- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days Thy power confess ;
But the blest volume Thou hast writ
Reveals Thy justice and Thy grace.
- 3 Sun, moon, and stars convey Thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand ;
So, when Thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.
- 4 Nor shall Thy spreading Gospel rest,
Till through the world Thy truth has run ;
Till Christ has all the nations blest
That see the light, or feel the sun.
- 5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Bless the dark world with heavenly light ;
Thy Gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right.
- 6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed and sins forgiven ;
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make Thy word my guide to heaven.

385

S.M.
Psalm xix.

WATTS.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD, the lofty sky
Declares its Maker God,
And all the stars on high
Proclaim His glory abroad.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

- 2 The darkness and the light
Still keep their course the same ;
While night to day, and day to night,
Divinely teach His name.
- 3 In every different land
Their general voice is known ;
They show the wonders of His Hand,
And orders of His throne.
- 4 Ye British lands rejoice ;
Here He reveals His word ;
We are not left to nature's voice
To bid us know the Lord.
- 5 His statutes and commands
Are set before our eyes ;
He puts His Gospel in our hands,
Where our salvation lies,
- 6 His laws are just and pure,
His truth without deceit ;
His promises for ever sure,
And His rewards are great.

386

C.M.
Psalm xix.

MONTGOMERY.

- 1 **T**HY law is perfect, Lord of light ;
Thy testimonies sure ;
The statutes of Thy realm are right,
And Thy commandments pure.
- 2 Holy, inviolate Thy fear,
Enduring as Thy throne ;
Thy judgments, chastening or severe,
Justice and truth alone.
- 3 Let these, O God ! my soul convert,
And make Thy servant wise ;
Let these be gladness to my heart,
The day-spring to mine eyes.

THE WORD OF GOD :

- 4 By these may I be warned betimes ;
Who knows the guilt within ?
Lord, save me from presumptuous crimes,
Cleanse me from secret sin !
- 5 So may the words my lips express
The thoughts that throng my mind,
O Lord, my strength and righteousness !
With Thee acceptance find.

387

C.M.
Psalm cxix.

WATTS.

- 1 **L**ORD, I have made Thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage ;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.
- 2 I'll read the histories of Thy love,
And keep Thy laws in sight ;
While through the promises I rove,
With ever fresh delight.
- 3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise,
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.
- 4 The best relief that mourners have ;
It makes our sorrows blest ;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

388

C.M.
Psalm cxix.

WATTS.

- 1 **T**HY mercies fill the earth, O Lord ;
How good Thy works appear !
Open mine eyes to read Thy word,
And see Thy wonders there.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

1 My heart was fashioned by Thy hand ;
My service is Thy due ;
O make Thy servant understand
The duties he must do.

3 Since I'm a stranger here below,
Let not Thy path be hid ;
But mark the road my feet should go,
And be my constant Guide.

4 When I confessed my wandering ways
Thou heardest my soul complain ;
Grant me the teachings of Thy grace,
Or I shall stray again.

5 If God to me His statutes show,
And heavenly truth impart,
His work for ever I'll pursue,
His law shall rule my heart.

6 When I have learned my Father's will,
I'll teach the world His ways ;
My thankful lips, inspired with zeal,
Shall loud pronounce His praise.

389

L.M. Six lines.

C. WESLEY.

Did not our heart burn within us.

Luke xxiv. 32.

1 **W**HEN quiet in my house I sit,
Thy book be my companion still ;
My joy Thy sayings to repeat,
Talk o'er the records of Thy will,
And search the oracles divine,
Till every heartfelt word be mine.

2 O may the gracious words divine,
Subject of all my converse be ;
So will the Lord His follower join,
And walk and talk Himself with me ;
So shall my heart His presence prove,
And burn with everlasting love.

THE WORD OF GOD :

- 3 Oft as I lay me down to rest,
O may Thy reconciling word
Sweetly compose my weary breast,
While on the bosom of my Lord,
I sink in blissful dreams away,
And visions of eternal day.
- 4 Rising to sing my Saviour's praise,
Thee may I publish all day long ;
And let Thy precious word of grace
Flow from my heart, and fill my tongue ;
Fill all my life with purest love,
And join me to the church above.

390 ^{7s.} C. WORDSWORTH.
*Things.....which were written in the law of
Moses, and in the prophets, and in the
Psalms, concerning Me.—Luke xxiv. 44.*

- 1 LORD, who didst the prophets teach
To prepare Thy way of old,
And by Thine apostles preach
Truths of wisdom manifold ;
- 2 Teach us to behold Thee, Lord,
Present in the sacred page,
Living Word in written word,
Coming thus to every age.
- 3 Coming in King David's Psalms,
In Isaiah's trumpet call ;
Coming in St. John's deep calms,
And as lightning in St. Paul.
- 4 Coming brightly from afar
To the lands with darkness dim,
On the evangelic car
Of Thy fourfold cherubim.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

- 5 Thus, O blessèd Lord, when we
On the holy Scriptures look,
May we ever worship Thee,
Coming in Thy sacred book.
- 6 So, when as a scroll is past
Heaven, and earth, with all its strife,
May we see our names at last
Written in the Book of Life.
- 7 Praise the Father, all that live !
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Son !
Glory to the Spirit give !
Glory to the Three in One ! Amen.

391 C.M. COWPER.
The entrance of Thy words giveth light.
Psalm cxix. 130.

- 1 THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight ;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.
- 2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun ;
It gives a light to every age ;
It gives, but borrows none.
- 3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat ;
His truths upon the nations rise ;
They rise, but never set.
- 4 Let everlasting thanks be Thine,
For such a bright display
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

THE WORD OF GOD :

- 5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

392 L.M.
Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly.
Colossians iii. 16.

- 1 **D**WELL in me richly, blessed word,
So wise to teach, so safe to guide ;
Come as my counsellor from God,
And evermore with me abide.
- 2 I need thy light, for I am dark,
And prone to go from God astray ;
Be thou a lamp unto my feet,
To keep them in the narrow way.
- 3 I need thee when the days are bright,
And earthly things look fair and gay,
To point to treasures in the skies,
That cannot change, or fade away.
- 4 I need thee when my aching heart
Is bowed with sorrow, pain, or care ;
Through thee I may my Saviour's voice
In tones of gentlest comfort hear.
- 5 I need thee when my foes without,
And inward fightings try me sore,
To tell me of the blessed land
Where conflict shall disturb no more.
- 6 And when my happy home I reach,
A gladsome psalm my voice shall raise,
And all thy teachings shall unite
In the new song of thankful praise.

THE PRESENT WORD OF GOD.

393

7, 6. Double

H. ALFORD.

He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.

Matthew xi. 15.

- 1 **S**PEAK, for Thy servant heareth ;
Thus give us grace, O Lord,
To listen and to answer
Whene'er Thy voice is heard ;
Whether we wait expectant
Its sound to guide us home,
Or all unsought, unwelcome,
Its sudden warning come.
- 2 Above the whirl of traffic,
Above the stir of life,
Amidst the songs of pleasure,
And o'er the din of strife,
May never cease within us
Thy whispers soft and clear,
Nor ready hearts replying,
Speak, Lord, Thy servants hear.
- 3 And in the latest conflict,
When strength and faith are low,
And all our schemes of comfort
Are baffled by the foe ;
Amid life's feeble throbblings,
Yet nearer and more near,
May Thy sweet tones of solace
Speak, and Thy servants hear.

THE WORD OF GOD :

394 C.M. Double. G. RAWSON.
Not as though I had already attained.
Philippians iii. 12.

[He charged us before God and His blessed angels, if God should reveal anything to us by any other instrument of His, to be as ready to receive it as any truth by his ministry ; for he was very confident the Lord had more light and truth yet to break forth out of His holy word.—*Narrative of Pastor Robinson's Address to the Pilgrim Fathers.*]

- 1 **W**E limit not the truth of God
To our poor reach of mind,
By notions of our day and sect,
Crude, partial, and confined ;
No, let a new and better hope
Within our hearts be stirred ;
The Lord hath yet more light and truth
To break forth from His word.
- 2 Who dares to bind to his dull sense
The oracles of heaven,
For all the nations, tongues, and climes,
And all the ages given ;
That universe, how much unknown !
That ocean unexplored !
The Lord hath yet more light and truth
To break forth from His word.
- 3 Darkling our great forefathers went
The first steps of the way ;
'Twas but the dawning, yet to grow
Into the perfect day.
And grow it shall ; our glorious sun
More fervid rays afford ;
The Lord hath yet more light and truth
To break forth from His word.
- 4 The valleys past, ascending still,
Our souls would higher climb,
And look down from supernal heights
On all the bygone time.

THE PRESENT WORD OF GOD.

Upward we press ; the air is clear,
And the sphere-music heard ;
The Lord hath yet more light and truth
To break forth from His word.

- 5 O Father, Son, and Spirit, send
Us increase from above ;
Enlarge, expand all Christian souls
To comprehend Thy love ;
And make us to go on to know,
With nobler powers conferred,
The Lord hath yet more light and truth
To break forth from His word.

395

L.M.

CONDER.

The spirit of wisdom and revelation.

Ephesians i. 17.

- 1 **O** GOD ! who didst Thy will unfold
In wondrous modes to saints of old,
By dream, by oracle, or seer,
Wilt Thou not still Thy people hear ?
- 2 What though no answering voice is heard,
Thine oracles, the written word,
Counsel and guidance still impart,
Responsive to the upright heart.
- 3 What though no more by dreams is shown
That future things to God are known ;
Enough the promises reveal ;
Wisdom and love the rest conceal.
- 4 Faith asks no signal from the skies
To show that prayers accepted rise,
Our Priest is in the holy place,
And answers from the throne of grace.
- 5 No need of prophets to inquire ;
The sun is risen ; the stars retire.
The Comforter is come, and shed
His holy unction on our heads.

THE WORD OF GOD :

- 6 Lord, with this grace our hearts inspire ;
Answer our sacrifice by fire ;
And by Thy mighty acts declare
Thou art the God who heareth prayer.

396 C.M. S. LONGFELLOW.*
*The word of God, which liveth and abideth
for ever.—1 Peter i. 23.*

- 1 **I**N the beginning was the word ;
Athwart the chaos-night
It gleamed with quick creative power,
And there was life and light.
- 2 Thy word, O God ! is living yet
Amid earth's restless strife,
New harmony creating still,
And ever higher life.
- 3 And as that word moves surely on,
The light, ray after ray,
Streams further out athwart the dark,
And night grows into day.
- 4 O word, that broke the stillness first,
Sound on, and never cease
Till all earth's darkness be made light,
And all her discord peace !
- 5 Till—wail of woe, and clank of chain,
And noise of battle stilled—
The world with Thy great music's pulse,
O word of love ! be thrilled.
- 6 Till selfish passion, strife, and wrong,
Thy summons shall have heard,
And Thy creation be complete,
O Thou eternal Word !

THE PRESENT WORD OF GOD.

97 67,67,6666. PLUMPTRE.
*One generation shall praise Thy works to
another.—Psalm cxlv. 4.*

- 1 **O** PRAISE the Lord our God,
In clouds and darkness dwelling,
Yet Fount of shadeless light,
All light of earth excelling!
He guides us on to age,
Through sunlit paths of youth;
He glads our longing eyes
With full unveiled truth.
- 2 That truth, O Lord, we seek,
In spirit meek and lowly,
To all who learn or teach
Give wisdom pure and holy.
In solemn awe we bend,
All wondering round Thy throne,
And Thee, our Lord, our Life,
Our Joy, our Gladness own.
- 3 O Lord of truth and light,
All heaven and earth possessing,
Grant us Thy laws to know,
Our daily task-work blessing!
Teach us Thy love to see,
O'er earth and heaven outspread,
While wisdom, conquering fear,
With highest faith shall wed.
- 4 All praise and thanks to Thee,
Eternal Lord, be given,
For all Thy help on earth,
For all our hopes of heaven!
Thy name, the One, the Three,
Through æons yet to come,
All saints and angels sing,
Their Light, their Peace, their Home!

THE WORD OF GOD :

398

98, 98, 88.

PLUMPTRE.

Beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord.
2 Corinthians iii. 18.

- 1 **O** LORD of hosts, all heaven possessing,
Behold us from Thy sapphire throne,
In doubt and darkness dimly guessing,
We might Thy glory half have known ;
But 'Thou in Christ hast made us 'Thine,
And on us all Thy beauties shine.
- 2 Illumine all, disciples, teachers,
Thy law's deep wonders to unfold ;
With reverent hand let wisdom's preachers
Bring forth their treasures, new and old ;
Let oldest, youngest, find in Thee
Of truth and love the boundless sea.
- 3 Let faith still light the lamp of science,
And knowledge pass from truth to truth ;
And wisdom, in its full reliance,
Renew the primal awe of youth ;
So holier, wiser, may we grow,
As time's swift currents onward flow.
- 4 Grant us, O Lord ! in patience gleanings,
Thy truths in memory's shrine to store ;
Reveal to us each secret meaning
Of all Thy words divinest lore ;
When round us mists of evening rise,
Shine Thou upon our wistful eyes.
- 5 Bind Thou our life in fullest union
With all Thy saints from sin set free ;
Uphold us in that blest communion
Of all Thy saints on earth with Thee ;
Keep Thou our souls, or there, or here,
In mightiest love, that casts out fear.

THE PRESENT WORD OF GOD.

99

S.M.

H. BONAR.

He will guide you into all truth.

John xvi. 13.

- 1 **I** ASK a perfect creed !
O that to me were given
The teaching that leads none astray,
The scholarship of heaven !
- 2 Sure wisdom and pure light,
With lowly loving fear ;
The steadfast, ever-looking eye,
The ever-listening ear.
- 3 Calm faith, that grasps the word
Of Him who cannot lie ;
That hears alone the voice divine,
Though crowds are standing by.
- 4 The one whole truth I seek
In this sad age of strife ;
The truth of Him who is the Truth,
And in whose truth is life.
- 5 Truth, which contains true rest,
Which is the grave of doubt,
Which ends uncertainty and gloom,
And casts the falsehood out.
- 6 O True One, give me truth !
And let it quench in me
The thirst of this long-craving heart,
And set my spirit free.
- 7 O truth of God, destroy
The cloud, the chain, the war ;
Dawn to this stormy midnight be,
My bright and morning star !

THE GOSPEL.

INVITATIONS.

400 S.M.
Now is the accepted time.—2 Cor. vi. 2.

1 NOW is the accepted time ;
Now is the day of grace ;
Now, brethren, come, without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.

2 Now is the accepted time ;
The Saviour calls to-day ;
To-morrow it may be too late,
Then why should you delay ?

3 Now is the accepted time :
The gospel bids us come ;
And every promise in His word
Declares,—There yet is room.

4 Lord, draw reluctant hearts
To seek the Saviour's love,
Then shall attendant angels bear
The joyful news above.

401 64. [HASTINGS.]
To-day if ye will hear His voice.—Heb. iv. 7.

1 TO-DAY, the Saviour calls
You, wanderers, home ;
O ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam ?

INVITATIONS.

- 2 To-day the Saviour calls ;
O listen now ;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.
- 3 To-day the Saviour calls ;
For refuge fly ;
The storm of vengeance falls,
Ruin is nigh.
- 4 The Spirit calls to-day ;
Yield to His power ;
O grieve Him not away,
'Tis mercy's hour.

402

76. Double.

[HASTINGS.]

Flee from the wrath to come.—Matt. iii. 7.

- 1 **D**YING souls, fast bound in sin,
Trembling and repining,
With no ray of light divine
On your pathway shining,
Why in darkness wander on,
Filled with consternation ?
Jesus lives ; in Him alone
Can you find salvation.
- 2 **W**orthless all your righteousness ;
You the law have broken ;
Flee, then, to His sovereign grace,
Mercy thus hath spoken.
Why, in deeds that you have done,
Seek for consolation ?
Jesus lives ; in Him alone
Can you find salvation.
- 3 **P**rostrate bow, confess your guilt,
Own your lost condition ;
Yield to Him whose blood was spilt,
Unreserved submission ;

THE GOSPEL :

Then no more in anguish groan ;
Seek His mediation ;
Jesus lives ; in Him alone
Can you find salvation.

- 4 Linger not on all the plain ;
Terrors are pursuing ;
Midst the dying and the slain,
Save your souls from ruin ;
Flee to Him who can atone ;
Flee from condemnation ;
Jesus lives ; in Him alone
Can you find salvation.

103 65, 65, 65, 65, 11, 11. H. BONAR.
*The day of the Lord will come as a thief in
the night.*—2 Peter iii. 10.

- 1 **T**IME'S sun is fast setting,
Its twilight is nigh ;
Its evening is falling
In cloud o'er the sky ;
Its shadows are stretching
In ominous gloom ;
Its midnight approaches
The midnight of doom.

Then haste, sinner, haste, there is mercy for thee,
And wrath is preparing ; flee, lingerer, flee !

- 2 The vision is nearing,
The Judge and the throne !
The voice of the angel
Proclaims, It is done.
On the whirl of the tempest
Its Ruler shall come,
And the blaze of His glory
Flash out from its gloom.

Then haste, sinner, haste, there is mercy for thee,
And wrath is preparing ; flee, lingerer, flee !

INVITATIONS.

- 3 With clouds He is coming !
His people shall sing ;
With gladness they hail Him,
Redeemer and King !
The iron rod wielding,
The rod of His ire ;
He cometh to kindle
Earth's last fatal fire !

Then haste, sinner, haste, there is mercy for thee,
And wrath is preparing ; flee, lingerer, flee !

04 ^{6, 8 8 8, 6.} JOSEPH AUSTIN.*
The Spirit and the Bride say come.
Revelation xxii. 17.

- 1 SWEET is the Spirit's strain ;
Breathed by soft pleadings inly heard,
By all the heart's deep fountain stirred,
By conscience, and the written word ;
Come, wanderers, home again !
- 2 The church repeats the call ;
By high thanksgiving, lowly prayer,
By days of rest and fostering care,
By holy rites, that all may share ;
She whispers, Come ! to all.
- 3 Let him who hears say, Come !
If thou hast been sin's wretched slave,
If thou art risen from that grave,
Thy sleeping brethren seek to save,
And call the wanderers home.
- 4 And let all come who thirst ;
Freely for every child of woe
The streams of living waters flow,
And whosoever will may go
Where healing fountains burst.



THE GOSPEL :

- 5 There drink, and be at rest ;
On Him who died for thee believe ;
The Spirit's quickening grace receive ;
No more the God who seeks thee grieve ;
Be holy and be blest !

405 L.M. GRIGG.*
I stand at the door and knock.—Rev. iii. 20.

- 1 **B**EHOLD a Stranger at the door,
He gently knocks, has knocked before ;
Has waited long, is waiting still ;
You use no other friend so ill.
- 2 Admit Him, ere His anger burn,
Lest He depart, and ne'er return ;
Admit Him, or the hour's at hand
When at His door, denied, you'll stand
- 3 Admit Him, for the human breast
Ne'er entertained so kind a guest ;
No mortal tongue their joys can tell,
With whom He condescends to dwell.
- 4 Sovereign of souls ! 'Thou Prince of peace,
O may 'Thy gentle reign increase ;
Throw wide the door each willing mind ;
And be His empire all mankind.

406 5511, 5511. C. WESLEY.*
He hath borne our griefs.—Isaiah liii. 4.

- 1 **A**LL ye that pass by
To Jesus draw nigh ;
To you is it nothing your Saviour should die !
Your ransom and peace,
Your surety He is ;
Come, see if there ever was sorrow like His.

INVITATIONS.

2 For what you have done,
His blood must atone ;
The Father hath given for you His dear Son ;
The Lord, in the day
Of His mercy did lay
Your sins on the Lamb, and He bore them away.

3 He answered for all ;
O come at His call,
And low at His feet in astonishment fall ;
For you and for me
He prayed on the tree ;
The prayer is accepted, the sinner is free.

4 O lift up your eyes,
'Tis finished ! he cries ;
Impassive, He suffers ; immortal, He dies.
My pardon I claim ;
A sinner I am,
A sinner believing in Jesu's great name.

407 ^{6684, 6684.}
Behold the Lamb of God.—John i. 36.

1 **B**EHOLD the Lamb of God !
Behold, believe, and live ;
Behold His all-atoning blood,
And life receive.
Look from thyself to Him ;
Behold Him on the tree ;
What, though the eye of faith be dim,
He looks on thee.

2 That meek and loving eye
Turns from Himself away ;
Invites the trembling sinner nigh,
And bids him stay.

THE GOSPEL :

Stay with Him near the tree ;
Stay with Him near the tomb ;
Stay till the risen Lord you see ;
Stay till He come.

408 10, 10, 8, 10. [HASTINGS.]
Yet there is room.—Luke xiv. 22.

- 1 CHILD of sin and sorrow, filled with dismay,
Wait not for to-morrow, yield thee to-day !
Heaven bids thee come, while yet there's
room ;
Child of sin and sorrow, hear and obey !
- 2 Child of sin and sorrow, why wilt thou die ?
Come whilst thou canst borrow help from on high ;
Grieve not that love, which, from above,
Child of sin and sorrow, would bring thee nigh.
- 3 Child of sin and sorrow, past is thy dream ;
No more wouldst thou borrow joy from the
stream.
Thine is the source, without remorse ;
Child of sin and sorrow, Christ is supreme.
- 4 Child of sin and sorrow, cease now the tear ;
Wait not for the morrow, banish thy fear !
Christ now receives him who believes ;
Child of sin and sorrow, be of good cheer !

409 87, 87, 47. HART.●
*I am not come to call the righteous, but
sinners to repentance.*—Matthew ix. 13.

- 1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore ;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity joined with power.
He is able ;
He is willing ; doubt no more.

INVITATIONS.

- 2 Ho ! ye needy, come, and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify ;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh ;
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him ;
This He gives you ;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.
- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and broken by the fall ;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous,
Sinners, Jesus came to call.
- 5 Agonising in the garden,
Lo ! your Saviour prostrate lies ;
On the bloody tree behold Him ;
Hear Him cry before He dies,
It is finished !
Finished, the great sacrifice.
- 6 Lo ! the Incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of His blood.
Venture on Him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude ;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.
- 7 Saints and angels joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb ;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with His name.
Hallelujah !
Sinners here may sing the same.

THE GOSPEL ;

410 888,6. [R. S. COOK.*]
*Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and Thou
shalt be saved.*—Acts xvi. 31.

- 1 JUST as thou art, without one trace
Of love, or joy, or inward grace,
Or meetness for the heavenly place,
O guilty sinner, come !
- 2 Burdened with guilt, wouldst Thou be blest ?
Trust not the world ; it gives no rest ;
Christ brings relief to hearts oppressed ;
O weary sinner, come !
- 3 Come, leave thy burden at His cross ;
Count all thy gains but empty dross ;
His grace repays all earthly loss ;
O needy sinner, come !
- 4 Come, hither bring thy boding fears,
Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears ;
'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears,
O trembling sinner, come.
- 5 The Spirit and the Bride say, Come !
Rejoicing saints re-echo, Come ;
Who faints, who thirsts, who will, may come ;
Thy Saviour bids thee come.

411 6s. Twelve lines. H. BONAR.
We preach Christ crucified.—1 Cor. i. 23.

- 1 CLING to the Crucified !
His death is life to thee ;
Life for eternity.
His pains thy pardon seal ;
His stripes thy bruises heal ;
His cross proclaims thy peace,
Bids every sorrow cease.

INVITATIONS.

His blood is all to thee ;
It purges thee from sin ;
It sets thy spirit free ;
It keeps thy conscience clean.

Cling to the Crucified !

- 2 Cling to the Crucified !
His is a heart of love,
Full as the hearts above ;
Its depths of sympathy
Are all awake for thee ;
His countenance is light,
Even in the darkest night.
That love shall never change,
That light shall ne'er grow dim ;
Charge thou thy faithless heart
To find its all in Him.

Cling to the Crucified !

412 12, 11. Irregular. F. W. FABER.*
Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.— John vi. 37.

- 1 O COME to the merciful Saviour who calls you ;
O come to the Lord, who forgives and forgets ;
'Though dark be the fortune on earth that befalls
you,
There's a bright home above where the sun
never sets.
- 2 O come, then to Jesus, whose arms are extended
To fold all mankind in closest embrace.
O come, for your exile will shortly be ended,
And Jesus will show you His glorious face ;
- 3 O come to the Saviour, whose mercy grows
brighter
'The longer you look at the depth of His love ;
And fear not ; 'tis Jesus ! and life's cares grow
lighter,
As you think of the home and the glory above.

THE GOSPEL :

- 4 Have you sinned as none else in the world have
before you ?
Are you blacker than all other creatures in
guilt ?
O fear not, and doubt not ; the mother who
bore you
Loves you less than the Saviour whose blood
you have spilt !
- 5 O come, then, to Jesus, and learn how to love
Him,
Come, trust in His promise, rejoice in His
grace ;
The first cry for help and for mercy will move
Him,
And your sins will drop off in His tender
embrace.

413 C.M. [HASTINGS.*]
Let him return unto the Lord.—Isaiah lv. 7.

- 1 **R**ETURN, O wanderer, to Thy home,
Thy Father calls for thee ;
No longer now an exile roam,
In guilt and misery. [Return, return.]
- 2 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
'Tis Jesus calls for thee ;
The Spirit and the Bride say, Come !
O now for refuge flee. [Return, return.]
- 3 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
'Tis madness to delay ;
There are no pardons in the tomb,
And brief is mercy's day. [Return, return.]

PRAYER FOR SUCCESS.

414 L.M. MONTGOMERY.*
I will command my blessing upon you.
Leviticus xxv. 21.

- 1 **C**OMMAND Thy blessing from above,
O God, on all assembled here ;
Behold us with a Father's love,
While we look up with filial fear.
- 2 Command Thy blessing, Jesus, Lord ;
May we Thy true disciples be !
Speak to each heart the mighty word ;
Say to the weakest, Follow Me.
- 3 Command Thy blessing in this hour,
Spirit of truth, and fill this place
With wounding and with healing power,
With quickening and confirming grace.
- 4 With Thee and Thine for ever found,
May all the souls who here unite,
With harps and songs Thy throne surround,
Rest in Thy love, and reign in light.

415 L.M. KELLY.*
Not . . . in word only, but also in power.
1 Thessalonians i. 5.

- 1 **N**OW may the gospel's conquering power
Be felt by all assembled here ;
So shall this prove a joyful hour,
And God's own arm of strength appear.

THE GOSPEL :

- ∴ Lord, let Thy mighty voice be heard ;
 Speak in Thy word, and speak with power ;
 So shall Thy glorious name be feared
 By those who never feared before.
- 3 So shall Thy people joyful be ;
 The angels, too, with joy will sing ;
 And all ascribe the praise to Thee—
 To Thee, the Everlasting King.

416 ^{8, 7. Double.} ^{C. WESLEY.*}
He shall testify of Me.—John xv. 26.

- 1 COME, Thou everlasting Spirit,
 Bring to every thankful mind
 All the Saviour's dying merit,
 All His sufferings for mankind.
 True Recorder of His passion,
 Now the living faith impart ;
 Now reveal His great salvation ;
 Preach His gospel to each heart.
- 2 Come, Thou witness of His dying ;
 Come, Remembrancer divine,
 Let us feel Thy power applying
 Christ to every soul,—to mine.
 Plead in us with inward groaning,
 While for Him we pierced, we grieve,
 May we each the grace atoning
 Of the sprinkled blood receive.

417 ^{L.M.} ^{HEBER.}
Where is the promise of His coming.
 2 Peter iii. 4.

- 1 O SAVIOUR, is Thy promise fled ?
 Nor longer might Thy grace endure,
 To heal the sick, and raise the dead,
 And preach Thy gospel to the poor ?

PRAYER FOR SUCCESS.

- 2 Come, Jesus, come ! return again ;
With brighter beam 'Thy servants bless,
Who long to feel 'Thy perfect reign,
And share 'Thy kingdom's happiness.
- 3 A feeble race, by passion driven,
In darkness and in doubt we roam,
And lift our anxious eyes to heaven,
Our hope, our harbour, and our home.
- 4 Yet, 'mid the wild and wintry gale,
When death rides darkly o'er the sea,
And strength and earthly daring fail,
Our prayers, Redeemer, rest on 'Thee.
- 5 Come, Jesus, come ! and as of yore
The prophet went to clear Thy way,
A harbinger Thy feet before,
A dawning to Thy brighter day ;
- 6 So now may grace with heavenly shower
Our stony hearts for truth prepare ;
Sow in our souls the seed of power,
Then come and reap Thy harvest there.

418 L.M. [J. HERMANN].
The Spirit of the Lord is upon me.—Is. lxi. 1.

- 1 **O** THOU, the true and only Light,
Direct the souls that walk in night,
And bring them 'neath Thy sheltering care,
To find their blest redemption there.
- 2 Illumine those who blindly roam,
O call the wanderer kindly home ;
'The hearts astray that union crave,
And those in doubt confirm and save.
- 3 **O** that the deaf may hear Thy voice,
'The dumb to speak of Thee rejoice ;
'The thankless heart its silence break,
And, taught by Thee, confession make.

THE GOSPEL :

- 4 Those who in error wander wide,
Let Thy bright beams of mercy guide ;
Whom sin hath bruised and wounded, heal,
To all the hope of glory seal.
- 5 So they who sing Thy praise above
With us shall join in bonds of love ;
And Thee for all Thy grace adore,
On earth, in heaven, for evermore.

419 C.M. C. WESLEY.*
Turn Thou us unto Thee.—Lam. v. 21.

- 1 COME, O Thou all victorious Lord,
Thy power to us make known ;
Strike with the hammer of Thy word,
And break these hearts of stone.
- 2 Convince us of our unbelief,
Reveal our ruined state ;
Fill every heart with sacred grief,
Teach us our sins to hate.
- 3 O that we all might now begin
Our foolishness to mourn ;
Might turn at once from every sin,
And to our Saviour turn.
- 4 Give us ourselves and Thee to know,
In this our gracious day ;
Repentance unto life bestow,
And take our sins away.
-

ITS TRIUMPHS.

420 ^{87, 87, 47.} *Joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth.*—Luke xv. 7. T. H. GILL.*

- 1 **W**HENCE this flaming joy that maketh
Still more bright the angelic thrones?
Golden harps! O wherefore breaketh
This new sweetness from your tones?
What glad tidings
Make more glad the blessed ones?
- 2 Hath some glorious new world broken
On those rapt seraphic eyes?
Hath the Lord some secret spoken,
Bade some heavenlier vision rise?
Hath He brought them
Saintly souls to help their joys?
- 3 Look! that kneeling sinner mourneth,
Smitten with a saving pain;
Look! that trembling wanderer turneth
To the Father's house again;
Fast it falleth
From those eyes, the blessed rain.
- 4 Therefore grows the angels' gladness;
Therefore swells their song more sweet;
That sore shame, that mighty sadness,
With this sovereign joy they greet.
More effulgent,
Watch they those returning feet.

THE GOSPEL :

- 5 Shineth now a temple stately
Where so late a ruin lay ;
Where the fiends were dwellers lately,
Angels there delight to stay.
How they welcome
This new heir of heaven to-day !
- 6 Yes, an outcast lone beginneth
In the Father's house to dwell ;
Yes, a wounded sinner winneth
All that joy they know full well ;
Sweetest story,
Holy angel-lips may tell !

421 5 5, 7 7 7 7, 6. Irregular. HEBER.
*There is joy in the presence of the angels of
God over one sinner that repenteth.*—Luke xv. 10.

- 1 **T**HERE was joy in heaven !
There was joy in heaven !
When this goodly world to frame
The Lord of might and mercy came ;
Shouts of joy were heard on high,
And the stars sang from the sky,
Glory to God in heaven !
- 2 There was joy in heaven !
There was joy in heaven !
When the billows, heaving dark,
Sank around the stranded ark ;
And the rainbow's watery span
Spake of mercy, hope to man,
And peace with God in heaven.
- 3 There was joy in heaven !
There was joy in heaven !
When of love the midnight beam
Dawned on the towers of Bethlehem ;
And along the echoing hill
Angels sang—On earth good will,
And glory in the Heaven !

ITS TRIUMPHS.

4 There is joy in heaven !
There is joy in heaven !
When the sheep that went astray
Turns again to virtue's way ;
When the soul, by grace subdued,
Sobs its prayer of gratitude,
Then is there joy in heaven.

422

5 5 5, 11, 5 5 5, 12. C. WESL
*Thanks be unto God, which alway causeth
to triumph.*—2 Corinthians ii. 14.

1 A LL thanks be to God,
Who scatters abroad,
Throughout every place,
By the means of His servants, His savour
and grace ;

Who the victory gave,
The praise let Him have,
For the work He has done ;
All honour and glory to Jesus alone.

2 Our conquering Lord
Has prospered His word,
Has made it prevail,
And mightily shaken the kingdom of hell ;
His arm He has bared,
And a people prepared
His glory to show,
And witness the power of His passion below.

3 And shall we not sing
Our Saviour and King ?
Thy witnesses, we
With rapture ascribe our salvation to Thee.
Thou, Jesus, hast blessed,
And believers increased,
Who thankfully own
They are freely forgiven through mercy alone

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE:
PENITENCE.

423

L.M.
Psalm li.

WATTS.●

- 1 **S**HEW pity, Lord ! O Lord, forgive !
Let a repenting rebel live.
Are not Thy mercies large and free ?
May not a sinner trust in Thee ?
- 2 My crimes, though great, do not surpass
The power and glory of Thy grace ;
Great God, Thy nature hath no bound,
So let Thy pardoning love be found.
- 3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean ;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.
- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess
Against Thy law, against Thy grace ;
Lord, should Thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned, but Thou art clear.
- 5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round Thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

PENITENCE.

424 L.M. C. WESLEY.
They rebelled, and vexed His Holy Spirit.
Isaiah lxiii. 10.

- 1 **S**TAY, Thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done Thee such despite;
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take Thine everlasting flight.
- 2 Though I have steeled my stubborn heart,
And shaken off my guilty fears;
And vexed, and urged Thee to depart,
For many long rebellious years;
- 3 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all whoe'er Thy grace received;
Ten thousand times Thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times Thy goodness grieved;
- 4 Yet, O the chief of sinners spare,
In honour of my great High Priest;
Nor, in Thy righteous anger, swear
To exclude me from Thy people's rest.
- 5 Now, Lord, my weary soul release;
Upraise me with Thy gracious hand;
And guide into Thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

425 S.M. [BRONTË.]
*As for our transgressions, Thou shalt purge
them away.*—Psalm lxxv. 3.

- 1 **O**PPRESSED with sin and woe,
A burdened heart I bear;
Opposed by many a mighty foe,
Yet will I not despair.
- 2 With this polluted heart
I dare to come to Thee,
Holy and mighty as Thou art,
For Thou wilt pardon me.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

3 I feel that I am weak,
And prone to every sin ;
But Thou who giv'st to those who seek,
Wilt give me strength within.

4 I need not fear my foes ;
I need not yield to care ;
I need not sink beneath my woes,
For Thou wilt answer prayer.

5 In my Redeemer's name,
I give myself to Thee ;
And, all unworthy as I am,
My God will welcome me.

426

C.M. J. MARDLEY, *alt. by* HEBER.
I acknowledged my sin unto Thee.
Psalm xxxii. 5.

1 **O** LORD, turn not Thy face away
From them that lowly lie,
Lamenting sore their sinful life,
With tears and bitter cry.

2 Thy mercy gates are open wide
To them that mourn their sin ;
O shut them not against us, Lord,
But let us enter in.

3 We need not to confess our fault,
For surely Thou canst tell ;
What we have done, and what we are
Thou knowest very well.

4 Wherefore, to beg and to entreat,
With tears we come to Thee,
As children that have done amiss
Fall at their father's knee.

PENITENCE.

- 5 And need we then, O Lord, repeat
The blessing which we crave,
When Thou dost know before we speak,
The thing that we would have !
- 6 Mercy, O Lord, mercy we seek,
This is the total sum ;
For mercy, Lord, is all our prayer ;
O let Thy mercy come !

427 C.M. ALFORD,
*I have sinned against heaven and before
Thee.*—Luke xv. 18.

- 1 **T**O me, a sinner chief of all,
O God, be merciful !
Though guilt for judgment on me call,
My God, be merciful !
- 2 O Father, from whose house I strayed,
To me be merciful !
O Christ, on whom my sins were laid,
Do Thou be merciful !
- 3 O Spirit, pleading oft in vain,
Thou, too, be merciful !
Depart not from me, but remain,
With patience merciful !
- 4 O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God, be merciful !
To me, of sinners sinning most,
O God, be merciful !

428 7s. Double. MILMAN.*
The Lord is merciful.—Psalm ciii. 8.

- 1 **L**ORD, have mercy when we pray
Strength to seek a better way ;
When our wakening thoughts begin
First to loathe our cherished sin ;

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

When our weary spirits fail,
And our aching brows are pale,
When our tears bedew Thy word,
Then, O then, have mercy, Lord !

2 Lord, have mercy when we lie
On the restless bed, and sigh !
Sigh for death, yet fear it still,
From the thought of former ill ;
When the dim advancing gloom
Tells us that our hour is come ;
When is loosed the silver cord,
Then, O then, have mercy, Lord !

3 Lord, have mercy when we know
First how vain this world below !
When our darker thoughts oppress,
Doubts perplex and fears distress ;
When the earliest gleam is given
Of Thy bright but distant heaven ;
Then Thy fostering grace afford,
Then, O then, have mercy, Lord !

429

C.M.

S. BROWNE.

*If Thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities, O
Lord, who shall stand?—Psalm cxxx. iii.*

1 **L**ORD, at Thy feet we sinners lie,
And knock at mercy's door ;
With heavy heart and downcast eye,
Thy favour we implore.

2 On us the vast extent display
Of Thy forgiving love ;
Take all our heinous guilt away ;
This heavy load remove.

3 'Tis mercy, mercy we implore ;
We would Thy pity move ;
Thy grace is an exhaustless store,
And Thou Thyself art Love.

PENITENCE.

- 4 O! for Thine own, for Jesu's sake,
Our numerous sins forgive;
Thy grace our rocky hearts can break,
Our breaking hearts relieve.
- 5 Thus melt us down, thus make us bend,
And Thy dominion own;
Nor let a rival dare pretend
To repossess Thy throne.

430 C.M. HEBER.*
The goodness of God leadeth Thee to repentance.
Romans ii. 4.

- 1 **H**OW long the time since Christ began
To call in vain on me!
Deaf to His warning voice, I ran
Through paths of vanity.
- 2 He called me, when my thoughtless prime
Was early ripe to ill.
I passed from folly on to crime,
And yet He called me still.
- 3 He called me, in the time of dread,
When death was full in view;
I trembled on my feverish bed,
And rose to sin anew.
- 4 Yet, could I hear Him once again,
As I have heard of old,
Methinks He should not call in vain
His wanderer to the fold.
- 5 O Thou that every thought dost know,
And answerest every prayer,
Try me with sickness, want, or woe,
But snatch me from despair.
- 6 My struggling will by grace control;
Renew my broken vow;
What blessed light breaks on my soul;
My God, I hear Thee now.

F A I T H :

431

888, 6.

ELLIOTT.

Come unto me.—Matthew xi. 28.

- 1 JUST as I am—without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 2 Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot ;
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 3 Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind ;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 5 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve ;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 6 Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down.
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

FAITH.

432

L.M.

WATTS.

*What things were gain to me, those I counted
loss for Christ.—Philippians iii. 7.*

- 1 **N**O more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done ?
I quit the hopes I held before
To trust the merits of Thy Son.
- 2 Now, for the love I bear His name,
What was my gain I count my loss ;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to His cross.
- 3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesu's sake ;
O may my soul be found in Him,
And of His righteousness partake !
- 4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before Thy throne ;
But faith can answer Thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

433

S.M.

H. BONAR.

By grace ye are saved.—Eph. ii. 5.

- 1 **N**OT what these hands have done
Can save this guilty soul ;
Not what this toiling flesh has borne,
Can make my spirit whole.
- 2 Not what I feel or do,
Can give me peace with God ;
Not all my prayers, and sighs, and tears,
Can bear my awful load.
- 3 Thy work alone, O Christ,
Can ease this weight of sin ;
*Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God,
Can give me peace within.*

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

- 4 Thy love to me, O God,
Not mine, O Lord, to Thee,
Can rid me of this dark unrest,
And set my spirit free.
- 5 Thy grace alone, O God,
To me can pardon speak ;
Thy power alone, O Son of God,
Can this sore bondage break.
- 6 I bless the Christ of God,
I rest on love divine ;
And with unfaltering lip and heart,
I call this Saviour mine.
- 7 My life with Him is hid,
My death has passed away,
My clouds have melted into light,
My midnight into day.

434 ^{7s, 6 lines.} ^{TOPLADY.*}
And that rock was Christ.—I Cor. x. 4.

- 1 **R**OCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,—
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
- 2 Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands.
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone :
Thou must save, and Thou alone.
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring ;
Simply to Thy cross I cling ;
Naked, come to Thee for dress ;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace ;
Vile, I to the Fountain fly ;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

FAITH.

- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyes shall close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

435 7 6, Double. H. BONAR.
*Surely he hath borne our griefs and carried
our sorrows.—Is. liii. 4.*

- 1 I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God ;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in His blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

- 2 I lay my wants on Jesus ;
All fulness dwells in Him ;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares ;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

- 3 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild ;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy Child.
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angels' song.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

436 6664, 884 MATTHEW BRIDGES.*
*Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away
 the sin of the world.—John i. 29.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD, the Lamb of God !
 O Thou for sinners slain,
 Let it not be in vain
 That Thou hast died :
 Thee for my Saviour let me take,
 My only refuge let me make
 Thy piercèd side.
- 2 Behold the Lamb of God !
 Into the sacred flood
 Of Thy most precious blood
 My soul I cast :
 Wash me and make me clean within,
 And keep me pure from every sin,
 Till life be past.
- 3 Behold the Lamb of God !
 All hail, Incarnate Word,
 Thou everlasting Lord,
 Saviour most blest.
 Fill us with love that never faints,
 Grant us with all Thy blessed Saints
 Eternal rest.
- 4 Behold the Lamb of God !
 Worthy is He alone,
 That sitteth on the throne
 Of God above ;
 One with the Ancient of all days,
 One with the Comforter in praise,
 All Light and Love. Amen.

437 777, 777, 777 ALFORD.
Christ died for the ungodly.—Rom. v. 6.

- 1 **T**HOU didst toil my soul to gain,
 Didst redeem me with Thy pain,
 Be such labour not in vain.

FAITH

- Thou just Judge of wrath severe,
Grant my sins remission here,
Ere Thy reckoning day appear.
My transgressions grievous are,
Scarce look up for shame I dare :
Lord, Thy guilty suppliant spare.
- 2 Thou didst heal the sinner's grief,
And didst hear the dying thief :
Even I may hope relief.
All unworthy is my prayer ;
Make my soul Thy mercy's care,
And from fire eternal spare.
Place me with Thy sheep—that band
Who shall separated stand
From the goats—on Thy right hand.
- 3 When Thy voice in wrath shall say,
Cursèd ones, depart away,
Call me with the blest, I pray.
Lord, Thine ear in mercy bow,
Broken is my heart and low :
Guard of my last end be Thou.
In that day, that mournful day,
When to judgment wakes our clay,
Show me mercy, Lord, I pray.

438

6686, 66, 884

H. BONAR.

Complete in Him.—Col. ii. 10.

- 1 FATHER, Thy Son hath died
The sinner's death of woe ;
Stooping in love from heaven to earth,
Our curse to undergo—
Our curse to undergo
Upon the hateful tree.
Give glory to Thy Son, O Lord,
Put honour on that Name of names
By blessing me !

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

2 Father, Thy Son hath borne
The sinner's doom of shame ;
Bearing His cross without the gate,
He met the law's full claim ;
He met the law's full claim,
Sin's righteous penalty.
Give glory to Thy Son, O Lord,
Put honour on that Name of names
By pardoning me !

3 Father, Thy Son hath poured
His life-blood on the earth,
To cleanse away our guilt and stains,
To give us second birth ;
To give us second birth,
From sin to set us free.
Give glory to Thy Son, O Lord,
Put honour on that Name of names
By cleansing me !

4 Father, Thy Son to Thee
Is now gone up on high
Enthroned in heaven, at Thy right hand,
He reigns eternally ;
He reigns eternally
In might and majesty.
Give glory to Thy Son, O Lord,
Put honour on that Name of names
By raising me !

5 Father, Thy Son is King,
Heaven's crown and earth is His ;
For us, for us, He bought the crown,
For us He earned the bliss.
For us He earned the bliss.
Amen. So let it be !
Glory to Thy Son, O Lord,
Put honour on that Name of names
By crowning me !

FAITH.

439 ^{8,7.}
He that believeth on Me hath everlasting life.
 John vi. 47.

- 1 **L**IFE eternal ! Life eternal !
 Words that pierce the heart with fire ;
 Life eternal ! Life eternal !
 How my soul doth Thee desire !
- 2 Life eternal ! Life eternal !
 Hope of hopes to mortal man ;
 Life eternal ! life eternal !
 I will grasp thee if I can.
- 3 Life eternal ! life eternal !
 Depth of depth of bliss unknown ;
 Life eternal ! life eternal !
 Thee I seek in Christ alone.

440 ^{C.M. E. H. BICKERSTETH.}
In whom we have redemption.—Col. i. 14.

- 1 **O** JESUS, Saviour of the lost,
 My Rock and hiding-place,
 By storms of sin and sorrow tossed,
 I seek Thy sheltering grace.
- 2 Guilty, forgive me, Lord, I cry ;
 Pursued by foes I come ;
 A sinner, save me, or I die ;
 An outcast take me home.
- 3 Once safe in Thine almighty arms,
 Let storms come on amain ;
 There danger never never harms ;
 There death itself is gain.
- 4 And when I stand before Thy throne
 And all Thy glory see,
 Still be my righteousness alone
 To hide myself in Thee.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

441 ^{664, 666 4.} *I live by the faith of the Son of God.*—Gal. ii. 20. RAY PALMER.

1 MY faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine :
Now hear me while I pray ;
Take all my guilt away ;
O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire :
As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide ;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll :
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove ;
O bear me safe above—
A ransomed soul.

442 ^{C.M.} *They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick.*—Matthew ix. 12. COWPER.

1 HEAL us, Immanuel, we are here,
Waiting to feel Thy touch ;
Deep-wounded souls to Thee repair ;
And, Saviour, we are such.

FAITH.

- 2 Our faith is feeble, we confess :
We faintly trust Thy word ;
But wilt Thou pity us the less ?
Be that far from Thee, Lord.
- 3 Remember him who once applied
With trembling for relief :—
Lord, I believe, with tears he cried,
O help my unbelief.
- 4 She, too, who touched Thee in the press,
And healing virtue stole,
Was answered,—Daughter, go in peace,
Thy faith hath made thee whole.
- 5 Concealed amid the gathering throng,
She would have shunned Thy view ;
And if her faith was firm and strong,
Had strong misgivings too.
- 6 Like her, with hopes and fears we come,
To touch Thee, if we may ;
O send us not despairing home ;
Send none unhealed away.

443

C.M.

LATIN HYMN, tr. EDWARD CASWALL.

*Who gave Himself for us that He might redeem
us from all iniquity.*—Titus ii. 14.

- 1 **O** 'THOU, who 'Thine own Father's breast
Forsaking, Word sublime !
Didst come to aid a world distressed
In Thy appointed time.
- 2 Our hearts enlighten with Thy ray,
And kindle with Thy love ;
That, dead to earthly things, we may
Live but to things above.
- 3 So when before the judgment-seat
The sinner hears his doom,
And when a voice divinely sweet
Shall call the righteous home ;

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

- 4 Safe from the black and fiery flood
That sweeps the dread abyss,
May we behold the face of God
In everlasting bliss.
- 5 Now to the Father, with the Son,
And Spirit evermore,
Be glory while the ages run
As in all time before.
-

SURRENDER OF THE SOUL TO GOD.

444

8888, 6. [OBERLIN, *fr.* MRS. D. WILSON.]
I am Thine.—Psalm cxix. 94.

- 1 **O** LORD, Thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail, inconstant heart ;
Henceforth my chief desire shall be,
To dedicate myself to Thee.
To Thee, my God, to Thee !
- 2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy ;
'That silent, secret thought shall be,
That all my hopes are fixed on Thee.
On Thee, my God, on Thee !
- 3 Thy glorious eye pervades all space ;
Thou'rt present, Lord, in every place ;
And wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to Thee.
To Thee, my God, to Thee !
- 4 Renouncing every worldly thing ;
Safe neath the covert of Thy wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,
That all I want I find in Thee.
In Thee, my God, in Thee.

SURRENDER OF THE SOUL TO GOD.

445 S.M. C. WESLEY.
Yield yourselves unto God.—Romans vi. 13.

1 LORD, in the strength of grace,
 With a glad heart and free,
 Myself, my residue of days,
 I consecrate to Thee.

2 Thy ransomed servant, I
 Restore to Thee Thine own;
 And from this moment live or die
 To serve my God alone.

446 C.M. BEDDOME.
*When thou vowest a vow unto God, defer not
 to pay it.*—Ecclesiastes v. 4.

1 WITNESS, ye men and angels, now;
 Before the Lord we speak;
 To Him we make our solemn vow,
 A vow we dare not break;

2 That, long as life itself shall last,
 Ourselves to Christ we yield;
 Nor from His cause will we depart,
 Or ever quit the field.

3 We trust not in our native strength,
 But on His grace rely,
 That, with returning wants, the Lord
 Will all our need supply.

4 O guide our doubtful feet aright,
 And keep us in Thy ways;
 And while we turn our vows to prayers,
 Turn Thou our prayers to praise.

447 87. [RAY PALMER.]
Made sorry after a godly manner.
 2 Corinthians vii. 9.

1 TAKE me, O my Father, take me;
 Take me, save me, through Thy Son;
 That which Thou would'st have me, make me;
 Let Thy will in me be done.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

- 2 Long from Thee my footsteps straying,
Thorny proved the way I trod ;
Weary, come I now, and praying,
Take me to Thy love, my God.
- 3 Fruitless years with grief recalling,
Humbly I confess my sin ;
At Thy feet, O Father, falling,
To Thy household take me in.
- 4 Freely now to Thee I proffer
This relenting heart of mine ;
Freely life and soul I offer,
Gift unworthy love like Thine.
- 5 Once, the world's Redeemer, dying,
Bore our sins upon the tree ;
On that sacrifice relying,
Now I look in hope to Thee.
- 6 Father, take me, all-forgiving,
Fold me to Thy loving breast ;
In Thy love for ever living,
I must be for ever blest.

448

L.M.

WATTS.⁶

Come out from among them.—2 Cor. vi. 17.

- 1 I SEND the joys of earth away ;
Away ye tempters of the mind ;
False as the smooth deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.
- 2 Your streams were floating me along,
Down to the gulf of black despair !
And whilst I listened to your song,
Your streams had e'en conveyed me there.
- 3 Lord, I adore Thy matchless grace,
That warned me of that dark abyss,
That drew me from those treacherous seas,
And bade me seek superior bliss.

SURRENDER OF THE SOUL TO GOD.

- 4 Now to the shining realms above
I stretch my hands, and lift my eyes ;
O for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies !
- 5 There from the presence of my God,
Oceans of endless pleasure roll ;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

449 ^{87, 87, 48.}
Will ye also go away ?—John vi. 67.

- 1 **L**EAVE Thee ! no, my dearest Saviour,
Thee whose blood my pardon bought ;
Slight Thy mercy, scorn Thy favour !
Perish such an impious thought ;
Leave Thee—never !
Where for peace could I resort ?
- 2 Be offended at Thee—never !
Thee to whom my all I owe ;
Rather shall my heart endeavour
With unceasing love to glow.
Leave Thee—never !
Where for safety could I go ?
- 3 Thou alone art my salvation ;
There is none can save but Thee ;
Thou, through Thy divine oblation,
From my guilt hast set me free ;
Leave Thee—never !
Thou, O Lord, hast died for me.
- 4 But, O Lord, Thou know'st my weakness,
Know'st how prone I am to stray ;
God of love, of truth, of meekness,
Guide and keep me in Thy way !
Blest Redeemer ;
Let me never from Thee stray.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

450 S.M. DODDRIDGE.
He that is joined unto the Lord is one spirit.
1 Corinthians vi. 17.

- 1 MY Saviour, I am Thine,
By everlasting bands ;
My name, my heart, I would resign ;
My soul is in Thy hands.
- 2 To Thee I still would cleave,
With ever-growing zeal ;
Let millions tempt me Christ to leave,
They never shall prevail.
- 3 His Spirit shall unite
My soul to Him, my Head ;
Shall form me to His image bright,
And teach His path to tread.
- 4 Death may my soul divide
From this abode of clay ;
But love shall keep me near His side,
Through all the gloomy way.
- 5 Since Christ and we are one,
What should remain to fear ?
If He in heaven hath fixed His throne,
He'll fix His members there.

451 L.M. Six lines.
SCHEFFLER, tr. J. WESLEY.*
I will love Thee, O Lord my strength.
Psalm xviii. 1.

- 1 THEE will I love, my strength, my tower ;
Thee will I love, my joy, my crown ;
Thee will I love, with all my power,
In all Thy works, and Thee alone ;
Thee will I love, till the pure fire
Fills my whole soul with strong desire.

SURRENDER OF THE SOUL TO GOD.

- 1 In darkness willingly I strayed ;
 I sought Thee, yet from Thee I roved ;
Far wide my wandering thoughts were spread ;
 Thy creatures more than Thee I loved ;
And now if more at length I see,
 'Tis through Thy light, and comes from Thee.
- 3 I thank Thee, uncreated Sun,
 That Thy bright beams on me have shined ;
I thank Thee, who hast overthrown
 My foes, and healed my wounded mind ;
I thank Thee, Lord, whose quickening voice
 Bids my freed heart in Thee rejoice.
- 4 Uphold me in the doubtful race,
 Nor suffer me again to stray ;
Strengthen my feet with steady pace
 Still to press forward in Thy way ;
My soul and flesh, O Lord of might,
 Transfigure with Thy heavenly light.
- 5 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,
 Thee will I love, my Lord, my God ;
Thee will I love, beneath Thy frown,
 Or smile—Thy sceptre, or Thy rod ;
What though my flesh and heart decay,
 Thee shall I love in endless day !
-

THANKSGIVING FOR SALVATION.

452

C.M.

H. BONAR.

By the grace of God I am what I am.
1 Corinthians xv. 10.

- 1 **A**LL that I was, my sin, my guilt,
My death, was all mine own ;
All that I am I owe to Thee,
My gracious God, alone.
- 2 The evil of my former state
Was mine, and only mine ;
The good in which I now rejoice
Is Thine, and only Thine.
- 3 The darkness of my former night,
The bondage—all was mine ;
The light of life in which I walk,
The liberty—is Thine.
- 4 Thy grace first made me feel my sin,
It taught me to believe ;
Then, in believing, peace I found,
And now in Christ I live.
- 5 All that I am, e'en here on earth,
All that I hope to be,
When Jesus comes and glory dawns,
I owe it, Lord, to Thee.

THANKSGIVING FOR SALVATION.

453

S.M. Double.

H. BONAR.

My sheep which was lost.—Luke xv. 6.

- 1 I WAS a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold ;
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled.
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home ;
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.
- 2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The Father sought His child,
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild.
They found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone ;
They bound me with the bands of love ;
They saved the wandering one !
- 3 Jesus my Shepherd is,
'Twas He that loved my soul ;
'Twas He that washed me in His blood,
'Twas He that made me whole.
'Twas He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep ;
'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
'Tis He that still doth keep.
- 4 I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be controlled ;
But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
I love, I love the fold.
I was a wayward child :
I once preferred to roam,
But now I love my Father's voice ;
I love, I love His home.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

454 L.M. T. H. GILL.
Not that we loved God, but that He loved us.
 1 John iv. 10.

- 1 **O** NOT upon our waiting eyes,
 Lord, did the heavenly lustre break ;
 Not to our love's beseeching cries
 Did love divine slow answer make.
- 2 We made no haste to seek Thy face ;
 Thy angels found no listening ear ;
 We did not urge Thy lingering grace,
 Nor win Thy distant glory near.
- 3 O, no ! Thy voice was first to speak ;
 Thy glory, Lord, was swift to come ;
 Thy love made gracious haste to seek,
 And sweetly urge the wanderers home.
- 4 The heavenly glory would descend
 Ere angel-wings to us were given ;
 And love divine would earthward bend,
 To make our souls in love with heaven.
- 5 O if with holy fire we burn,
 'Tis from the flame celestial caught ;
 Yes, heavenward now we sometimes yearn,
 Since heaven our souls so sweetly sought.

455 L.M. MEDLEY.
I will mention the loving-kindnesses of the
Lord.—Isaiah lxiii. 7.

- 1 **A** WAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
 And sing the great Redeemer's praise ;
 He justly claims a song from me ;
 His loving-kindness, O how free !
- 2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
 Yet loved me, notwithstanding all ;
 He saved me from my lost estate ;
 His loving-kindness, O how great !

THANKSGIVING FOR SALVATION.

- 3 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,
He near my soul has ever stood ;
His loving-kindness, O how good !
- 4 Soon shall I pass the gloomy veil ;
Soon all my mortal powers must fail ;
O may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death !
- 5 Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day ;
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

456

C.M.

WATTS.

According to His mercy He saved us.

Titus iii. 5.

- 1 **L**ORD, we confess our numerous faults,
How great our guilt has been !
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
And all our lives were sin.
- 2 But, O my soul, for ever praise,
For ever love His name
Who turns Thy feet from dangerous ways
Of folly, sin, and shame.
- 3 'Tis not by works of righteousness
Which our own hands have done ;
But we are saved by sovereign grace,
Abounding through His Son.
- 4 Raised from the dead, we live anew !
And, justified by grace,
*We shall appear in glory too,
And see our Father's face.*

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

457 S.M.
*The God of all grace, who hath called us
unto His eternal glory.—1 Peter v. 10.*

1 NOT to ourselves we owe
That we, O God, are Thine ;
Jesus, the Sun, our night broke through,
And gave us light divine.

2 The Father's grace and love,
This blessed mercy gave,
And Jesus left the throne above,
The wandering sheep to save.

3 No more the heirs of wrath,
Bright days of peace we see ;
And, Father, in confiding faith,
We cast our souls on Thee.

4 We drink the living stream
To all Thy children given,
The love which Thou hast made to beam
From Christ, the Heir of Heaven.

5 With the adopted band,
Soon shall we see Thee there ;
With them and Him in glory stand,
And all His honours share.

458 86, 86, 888, 6. [SWERTNER.]
Hath made us kings and priests unto God.
Revelation i. 6.

1 SING hallelujah ! praise the Lord !
Sing with a cheerful voice ;
Exalt our God with loud accord,
And in His name rejoice.
Ne'er cease to sing, thou ransomed host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Until in realms of endless light,
Your praises shall unite.

THANKSGIVING FOR SALVATION.

- 2 There, we to all eternity
Shall join the angelic lays,
And sing, in perfect harmony,
To God the Saviour's praise :
He hath redeemed us by His blood ;
Hath made us kings and priests to God ;
For us the heavenly Lamb was slain ;
Praise ye the Lord ! Amen.

159 C.M. Double. J. A. E.
In this was manifested the love of God toward us.
1 John iv. 9.

- 1 **W**E love Thee, Lord, yet not alone
Because Thy bounteous hand
Showers down its rich and ceaseless gifts
On ocean and on land ;
Because Thou bidst the sun go forth
Rejoicing in His might,
And kindle earth to glowing life
And beauty with his light.
- 2 We love Thee, Lord, because when we
Had erred and gone astray,
Thou didst recall our wandering souls
Into the heavenward way ;
When helpless, hopeless we were lost
In sin and sorrow's night,
Thou didst send forth a guiding ray
Of Thy benignant light.
- 3 Because, when we forsook Thy ways,
Nor kept Thy holy will,
Thou wast not the avenging Judge,
Thou wast our Father still ;
Because we have forgot Thee, Lord.
Yet Thou hast not forgot ;
Because we have forsaken Thee,
Yet Thou forsakest not.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

- 4 Because, O Lord, Thou lovedst us
With everlasting love ;
Because Thy Son came down to die,
That we might live above ;
Because when we were heirs of wrath,
Thou gavest hopes of heaven ;
Yes ; much we love, who much have sinned,
And much have been forgiven.

460

C.M. [SPITTA, *tr.* H. L. LUTHER.]

If any man be in Christ he is a new creature.

2 Corinthians v. 17.

- 1 **W**E praise and bless Thee, gracious Lord,
Our Saviour, kind and true,
For all the old things passed away,
For all Thou hast made new.
- 2 New hopes, new purposes, desires,
And joys, Thy grace has given ;
Old ties are broken from the earth,
New ties attach to heaven.
- 3 But yet, how much must be destroyed,
How much renewed must be,
Ere we can fully stand complete
In likeness, Lord, to Thee !
- 4 Thou, only Thou, must carry on
The work Thou hast begun ;
Of Thine own strength Thou must impart,
In Thine own ways to run.
- 5 Ah ! leave us not ; from day to day
Revive, restore again ;
Our feeble steps do Thou direct,
Our enemies restrain.
- 6 So shall we faultless stand at last,
Before Thy Father's throne ;
The blessedness for ever ours,
The glory all Thine own.

THANKSGIVING FOR SALVATION.

461 C.M. J. S. B. MONSELL.
*This thy brother was dead and is alive again,
 and was lost and is found.—Luke xv. 32.*

- 1 **W**HEN I had wandered from His fold,
 His love the wanderer sought ;
 When slave-like into bondage sold,
 His blood my freedom bought ;
- 2 Therefore that life, by Him redeemed,
 Is His through all its days ;
 And as with blessings it hath teemed,
 So let it teem with praise ;
- 3 For I am His, and He is mine,
 The God whom I adore !
 My Father, Saviour, Comforter,
 Now and for evermore.
- 4 When sunk in sorrow, I despaired,
 And changed my hopes for fears,
 He bore my griefs, my burden shared,
 And wiped away my tears ;
- 5 Therefore the joy by Him restored,
 To Him by right belongs ;
 And to my gracious, loving Lord
 I'll sing through life my songs ;
- 6 For I am His, and He is mine,
 The God whom I adore ;
 My Father, Saviour, Comforter,
 Now and for evermore.

462 7s. Six lines. MC.CHEYNE.®
Salvation ready to be revealed in the last time.
 1 Peter i. 5.

- 1 **W**HEN this passing world is done,
 When has sunk yon radiant sun ;
 When I stand with Christ on high,
 Looking o'er life's history,
 Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
 Not till then—how much I owe.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

- 2 When I stand before the throne,
Dressed in beauty not mine own ;
When I see Thee as Thou art,
Love Thee with unsinning heart ;
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.
- 3 Now on earth, as through a glass,
Darkly let Thy glory pass ;
Make forgiveness feel so sweet,
Make Thy Spirit's help so meet,
E'en on earth, Lord, make me know
Something of the debt I owe.

463 87, 87, 87, 77. T. MOORE.*
We joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ.
Rom. v. 11.

- 1 **S**INCE first Thy word awaked my heart,
Like new life dawning o'er me,
Where'er I turn mine eyes Thou art
All light and love before me ;
Nought else I feel, or hear, or see,
All bonds of earth I sever ;
Thee, O God ! and only Thee,
I live for, now and ever.
- 2 Like him, whose fetters dropped away
When light shone o'er his prison,
My spirit, touched by mercy's ray,
Has from her chains arisen.
And shall a soul Thou hast made free
Return to bondage ? Never !
Thee, O God ! and only Thee,
I live for, now and ever.

SPIRITUAL DEPRESSION.

464

C.M. TATE AND BRADY.
Psalm xiii.

- 1 **H**OW long wilt Thou forget me, Lord ?
Must I for ever mourn ?
How long wilt Thou withdraw from me,
Oh ! never to return ?
- 2 O hear, and to my longing eyes
Restore Thy wonted light ;
And suddenly, or I shall sleep
In everlasting night.
- 3 Since I have always placed my trust
Beneath Thy mercy's wing,
Thy saving health will come, and then
My heart with joy shall spring.
- 4 Then shall my song, with praise inspired,
To Thee, my God, ascend,
Who to Thy servant in distress
Such bounty didst extend.

465

7s. Six lines. MONTGOMERY.
Psalm xliii.

- 1 **J**UDGE me, Lord, in righteousness,
Plead for me in my distress ;
Good and merciful Thou art ;
Bind this bleeding, broken heart :
Cast me *not despairing* hence ;
Be Thy love my confidence.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

- 2 Send Thy light and truth to guide
Me, too prone to turn aside,
On Thy holy hill to rest,
In Thy tabernacles blest ;
There to God, my chiefest joy,
Praise shall all my powers employ.
- 3 Why, my soul, art Thou dismayed ?
Why of earth or hell afraid ?
'Trust in God ; disdain to yield,
While o'er thee He casts His shield,
And His countenance divine
Sheds the light of heaven on thine.

466 C.M. STEELE.
That walketh in darkness, and hath no light.
Isaiah l. 10.

- 1 **H**EAR, gracious God ! my humble moan ;
To Thee I breathe my sighs ;
When will the mournful night be gone,
And when my joys arise ?
- 2 My God ! O could I make the claim—
My Father and my Friend—
And call Thee mine, by every name
On which Thy saints depend !
- 3 By every name of power and love
I would Thy grace entreat ;
Nor should my humble hopes remove,
Nor leave Thy sacred seat.
- 4 Yet, though my soul in darkness mourns,
Thy word is all my stay ;
Here would I rest till light returns,
Thy presence makes my day.
- 5 Speak, Lord, and bid celestial peace
Relieve my aching heart !
O smile, and bid my sorrows cease,
And all the gloom depart.

SPIRITUAL DEPRESSION.

- 6 Then shall my drooping spirit rise,
And bless Thy healing rays,
And change these deep complaining sighs
For songs of sacred praise !

467 *O Lord my refuge in the day of affliction.*
C.M. STEELE.
Jeremiah xvi. 19.

- 1 **D**EAR Refuge of my weary soul,
On Thee, when sorrows rise,
On Thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.
- 2 To Thee I tell each rising grief,
For 'Thou alone canst heal ;
'Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.
- 3 But O ! when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call Thee mine ;
The springs of comfort seem to fail, .
And all my hopes decline.
- 4 Yet gracious God, where shall I flee ?
Thou art mine only trust ;
And still my soul would cleave to Thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.
- 5 Hast 'Thou not bid me seek Thy face ?
And shall I seek in vain ?
And can the ear of sovereign grace
Be deaf when I complain ?
- 6 No ! still the ear of sovereign grace
Attends the mourner's prayer.
O may I ever find access,
'To breathe my sorrows there.
- 7 Thy mercy-seat is open still ;
There let my soul retreat ;
*With humble hope attend Thy will,
And wait beneath Thy feet.*

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

468 L.M. STEELE.*
Thou hast the words of eternal life.
John vi. 68.

- 1 **T**HOU only Sovereign of my heart,
My Refuge, my almighty Friend,
And can my soul from Thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend ?
- 2 Whither, ah ! whither shall I go,
A guilty wanderer from my Lord ?
Can this dark world of sin and woe
One glimpse of happiness afford ?
- 3 Eternal life Thy words impart ;
On these my fainting spirit lives ;
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart,
Than the whole round of nature gives.
- 4 Thy name mine inmost powers adore ;
'Thou art my life, my joy, my care.
Depart from Thee—'tis death—'tis more ;
'Tis endless ruin, deep despair.
- 5 Low at Thy feet my soul would lie ;
Here safety dwells, and peace divine.
Still let me live beneath Thine eye,
For life, eternal life, is Thine.

469 L.M. LATIN HYMN, tr. JOHN CHANDLER.
Redeem me and be merciful unto me.
Psalm xxvi. 11.

- 1 **T**HOU, great Creator, art possesst,
And Thou alone, of endless rest ;
To angels only it belongs
To lift to Thee their ceaseless songs.
- 2 But we must toil, and toil again,
With ceaseless woe and endless pain ;
How then can we, in exile drear,
Lift the glad song of glory here ?

SPIRITUAL DEPRESSION.

- 3 O Thou, who wilt forgiving be
To all who truly turn to Thee,
Grant us to mourn the heavy cause
Of all our woe, Thy broken laws.
- 4 Then to such salutary grief
Let faith and hope bring due relief;
And we, too, soon shall be possest
Of ceaseless songs and endless rest.

470 *My grace is sufficient for thee.*—2 Cor. xii. 9. J. D. BURNS.
777, 5.

- 1 THOU who didst on Calvary bleed,
Thou who dost for sinners plead,
Help me in my time of need;
Jesus, hear my cry.
- 2 In my darkness and my grief,
With my heart of unbelief,
I, who am of sinners chief,
Lift to Thee mine eye.
- 3 Foes without and fears within,
With no plea Thy grace to win,
But that Thou canst save from sin,
To Thy cross I fly.
- 4 Others long in fetters bound,
There deliverance sought and found,
Heard the voice of mercy sound;
Surely so may I.
- 5 There on Thee I cast my care,
There to Thee I raise my prayer;
Jesus, save me from despair;
Save me, or I die.
- 6 When the storms of trial lower,
When I feel temptation's power,
In the last and darkest hour,
Jesus, be Thou nigh.

SPIRITUAL DECLENSION.

471 S.M. H. BONAR.
Give thanks at the remembrance of His holiness.—Psalm xxx. 4.

1 **A** SINFUL man am I,
Therefore I come to Thee ;
To Thee the Holy and the Just,
That Thou mayest pity me.

2 Wert Thou not holy, Lord,
Why should I come to Thee ?
It is Thy holiness that makes
Thee, Lord, so meet for me.

3 Wert Thou not gracious, Lord,
I must in dread depart ;
It is the riches of Thy grace
That win and draw my heart.

4 Wert Thou not righteous, Lord,
I dare not come to Thee ;
It is a righteous pardon, Lord,
Alone that suiteth me.

5 Our God is love—we come ;
Our God is light—we stay ;
Abiding ever in His word,
And walking in His way.

6 Mercy and truth are His,
Unchanging faithfulness ;
The cross is all our boast and trust,
And Jesus is our peace.

SPIRITUAL DECLENSION.

7 We give Thee glory, Lord,
Thy majesty adore ;
Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
We bless for evermore.

472 C.M. JOHN MORRISON
Come and let us return unto the Lord.
Hosea vi. 1.

- 1 COME, let us to the Lord our God
With contrite hearts return ;
Our God is gracious, nor will leave
The desolate to mourn.
- 2 His voice commands the tempest forth,
And stills the stormy wave ;
And, though His arm be strong to smite,
'Tis also strong to save.
- 3 Long hath the night of sorrow reigned ;
The dawn shall bring us light ;
God shall appear, and we shall rise
With gladness in His sight.
- 4 Our hearts, if God we seek to know
Shall know Him and rejoice ;
His coming like the morn shall be,
Like morning songs His voice.
- 5 So shall His presence bless our souls,
And shed a joyful light ;
That hallowed morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night.

473 L.M. Double. [KEBLE.
Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God.
Ephesians iv. 30.

- 1 HOW dare we pray Thee dwell within
These hearts defiled by wilful sin ?
Yet, Holy Ghost, do not depart,
Leave not to earth our earthly heart ;

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

And if Thou seest us erring still,
O bend to Thine our stubborn will,
And bring us to the fold again,
If need, by chastisement and pain.

- 2 Bring us, by all the powers of sense,
By all the course of providence,
By inmost conscience, not yet dumb,
By all the past, by all to come,
By God's best gifts, His Son to die,
And then our hearts to sanctify ;
Bring us, before our sun go down,
To bear the cross, to win the crown.

474 C.M. WATT
Receive not the grace of God in vain.
2 Corinthians vi. 1.

- 1 **L**ONG have I sat beneath the sound
Of Thy salvation, Lord ;
But still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of Thy word !
- 2 Oft I frequent Thy Holy place,
And hear almost in vain ;
How small a portion of Thy grace
My memory can retain !
- 3 How cold and feeble is my love !
How negligent my fear !
How low my hope of joys above !
How few affections there !
- 4 Great God ! Thy sovereign power impart
To give Thy word success ;
Write Thy salvation in my heart,
And make me learn Thy grace.
- 5 Show my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high ;
There knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

SPIRITUAL DECLENSION.

475

C.M.

LATIN HYMN, *tr.* EDWARD CASWALL.

I am Thine; save me.—Psalm cxix. 94.

- 1 **M**UCH have we sinned, O Lord! and still
We sin each day we live;
Yet pour Thy pity from on high,
And of Thy grace forgive.
- 2 Remember that we still are Thine,
Though of a fallen frame;
And take not from us in Thy wrath
The glory of Thy name.
- 3 Undo past evil; grant us, Lord,
More grace to do aright;
So may we now and ever find
Acceptance in Thy sight.

476

L.M.

F. W. FADER.

*Oh, that men would praise the Lord for His
goodness.*—Psalm cvii. 8.

- 1 **M**Y soul, what hast thou done for God?
Look o'er thy misspent years and see;
Sum up what thou hast done for God,
And then what God hath done for thee.
- 2 He made thee when He might have made
A soul that would have loved Him more;
He rescued thee from nothingness,
And set thee on life's happy shore.
- 3 The Son hath come; and maddened sin
The world's Creator crucified;
The Spirit comes, and stays, while men
His presence doubt, His gifts deride.
- 4 O wonderful, O passing thought,
The love that God hath had for thee!
Spending on thee no less a sum
Than the undivided Trinity!

- 5 What hast thou done for God, my soul ?
 Look o'er thy misspent years and see ;
 Cry from thy worse than nothingness,
 Cry for His mercy upon Thee.

477

C.M.

MILMAN

Lord, help me.—Matt. xv. 25.

- 1 **O** HELP us, Lord, each hour of need,
 Thy heavenly succour give ;
 Help us in thought and word and deed,
 Each hour, on earth, we live.
- 2 O help us, when our spirits bleed
 With contrite anguish sore ;
 And when our hearts are cold and dead,
 O help us, Lord, the more.
- 3 O help us, through the prayer of faith,
 More firmly to believe ;
 For still the more Thy servant hath,
 The more shall he receive.
- 4 O help us, Saviour, from on high,
 We know no help but Thee ;
 O help us so to live and die,
 As Thine in heaven to be.

478

5 5 7, 5 5 7.

HEBER.*

Be merciful unto me.—Ps. xli. 4.

O MOST merciful !
 O most bountiful !
 God the Father Almighty !
 By the Redeemer's
 Strong intercession,
 Hear us, help us when we cry !

479

L.M.

WATTS.

Psalm li.

- 1 **O** THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
 Though all my crimes before Thee lie,
 Behold them not with angry look,
 But blot their memory from Thy book.

SPIRITUAL DECLENSION,

- 2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin ;
Let Thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide Thy presence from my heart.
- 3 I cannot live without Thy light,
Cast out and banished from Thy sight ;
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.
- 4 Though I have grieved Thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford ;
And let me come before Thy throne,
To plead the merits of Thy Son.
- 5 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring ;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.
- 6 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns the dreadful sentence just ;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.
- 7 O may Thy love inspire my tongue ;
Salvation shall be all my song ;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

480

C.M.
Psalm cxxx.

[JOHN RYLAND.]

- 1 **O**UT of the depths of doubt and fear,
Depths of despair and grief,
I cry ; my voice, O Jesus, hear,
And come to my relief !
- 2 Thy gracious ear, O Saviour, bow
To my distressful cries,
For who shall stand, O Lord, if Thou
Shouldst mark iniquities ?

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

- 3 But why do I my soul distress?
Forgiveness is with Thee :
With Thee there is abundant grace,
That Thou may'st fearèd be.
- 4 Then for the Lord my soul shall wait,
And in His word I'll hope ;
Continue knocking at His gate,
Till He the door shall ope.
- 5 Not weary guards who watch for morn
And stand with longing eyes,
Feel such desires to see the dawn,
The joyful dawn arise !
- 6 They never feel such warm desires
As those which in me move,
As those wherewith my soul aspires
To see the 'God of love !
- 7 O God of mercy ! let me not
Then hope for Thee in vain ;
Nor let me ever be forgot,
And in despair remain.

481

C.M.

Walk ye in Him.— Col. ii. 6.

- 1 **O** FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame ;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord ?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word ?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed
How sweet their memory still !
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

SPIRITUAL DECLENSION.

- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest :
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame :
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

482

7s. Double.

SIR R. GRANT.

The things which He suffered.—Heb. v. 8.

- 1 SAVIOUR, when in dust to Thee
Low we bend the adoring knee ;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes ;
O ! by all the pains and woe,
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from Thy Throne on high,
Hear our solemn Litany.
- 2 By Thy helpless infant years,
By Thy life of want and tears,
By Thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness,
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power ;
Turn, oh ! turn a favouring eye,
Hear our solemn Litany.
- 3 By the sacred grief that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept ;
By the *boding* tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode ;

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

By the anguished sigh that told
Treachery lurked within Thy fold ;
From Thy seat above the sky,
Hear our solemn Litany.

4 By Thine hour of dire despair,
By Thine agony of prayer ;
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear and torturing scorn ;
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice,
Listen to our humble cry ;
Hear our solemn Litany.

5 By Thy deep expiring groan ;
By the sad sepulchral stone ;
By the vault whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God ;
Oh ! from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty re-ascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn Litany.

483

87, 87, 887.
Psalm cxxx.

1 **T**HY sovereign grace and boundless love
Make Thee, O Lord, forgiving ;
My purest thoughts and deeds but prove
Sin in my heart is living ;
None guiltless in Thy sight appear,
All who approach Thy throne must fear,
And humbly trust Thy mercy.

2 Thou canst be merciful while just,
This is my hope's foundation ;
On Thy redeeming grace I trust,
Grant me, then, Thy salvation ;

SPIRITUAL DECLENSION.

Shielded by Thee I stand secure,
Thy word is firm, Thy promise sure,
And I rely upon Thee.

- 3 Like those who watch for midnight's hour
To hail the dawning morrow,
I wait for Thee, I trust Thy power,
Unmoved by doubt or sorrow.
So thus let Israel hope in thee,
And he shall find Thy mercy free,
And Thy redemption plenteous.

- 4 Where'er the greatest sins abound,
By grace they are exceeded ;
Thy helping hand is always found
With aid, where aid is needed ;
Thy hand, the only hand to save,
Will rescue Israel from the grave,
And pardon His transgression.

484 C.M. COWPER.
*A broken and a contrite heart, O Lord, Thou
wilt not despise.—Psalm li. 17.*

- 1 **D**EAR Lord, accept a sinful heart,
Which of itself complains,
And mourns, with much and frequent smart,
The evil it contains.
- 2 How eager are my thoughts to roam
In quest of what they love !
But, ah ! when duty calls them home,
How heavily they move.
- 3 O cleanse me in the Saviour's blood ;
Transform me by Thy power ;
And make me Thy beloved abode,
And let me roam no more.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

485 ^{7s.} *Forgive us our debts, as we forgive.* CONDER.
Matthew vi. 12.

- 1 **F**ATHER, to Thy sinful child
Though Thy law is reconciled,
By Thy pardoning grace I live ;
Daily still I cry, Forgive.
- 2 Though my ransom-price He paid
Upon whom my guilt was laid,
Humbly at Thy mercy-seat,
Full remission I entreat.
- 3 Lord, forgive me, day by day,
Debts I cannot hope to pay,
Duties I have left undone,
Evils I have failed to shun ;
- 4 Trespasses in word or thought ;
Deeds from evil motive wrought ;
Cold ingratitude, distrust ;
Thoughts unhallowed and unjust.
- 5 Gracious Lord, and are there those
Who my debtors are, or foes ?
I, who by forgiveness live,
Here their trespasses forgive.
- 6 Much forgiven, may I learn
Love for hatred to return ;
Then assured my heart shall be,
Thou, my God, hast pardoned me.

RENEWAL OF DEDICATION.

486 L.M. DODDRIDGE.*
They...first gave their own selves to the Lord.
2 Corinthians viii. 5.

- 1 O HAPPY day that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God ;
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.
- 2 'Tis done, the great transaction's done ;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine ;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Glad to confess the voice divine.
- 3 Now rest, my long-divided heart ;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest.
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When called on angel's bread to feast ?
- 4 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear ;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

487 C.M. T. H. GILL.
He abideth faithful.—2 Timothy ii. 13.

- 1 T O O dearly, Lord, hast Thou redeemed
Not somewhat to be loved ;
Thy grace hath too divinely streamed
To leave my soul unmoved.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

- 2 Yes, more than once my lips have said,
I will Thy servant be ;
Yes, more than once my soul hath made
A holy league with Thee.
- 3 For ever stand Thy promises,
Eternal is Thy love ;
Thine everlasting faithfulness
Doth my weak vows reprove.
- 4 How often o'er my broken word
These shamèd eyes have wept !
How oft has this sad heart deplored
The covenant ill kept !
- 5 Again my service I engage ;
I pledge my love once more ;
Again Thy warfare would I wage,
But better than before.
- 6 Lord, for Thy faithfulness I yearn ;
For Thy true love I pant ;
Of Thee, of Thee I fain would learn
To keep the covenant.

488 L.M. MONTGOMERY
For me to live is Christ.—Philippians i. 21.

- 1 JESUS, our best-belovèd Friend,
Draw out our souls in pure desire ;
Jesus, in love to us descend ;
Baptise us with Thy Spirit's fire.
- 2 On Thy redeeming name we call,
Poor and unworthy though we be ;
Pardon and sanctify us all ;
Let each Thy full salvation see.
- 3 Our souls and bodies we resign,
To fear and follow Thy commands.
O take our hearts ; our hearts are Thine ;
Accept the service of our hands.

RENEWAL OF DEDICATION.

- 1 Firm, faithful, watching unto prayer,
May we Thy blessed will obey ;
Toil in Thy vineyard here, and bear
The heat and burden of the day.
- 5 Yet, Lord, for us a resting-place,
In heaven, at Thy right hand, prepare :
And till we see Thee face to face,
Be all our conversation there.

C.M.

189 *Ye call Me Master and Lord ; and ye say well,
for so I am.—John xiii. 13.*

- 1 LORD, whom I love, to Thee I give
My soul, my life, my all ;
To Thee would I devoted live,
And ne'er the gift recall.
- 2 Let every action, thought, and word
To Thy sole glory tend ;
And may I follow Thee, my Lord,
Until this life shall end.
- 3 Impress Thine image on my heart,
Let nothing else appear ;
Thy meek and lowly mind impart,
And let me feel Thee near.
- 4 If e'er to folly I incline,
My wandering feet restore,
That I may cleave to things divine
More firmly than before.
- 5 Strengthened by Thy good Spirit's might,
May I not run in vain ;
But ever watch, and pray, and fight,
And still the field retain.
- 6 Thus urge me on to run the race
Appointed here below,
Until in heaven I see Thy face,
Nor from Thy presence go.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

490

8. 7. Double.

[ROBINSON.]

Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.

1 Sam. vii. 12.

- 1 COME, Thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace :
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some celestial measure,
Sung by ransomed hosts above ;
O ! the vast, the boundless treasure
Of my Lord's unchanging love.
- 2 Here I raise mine Ebenezer ;
Hither, by Thy help, I'm come,
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God ;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.
- 3 O ! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be !
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.
Prone to wander ; Lord, I feel it ;
Prone to leave the God I love ;
Take my heart, O take and seal it,
Seal it from Thy courts above.

491

S.M.

WATTS.

*Shall we continue in sin that grace may abound ?
God forbid.—Rom. vi. 1, 2.*

- 1 SHALL we go on to sin
Because Thy grace abounds ?
Or crucify the Lord again,
And open all His wounds ?

RENEWAL OF DEDICATION.

- 2 Forbid it, mighty God !
Nor let it e'er be said,
That we whose sins are crucified,
Should raise them from the dead.
- 3 We will be slaves no more,
Since Christ has made us free ;
Has nailed our tyrants to His cross,
And bought our liberty.

492 C.M. DODDRIDGE.*
Thou knowest that I love Thee.—John xxi. 17.

- 1 DO not I love Thee, O my Lord ?
Behold my heart, and see ;
And turn each cherished idol out,
That dares to rival Thee.
- 2 Do not I love Thee from my soul ?
Then let me nothing love ;
Dead be my heart to every joy,
When Jesus cannot move.
- 3 Would not mine ardent spirit vie
With angels round the throne,
To execute Thy sacred will,
And make Thy glory known ?
- 4 Thou knowest I love Thee, dearest Lord,
But O ! I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love Thee more.

LONGING FOR GOD.

493

C.M. TATE AND BRADY
Psalm xlii.

- 1 **A**S pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So pants my soul, O God, for Thee,
And Thy refreshing grace.
- 2 For Thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine :
O when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou Majesty divine ?
- 3 I sigh to think of happier days,
When Thou, O Lord, wert nigh ;
When every heart was tuned to praise,
And none more blest than I.
- 4 O why art thou cast down, my soul ?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of Him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

494

888, 888 [GERHARD.]
*The love of God is shed abroad in our hearts
by the Holy Ghost.—Rom. v. 5.*

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY God, in whom combine
The heights and depths of love divine,
With thankful hearts to Thee we sing ;
To Thee our longing souls aspire,
In fervent flames of strong desire ;
Come and Thy sacred unction bring.

LONGING FOR GOD.

- 2 All things in earth, and air, and sea,
Exist, and live, and move in Thee :
All nature trembles at Thy voice :
With awe e'en we Thy children prove
Thy power : O let us taste Thy love ;
So evermore shall we rejoice.
- 3 O powerful love, to Thee we bow,
Object of all our wishes Thou ;
Our hearts are naked to Thine eye.
To Thee who from the eternal throne
Cam'st emptied of Thy glory down
For us to groan, to bleed, to die.
- 4 Be heaven, even now, our soul's abode ;
Hid be our life with Christ in God ;
Our spirit, Lord, be one with Thine :
Let all our works in Thee be wrought,
And filled with Thee be all our thought,
Till in us Thy full likeness shine.

95

L.M. MONTGOMERY.*
Psalm lxiii.

- 1 O GOD, Thou art my God alone :
Early to Thee my soul shall cry :
I wander in a land unknown,
A thirsty land whose springs are dry.
- 2 O that it were as it hath been,
When, praying in the holy place,
Thy power and glory I have seen,
And marked the footsteps of Thy grace.
- 3 Yet, through this rough and thorny maze,
I follow hard on Thee, my God :
Thy hand unseen upholds my ways ;
I safely tread where Thou hast trod.
- 4 Better than life itself Thy love :
Dearer than all beside to me ;
For whom have I in heaven above,
Or what on earth compared with Thee !



THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

- 5 Praise with my heart, my mind, my voi
For all Thy mercy I will give ;
My soul shall still in God rejoice ;
My tongue shall bless Thee while I liv

496

S.M.
Psalm lxiii.

v

- 1 **M**Y God, permit my tongue
This joy, to call Thee mine ;
And let mine earnest cries prevail
To taste Thy love divine.
- 2 My thirsty, fainting soul
Thy mercy doth implore ;
Not travellers in desert lands
Can pant for water more.
- 3 For life without Thy love
Can no true bliss afford ;
No joy can be compared with this,
To serve and please the Lord.
- 4 In wakeful hours of night,
I call my God to mind ;
I think how wise Thy counsels are,
And all Thy dealings kind.
- 5 Since Thou hast been my help,
To Thee my spirit flies ;
And on Thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.
- 6 The shadow of Thy wings
My soul in safety keeps ;
I follow where my Father leads,
And He supports my steps.

LONGING FOR GOD.

17

L.M.
Psalm lxiii.

WATTS.*

- 1 GREAT God, permit my humble claim,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest,
The glories that compose Thy name
Stand all engaged to make me blest.
- 2 Thou great and good, Thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father and my God ;
And I am Thine by sacred ties ;
Thy son, Thy servant, bought with blood.
- 3 With heart and eyes and lifted hands,
For Thee I long, to Thee I look,
As travellers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water-brook.
- 4 With early feet I love to appear
Among Thy saints, and seek Thy face :
Oft have I seen Thy glory here,
And felt the power of sovereign grace.
- 5 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise :
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And spend the remnant of my days.

198

C.M.
Psalm lxiii.

WATTS.*

- 1 EARLY, my God, without delay
I haste to seek Thy face ;
My thirsty spirit faints away
Without Thy cheering grace.
- 2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

- 4 No rest is to be found
But in 'Thy blessèd love :
O let my wish be crown'd,
And send it from above.

502

C.M.

G. B. BUBIER.

We love Him.—I John iv. 19.

- 1 MY God, I love Thee for Thyself,
All creature things above,—
Thy glorious works, Thy blessèd gifts
I praise ;—but Thee I love.
- 2 My God, I seek Thee for Thyself,—
Besides, I ask not aught ;
If Thee, Thyself, I do not find,
All that I find is nought.
- 3 If Thou deniest me Thyself,
Whate'er Thou givest me,
Empty and void, I languish still,
And grieve unceasingly.
- 4 Give me to find, O gracious God,
Thee, as my final end :—
To Thee in constancy of love,
Eternally to tend.

503

6 4, 6 4, 6 6 4

S. F. ADAMS.

My soul followeth hard after Thee.—Ps. lxxiii. 8.

- 1 NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me ;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
Nearer to Thee !
- 2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone ;

LONGING FOR GOD.

Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
Nearer to Thee !

3 There let my way appear,
Steps unto heaven ;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given ;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
Nearer to Thee !

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethels I'll raise ;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
Nearer to Thee !

5 And when on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
Nearer to Thee !

4 God is . . . my portion for ever. [RYLAND.]
C.M.
Psalm lxxiii. 26.

O LORD, I would delight in Thee,
And on Thy care depend :
To Thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only Friend.

When all created streams are dried,
Thy fulness is the same :
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in Thy name.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

- 3 No good in creatures can be found,
But may be found in Thee :
I must have all things and abound,
While God is God to me.
- 4 O Lord, I cast my care on Thee,
I triumph and adore ;
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and praise Thee more.

505

S.M.

J. D. BURNS.

When I awake I am still with Thee.

Psalm cxxxix. 18.

- 1 **S**TILL with Thee, O my God,
I would desire to be,
By day, by night, at home, abroad,
I would be still with Thee.
- 2 With Thee when dawn comes in
And calls me back to care,
Each day returning, to begin
With Thee, my God, in prayer.
- 3 With Thee when day is done,
And evening calms the mind,
The setting as the rising sun
With Thee my heart would find.
- 4 With Thee when darkness brings
The signal of repose,
Calm in the shadow of Thy wings
Mine eyelids I would close.
- 5 With Thee, in Thee, by faith
Abiding I would be ;
By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would be still with Thee.

LONGING FOR GOD.

506

C.M.

C. WESLEY.*

Abide with us.—Luke xxiv. 29.

- 1 COME to us, Lord, Thyself reveal,
While here o'er earth we rove ;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindling of Thy love.
- 2 With thee conversing, we forget
All time and toil and care ;
Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,
If Thou, my God, art here.
- 3 Here, then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice ;
My bounding heart shall own Thy sway,
And echo to Thy voice.
- 4 Thou callest me to seek Thy face
Till I Thy glory see ;
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my Heaven in Thee.

507

C.M.

T. H. GILL.

Let us go . . . to seek the Lord.
Zechariah viii. 21.

- 1 O SAINTS of old ! not yours alone
These words most high shall be ;
We take the glory for our own ;
Lord, we are seeking Thee.
- 2 Not only when ascends the song,
And soundeth sweet the Word ;
Not only midst the Sabbath throng
Our souls would seek the Lord.
- 3 We mingle with another throng,
And other words we speak ;
To other business we belong,
But still our Lord we seek.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

- 4 We would not to our daily task
Without our God repair ;
But in the world Thy presence ask,
And seek Thy glory there.
- 5 Would we against some wrong be bold,
And break some yoke abhorred ?
Amidst the strife and stir behold
The seekers of the Lord !
- 6 Yes, we who every yoke would break,
Who every soul would free—
The world our calling doth mistake ;
Lord, we are seeking Thee.

508

6666. 44 4 4.

T. H. GILL.

Return unto Thy rest, O my soul.

Psalm cxvi. 7.

- 1 **U** NTO thy rest return,
Thou wandering soul of mine ;
O, weary soul and worn,
Regain the arms divine.
Unto thy God
Make haste again :
Lay down thy load,
And lose thy pain.
- 2 Has toil thy strength o'erwrought ?
Has strife thy peace o'ercome ?
Has the world weakness brought ?
Go, rest thyself at home.
Take with thy Lord
New heart and might ;
Regain the sword,
Renew the fight !
- 3 Have creatures wrung thy breast,
And wronged that love of thine ?
Back to the heavenly rest,
Back to the arms divine !

LONGING FOR GOD.

There take delight,
There sweetly prove
Each depth, each height
Of sovereign love.

- 4 Alas ! this slow return !
Alas ! this brief abode !
Still vainly must I yearn
To stay with Thee, my God ?
Thine arms of love
Thou openest wide :
Still must I rove,
And ne'er abide ?

- 5 Thou sweetly dost compel ;
I bring Thee, Lord, my heart ;
I come with Thee to dwell,
No more from Thee to part ;
No more to roam,
Of Thee possessed,
The Eternal Home,
The Eternal Rest !

09 C.M. STEELE.
Doubtless Thou art our Father.—Isa. lxiii. 16.

- 1 MY God, my Father, blissful name !
O may I call Thee mine ?
May I with sweet assurance claim
A portion so divine ?
- 2 This only can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly.
What harm can ever reach my soul
Beneath my Father's eye ?
- 3 Whate'er Thy providence denies
I calmly would resign,
For Thou art good, and just, and wise ;
O bend my will to Thine.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

- 4 Whate'er Thy sacred will ordains,
O give me strength to bear ;
And let me know my Father reigns,
And trust His tender care.
- 5 Thy sovereign ways are all unknown
To my weak, erring sight ;
Yet let my soul adoring own
That all Thy ways are right.
- 6 My God, my Father, be Thy name
My solace and my stay.
O wilt Thou seal my humble claim,
And drive my fears away ?

510

108.

JONES VER

We look not at the things which are seen.
2 Corinthians iv. 18.

- 1 FATHER ! Thy wonders do not singly stand
Nor far removed where feet have seldom
strayed ;
Around us ever lies the enchanted land,
In marvels rich to Thine own sons displayed
- 2 In finding Thee are all things round us found !
In losing Thee are all things lost beside !
Ears have we, but in vain sweet voices sound,
And to our eyes the vision is denied.
- 3 Open our eyes, that we that world may see !
Open our ears that we Thy voice may hear !
And in the spirit-land may ever be,
And feel Thy presence with us, always near.

LONGING FOR GOD.

511 7s. Twelve lines. [SIR R. GRANT.]
Whom have I in heaven but Thee?
Psalm lxxiii. 25.

- 1 **L**ORD of earth, Thy forming hand
Well this glorious frame hath planned ;
Woods that wave and hills that tower,
Ocean rolling in its power ;
All that strikes the gaze unsought,
All that charms the lonely thought ;
Friendship, gem transcending price,
Love, a flower from Paradise ;
Yet, amid this scene so fair,
Should I cease Thy smile to share,
What were all its joys to me ?
Whom have I on earth but Thee ?
- 2 Lord of heaven, beyond our sight
Rolls a world of purer light ;
There, in love's eternal reign,
Parted hands shall meet again ;
Martyrs there, and prophets high,
Blaze a glorious company ;
While immortal music rings
From ten thousand seraph strings.
O that scene is passing fair ;
Yet, shouldst Thou be absent there,
What were all its joys to me ?
Whom have I in heaven but Thee ?
- 3 Lord of earth and heaven, my breast
Seeks in Thee its only rest ;
I was lost, Thy accents mild
Homeward lured Thy wandering child ;
I was blind, Thy healing ray
Charmed the long eclipse away ;
Source of every joy I know,
Solace of my every woe,

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

O should once Thy smile divine
Cease upon my soul to shine,
What were heaven or earth to me ?
Whom have I in each but Thee ?

512

L.M.

WATTS.

I commune with mine own heart.

Psalm lxxvii. 6.

- 1 MY God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and Thee ;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.
 - 2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth ?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go ?
 - 3 Call me away from flesh and sense ;
One sovereign word can draw me thence ;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.
 - 4 Be earth with all her scenes withdrawn ;
Let noise and vanity be gone ;
In secret silence of the mind
My heaven, and there my God, I find.
-

LONGING FOR GOD'S GUIDANCE AND
KEEPING.

513

6s. Eight lines.

H. BONAR.

He shall choose our inheritance for us.

Psalm xlvii. 4.

- 1 **T**HY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be !
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.
Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best ;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward, to Thy rest.
- 2 I dare not choose my lot ;
I would not, if I might ;
Choose Thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.
The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine ! so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
Else I must surely stray.
- 3 Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small ;
Be Thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom and my all.
Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health ;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

514 7s. Six lines. W. WALSHAM HOW.
Narrow is the way which leadeth unto life.
Matthew vii. 14.

- 1 **L**ORD, Thy children guide and keep,
 As with feeble steps they press
 On the pathway rough and steep,
 Through this weary wilderness.
 Holy Jesu, day by day,
 Lead us in the narrow way.
- 2 There are stony ways to tread ;
 Give the strength we sorely lack ;
 There are tangled paths to thread ;
 Light us, lest we miss the track.
 Holy Jesu, day by day,
 Lead us in the narrow way.
- 3 There are sandy wastes that lie
 Cold and sunless, vast and drear,
 Where the feeble faint and die ;
 Grant us grace to persevere.
 Holy Jesu, day by day,
 Lead us in the narrow way.
- 4 There are soft and flowery glades,
 Decked with golden-fruited trees.
 Sunny slopes and scented shades ;
 Keep us, Lord, from slothful ease.
 Holy Jesu, day by day,
 Lead us in the narrow way.
- 5 Upward still to purer heights,
 Onward yet to scenes more blest,
 Calmer regions, clearer lights,
 Till we reach the promised rest.
 Holy Jesu, day by day,
 Lead us in the narrow way.

LONGING FOR GOD'S GUIDANCE AND KEEPING.

515 10 4, 10 4, 10 10. J. H. NEWMAN.
A pillar of fire.—Neh. ix. 12.

- LEAD, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom,
 Lead Thou me on !
The night is dark, and I am far from home—
 Lead Thou me on !
Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see
The distant scene—one step enough for me.
- 2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
 Should'st lead me on.
I loved to choose and sec my path ; but now
 Lead Thou me on !
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will ; remember not past years.
- 3 So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
 Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone ;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

516 C.M. HARRIET AUBER.
Psalm lxxxiv.

- 0 THOU, whom heaven's bright host reveres,
 Receive our humble prayer ;
God of our fathers, lend Thine ear,
 And take us to Thy care.
- 1 Thou art our sun, whose rays divine
 Shed gladness o'er the heart ;
O'er all the universe they shine,
 And light and life impart.
- 3 Thou art our shield, our sure defence,
 In peril's darkest hour ;
Ne'er may we place our confidence
 But in Thy saving power.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

- 4 To those, O mortals truly blessed !
 Who in Thy presence live,
 Whate'er Thy wisdom knows is best
 Thy bounteous hand will give.
- 5 Grace shall through life their steps attend,
 To guide their heavenward way,
 And glory crown them at the end
 In realms of endless day.

517 ^{IOS.} ^{W. H. BURLEIGH.}
For Thy Name's sake lead me and guide me.
 Psalm xxxi. 3.

- 1 **L** EAD us, O Father ! in the paths of peace ;
 Without Thy guiding hand we go astray,
 And doubts appal, and sorrows still increase :
 Lead us through Christ, the true and living
 way.
- 2 Lead us, O Father ! in the paths of truth ;
 Unhelped by Thee, in error's maze we grope,
 While passion stains and folly dims our youth,
 And age comes on uncheered by faith and
 hope.
- 3 Lead us, O Father ! in the paths of right ;
 Blindly we stumble when we walk alone,
 Involved in shadows of a darksome night,
 Only with Thee we journey safely on.
- 4 Lead us, O Father ! to Thy heavenly rest,
 However rough and steep the path may be,
 Through joy or sorrow, as Thou deemest best,
 Until our lives are perfected in Thee.

518 ^{8, 7s.} ^{HASTINGS.}
Lead me, O Lord, in Thy righteousness.
 Psalm v. 8.

- 1 **G** ENTLY, Lord, O gently lead us
 Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
 Through the changes yet decreed us,
 Till our last great change appears.

LONGING FOR GOD'S GUIDANCE AND KEEPING.

- 2 When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let Thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in Thy perfect way.
- 3 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death is near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear.
- 4 And when mortal life is ended,
Bid us in Thine arms to rest,
Till, by angel bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

519

5 5, 8 8, 5 5. ZINZENDORF. *tr.* H. 1.
LUTHER.

They forsook all and followed Him.—Luke v. 11.

- 1 JESUS, still lead on
Till our rest be won ;
And although the way be cheerless,
We will follow, calm and fearless :
Guide us by Thy hand
To our Fatherland.
- 2 If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us ;
For, through many a foe,
To our home we go.
- 3 When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief ;
When oppressed by new temptations,
Lord, increase and perfect patience ;
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

- 4 Jesus, still lead on
Till our rest be won ;
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our Fatherland.

520 8 7, 8 7, 4 7. [WILLIAMS.]
*The Lord went before them by day . . . and
by night.—Ex. xiii. 21.*

- 1 **G**UIDE me, O Thou Great Jehovah !
Pilgrim, through this barren land ;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy powerful hand :
Bread of heaven !
Feed me till I want no more.

- 2 Open Thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow :
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through :
Strong Deliverer !
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside ;
Death of death, and hell's Destruction !
Land me safe on Canaan's side ;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

521 C.M. Double. W. J. IRONS.
Commit Thy works unto the Lord.
Proverbs xvi. 3.

- 1 **F**ATHER of love, our Guide and Friend,
O lead us gently on,
Until life's trial-times shall end,
And heavenly peace be won !

LONGING FOR GOD'S GUIDANCE AND KEEPING.

We know not what the path may be,
As yet by us untrod ;
But we can trust our all to Thee,
Our Father and our God !

- 2 If called, like Abraham's child to climb
The hill of sacrifice,
Some angel may be there in time ;
Deliverance shall arise.
Or, if some darker lot be good,
O teach us to endure
The sorrow, pain, or solitude,
That make the spirit pure !
- 3 Christ by no flowery pathway came ;
And we, His followers here,
Must do Thy will and praise Thy name,
In hope, and love, and fear.
And, till in heaven we sinless bow,
And faultless anthems raise,
O Father, Son, and Spirit, now
Accept our feeble praise.

22 ^{7s.} *Anon. PEOPLE'S HYMNAL.*
Dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God.
Romans vi. 11.

- 1 **G**OD the Father, God the Son,
Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
Ever blessèd 'Three in One ;
Spare us, Holy 'Trinity.
- 2 Christ, whose mercy guideth still
Sinners from the paths of ill
Rule our hearts, our spirits fill ;
Hear us, Holy Jesus !
- 3 Thou who, leaving crown and throne,
Camest here an outcast lone,
That Thou mightest save 'Thine own,
Hear us, Holy Jesus !

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

- 4 Thou, despised, denied, refused,
And for man's transgressions bruised,
Sinless, yet of sin accused,
Hear us, Holy Jesus !
- 5 Thou whose will it is that we
Should from death return to Thee,
And should live eternally,
Hear us, Holy Jesus !
- 6 In all poverty and wealth,
In all sickness and in health,
Ever from the Tempter's stealth,
Save us, Holy Jesus !
- 7 That we give to sin no place,
That we never quench Thy grace,
That we ever seek Thy face,
We beseech Thee, Jesus !
- 8 That denying evil lust,
Living godly, meek, and just
In Thee only we may trust,
We beseech Thee, Jesus !
- 9 That to sin for ever dead
We may live to Thee instead,
And the narrow pathway tread,
We beseech Thee, Jesus !
- 10 When shall end the battle sore,
When our pilgrimage is o'er,
Grant Thy peace for evermore,
We beseech Thee, Jesus !

523

7s.

CONDER.

And lead us not into temptation.—Luke xi. 4.

- 1 H EAVENLY Father, to whose eye
Future things unfolded lie.
Through the desert where I stray
Let Thy counsels guide my way.

LONGING FOR GOD'S GUIDANCE AND KEEPING.

- 2 Lead me not—for flesh is frail—
Where fierce trials would assail ;
Leave me not, in darkened hour,
To withstand the tempter's power.
- 3 Help Thy servant to maintain
A profession free from stain ;
That my sole reproach may be,
Following Christ and fearing Thee.
- 4 Lord, uphold me day by day ;
Shed a light upon my way ;
Guide me through perplexing snares ;
Care for me in all my cares.
- 5 Should Thy wisdom, Lord, decree
Trials long and sharp for me,
Pain or sorrow, care or shame,
Father, glorify Thy name.
- 6 Let me neither faint nor fear,
Feeling still that 'Thou art near ;
In the course my Saviour trod,
Tending still to Thee, my God.

24 8, 7s. Double. GRINFIELD.
He will be our guide even unto death.
Psalm xlviii. 14.

- 1 **O** HOW kindly Thou hast led us,
Heavenly Father, day by day !
Found our dwelling, clothed and fed us,
Furnished friends to cheer our way !
Didst 'Thou bless us, didst 'Thou chasten,
With Thy smile, or with Thy rod ?
'Twas that still our steps might hasten
Homeward, heavenward, to our God.
- 2 **O** how slowly have we often
Followed where Thy hand would draw !
How Thy kindness failed to soften !
How Thy chastening failed to awe !

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

Make us for Thy rest more ready,
As Thy path is longer trod ;
Keep us in Thy friendship steady,
Till Thou call us home, O God !

525 C.M. [MERRICK.]
My God shall supply all your need.
Philippians iv. 19.

- 1 **E**TERNAL God ! we look to Thee ;
To Thee for help we fly ;
Thine eye alone our wants can see ;
Thy hand alone supply.
- 2 Lord, let Thy fear within us dwell,
Thy love our footsteps guide :
That love will all vain love expel ;
That fear, all fear beside.
- 3 Not what we wish, but what we want,
O let Thy grace supply ;
The good, unasked, in mercy grant ;
The ill, though asked, deny.

526 87, 87, 47. KELLY.
O keep my soul, and deliver me. —Ps. xxv. 20.

- 1 **K**EEP us, Lord, O keep us ever,
Vain our hope if left by Thee ;
We are Thine, O leave us never,
Till Thy face in heaven we see ;
There to praise Thee ;
Through a bright eternity.
- 2 All our strength at once would fail us,
If deserted, Lord, by Thee ;
Nothing then could aught avail us,
Certain our defeat would be ;
Those who hate us
Thenceforth their desire would see.

LONGING FOR GOD'S GUIDANCE AND KEEPING.

- 3 But we look to Thee as able,
Grace to give in time of need ;
Heaven we know is not more stable
'Than the promise which we plead ;
'Tis Thy promise
Gives Thy people hope indeed.

527 8 7, 8 7, 4 7. [CUMMINS.]
Deliver us from evil.—Matt. vi. 13.

- 1 JESUS! Lord, we kneel before Thee,
Bend from heaven Thy gracious ear ;
While our waiting souls adore Thee,
Friend of helpless sinners, hear !
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord !
- 2 Taught by Thine unerring Spirit,
Boldly we draw nigh to God ;
Only in 'Thy spotless merit,
Only through Thy precious blood :
By 'Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord !
- 3 From the depth of nature's blindness,
From the hardening power of sin,
From all malice and unkindness,
From the pride that lurks within,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord !
- 4 When temptation sorely presses,
In the day of Satan's power,
In our times of deep distresses,
In each dark and trying hour,
By 'Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord !

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

- 5 In the weary night of sickness,
In the throes of grief and pain,
When we feel our mortal weakness,
When the creature's help is vain,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord !
- 6 In the solemn hour of dying,
In the awful judgment-day,
May our souls on Thee relying,
Find Thee still our hope and stay :
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.
- 7 Jesu, may Thy promised blessing
Comfort to our souls afford :
May we, now Thy love possessing
And at length our full reward,
Ever praise Thee,
Thee, our ever-glorious Lord. Amen.

528 6, 5. Double. MONTGOMERY.
Hold Thou me up and I shall be safe.
Psalm cxix. 117.

- 1 **I**N the hour of trial,
Jesus, pray for me,
Lest by base denial,
I depart from Thee :
When Thou seest me waver,
With a look recall,
Nor, for fear or favour,
Suffer me to fall.
- 2 With its witching pleasures,
Would this vain world charm,
Or, its sordid treasures
Spread, to work me harm ?

LONGING FOR GOD'S GUIDANCE AND KEEPING.

Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in darker semblance,
Cross-crowned Calvary.

3 If, with sore affliction,
Thou in love chastise,
Pour Thy benediction
On the sacrifice ;
Then, upon Thine altar,
Freely offered up,
Though the flesh may falter,
Faith shall drink the cup.

4 When, in dust and ashes,
To the grave I sink,
When heaven's glory flashes
O'er the shelving brink ;
On Thy truth relying,
Through that mortal strife,
Lord, receive me, dying,
To eternal life.

529 L.M. T. W. HIGGINSON.
What time I am afraid I will trust in Thee.
Psalm lvi. 3.

1 **T**O Thine eternal arms, O God,
Take us, Thine erring children, in ;
From dangerous paths too boldly trod,
From wandering thoughts and dreams of sin.
Those arms were round our childish ways,
A guard through helpless years to be ;
O leave not our maturer days,
We still are helpless without Thee !
We trusted hope and pride and strength ;
Our strength proved false, our pride was vain,
Our dreams have faded all at length—
We come to Thee, O Lord ! again.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

- 4 A guide to trembling steps yet be !
Give us of 'Thine eternal powers !
So shall our paths all lead to Thee,
And life smile on like childhood's hours.

530 10 10 10 10, 6. W. H. BURLEIGH.
*Followers of them who through faith and
patience inherit the promises*—Heb. vi. 12.

- 1 **W**E ask not that our path be always bright,
But for Thine aid to walk therein aright ;
That Thou, O Lord ! through all its devious way,
Wilt give us strength sufficient to our day,
For this, for this we pray.
- 2 Not for the fleeting joys that earth bestows,
Not for exemption from its many woes ;
But that, come joy or woe, come good or ill,
With child-like faith we trust Thy guidance still,
And do Thy holy will.
- 3 Teach us, dear Lord, to find the latent good
That sorrow yields when rightly understood ;
And for the frequent joy that crowns our days,
Help us, with grateful hearts, our hymns to raise
Of thankfulness and praise.
- 4 Thou knowest all our needs, and wilt supply ;
No veil of darkness hides us from Thine eye ;
Nor vainly from the depths on 'Thee we call ;
Thy tender love, that breaks the tempter's thrall,
Folds and encircles all.
- 5 Through sorrow and through loss, by toil and
prayer,
Saints won the starry crowns which now they wear,
And by the bitter ministry of pain,
Grievous and harsh, but oh ! not sent in vain,
Found their eternal gain.

LONGING FOR GOD'S GUIDANCE AND KEEPING.

- 6 If it be ours, like them, to suffer loss,
Give grace, as unto them, to bear our cross,
Till, victors over each besetting sin,
We, too, Thy perfect peace shall enter in,
And crowns of glory win.

531 C.M.
*My soul, wait thou only upon God, for my
expectation is from Him.—Psalm lxii. 5.*

- 1 **F**ATHER of all our mercies, Thou
In whom we move and live,
Hear us, in heaven Thy dwelling, now,
And answer and forgive.
- 2 When bound with sins and trespasses,
From wrath we fain would flee,
Lord, cancel our unrighteousness,
And set the captives free.
- 3 When harassed by ten thousand foes,
Our helplessness we feel ;
O give the weary soul repose,
The wounded spirit heal.
- 4 When dire temptations gather round,
And threaten or allure,
By storm or calm, in Thee be found
A refuge strong and sure.
- 5 When age advances, may we grow
In faith, and hope, and love ;
And walk in holiness below,
To holiness above.
- 6 When earthly joys and cares depart,
Desire and envy cease,
Be Thou the portion of our heart,
In Thee may we have peace.
- 7 When flames these elements destroy,
And worlds in judgment stand,
May we lift up our heads with joy,
And meet at Thy right hand.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

532 87, 87, 47. JOHN SHEPPARD.
I will guide thee with Mine eye.—Ps xxxii. 8.

- 1 **A**WFUL Power ! whose path of wonder
 Cleaves the dark unfathomed deeps ;
 Whom the secret place of thunder
 Veils while trembling frailty weeps :
 Yet, O guide us,
 With Thine eye which never sleeps !
- 2 Glorious when Thy ways concealing,
 Light withholden, hope deferred :
 When our souls implore Thine healing,
 And their anguish seems unheard,
 Help our faintness
 Still to grasp Thy faithful word !
- 3 Father, Thou canst love severely ;
 Thou the blood-bought joy dost weigh ;
 All our pangs a moment merely,
 Measured by the unending day :
 Yet, O cheer us,
 Cheer us with its dawning ray !
- 4 Sun of hope, who changest never,
 Let not clouds of mortal night
 Us from Thee and glory sever ;
 Make e'en death's cold shadow's bright :
 Wake us—own us—
 In Thy likeness—in Thy light !

533 L.M. H. ALFORD.
*Whoso putteth his trust in the Lord shall be
 safe.—Prov. xxix. 25.*

- 1 **W**HEN within sight of danger's hour,
 We boast of self-possessing power,
 Teach us, O Lord, betimes to know
 How weak are we, how strong the foe.

LONGING FOR GOD'S GUIDANCE AND KEEPING.

- 2 And when beset by snares around,
Faithless to Thee our hearts are found,
Look Thou upon us, and renew
Our wandering thoughts, our vows untrue.
- 3 Then though Thou doubt us, and our love
By question and temptation prove;
Faithful to Thee we shall abide,
In honour, as in weakness tried.

534 6s. Six lines. GRINFIELD.
*Now unto Him that is able to keep you from
falling.—Jude 24.*

- 1 **W**HEN, my heart beguiling,
All around is smiling,
O Lord! remember me.
When afflictions press me,
Sins and fears distress me,
O still remember me!
- 2 Lord, when I am dying,
When the last, last sighing
Yields my soul to Thee;
Then, when friends are failing,
Nought on earth availing,
O then, remember me.

535 C.M. H. AUBER.
Psalm lxxiii.

- 1 **W**HOM have we Lord, in heaven but Thee?
And whom on earth beside;
Where else for succour shall we flee,
Or in whose strength confide?
- 2 Thou art our portion here below,
Our promised bliss above;
*Ne'er can our souls an object know
So precious as Thy love.*

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

- 3 When heart and flesh, O Lord, shall fail,
Thou wilt our spirits cheer ;
Support us through life's thorny vale,
And calm each anxious fear.
- 4 Yes, Thou shalt be our guide through life,
And help and strength supply ;
Sustain us in death's fearful strife,
And welcome us on high.

536

777, 5. [MRS MORRIS.]
When Thou hearest, forgive.
1 Kings viii. 30.

- 1 **G**OD of pity, God of grace,
When we humbly seek Thy face,
Bend from heaven, Thy dwelling-place :
Hear, forgive and save.
- 2 When we in Thy temple meet,
Spread our wants before Thy feet,
Pleading at the mercy-seat :
Look from heaven and save.
- 3 When Thy love our hearts shall fill,
And we long to do Thy will,
Turning to Thy holy hill :
Lord, accept and save.
- 4 Should we wander from Thy fold,
And our love to Thee grow cold,
With a pitying eye behold :
Lord, forgive and save.
- 5 Should the hand of sorrow press,
Earthly care and want distress,
May our souls Thy peace possess,
Jesus, hear and save.
- 6 And whate'er our cry may be,
When we lift our hearts to Thee,
From our burden set us free :
Hear, forgive and save.

LONGING FOR GOD'S GUIDANCE AND KEEPING.

537 ^{87, 87, 88.} *Deliver us from evil.*—Matt. vi. 13. [MANT.]

- 1 **F**ROM all evil, all temptation
That besets our earthly path ;
From Thy final condemnation,
From Thy transitory wrath,
God of goodness, us deliver,
And Thy name be praised for ever.
- 2 From a heart of hate and blindness,
From all envy, treachery, pride,
From all harshness or unkindness,
All to sin or shame allied,
God of goodness, us deliver,
And Thy name be praised for ever.
- 3 From the world's deceitful pleasures,
From its soul-invading snares,
From the plotter's crafty measures,
Foolish thoughts and trifling cares,
God of goodness, us deliver,
And Thy name be praised for ever.
- 4 In the time of tribulation,
In the bright and prosperous way,
In the hour of life's prostration,
In the final judgment-day,
God of goodness, us deliver,
And Thy name be praised for ever.

538 ^{7s.} *The Lord our God will we serve.* [M. F. MAUDE.]
Joshua xxiv. 24.

- 1 **T**HINE for ever ! God of love,
Hear us from Thy throne above ;
Thine for ever may we be,
Here and in eternity.
- 2 Thine for ever ! Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife.
Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

- 3 Thine for ever ! O how bless'd
They who find in Thee their rest !
Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend,
O defend us to the end !
- 4 Thine for ever ! Saviour, keep
Us, Thy frail and trembling sheep !
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.
- 5 Thine for ever ! Thou our guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

539

10, 10, 66, 4. THOMAS DAVIS.
Kept by the power of God.—1 Peter i. 5.

- 1 HOLIEST, Holiest ! hearken in love ;
H 't fit me to soar to Thee, see Thee above
And from that Eden fair,
Lit by Thy presence there,
Never remove.
- 2 Holiest, holiest ! Thou art my stay,
Guide of my pilgrimage, Light of my way ;
Let the glad faith I know
Stronger and stronger grow,
Never decay.
- 3 Holiest, Holiest ! morning and eve,
Keep me, nor suffer me ever to grieve ;
Thee, benign Helper, who
Them that are meek and true
Never wilt leave.
- 4 Holiest, Holiest ! ever be nigh !
Felt by my spirit, though hid from mine eye ;
And Thy sweet comfort give,
Till in my home I live,
Never to die.

LONGING FOR PEACE.

540

L.M.

H. BONAR.

The peace of God, which passeth all understanding.—Philippians iv, 7.

- 1 **P**EACE upon peace, like wave on wave,
This is the portion that I crave ;
The peace of God, which passeth thought,
The peace of Christ, which changeth not.
- 2 Peace, like the river's gentle flow,
Peace, like the morning's silent glow,
From day to day, in love supplied
An endless and unebbing tide.
- 3 Peace flowing on, without decrease,
From Him who is our joy and peace,
Who by His reconciling blood
Hath made the sinner's peace with God.
- 4 Peace through the night and through the day,
Peace through all windings of our way ;
In pain and toil and weariness,
A deep and everlasting peace.
- 5 O King of peace, this peace bestow
Upon a stranger here below !
O God of peace, Thy peace impart
To every troubled, trembling heart.
- 6 Peace from the Father and the Son,
Peace from the Spirit, all His own ;
Peace that shall never more be lost,
Of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.



THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

541 C.M. H. BONAR.
*Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose
mind is stayed on Thee.—Isaiah xxvi. 3.*

- 1 CALM me, my God, and keep me calm,
While these hot breezes blow ;
Be like the night-dew's cooling balm
Upon earth's fevered brow.
 - 2 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on Thy breast ;
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest.
 - 3 Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet ;
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the crowded street.
 - 4 Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in my hour of pain,
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain.
 - 5 Calm when the great world's news, with power,
My listening spirit stir ;
Let not the tidings of the hour
E'er find too fond an ear.
 - 6 Calm as the ray of sun or star,
Which storms assail in vain ;
Moving unruffled through earth's war,
'The eternal calm to gain.
-

LONGING FOR HOLINESS.

542

C.M.
Psalm cx.

WATTS

- 1 **O** THAT the Lord would guide my ways
To keep His statutes still ;
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do His will.
- 2 O send Thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart ;
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.
- 3 From vanity turn off mine eyes ;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires, arise
Within this soul of mine.
- 4 Order my footsteps by Thy word,
And make my heart sincere ;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.
- 5 My soul hath gone too far astray,
My feet too often slip ;
Yet since I've not forgot Thy way,
Restore Thy wandering sheep.
- 6 Make me to walk in Thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road ;
*Nor let my head or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God.*

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

543 C.M. DODDRIDGE,*
In the fear of the Lord all the day long.
Proverbs xxiii. 17.

- 1 **T**HRICE happy souls, who, born from heaven,
While yet they sojourn here,
Thus all their days with God begin,
And spend them in His fear.
- 2 'Midst hourly cares may love present
Its incense to Thy throne :
And, while the world our hands employs,
Our hearts be Thine alone.
- 3 As sanctified to noblest ends,
Be each refreshment sought ;
And by each various providence
Some wise instruction brought.
- 4 When to laborious duties called,
Or by temptations tried,
We'll seek the shelter of 'Thy wings,
And in Thy strength confide.
- 5 As different scenes of life arise,
Our grateful hearts would be
With Thee, amidst the social band ;
In solitude with Thee.
- 6 In solid, pure delights like these,
Let all our days be passed ;
Nor shall we then impatient wish,
Nor shall we fear the last.

544 C.M. BATHURST.
Until Christ be formed in you.—Gal. iv. 19.

- 1 **O** SAVIOUR, may we never rest
Till 'Thou art formed within ;
Till Thou hast calmed our troubled breast,
And crushed the power of sin.

LONGING FOR HOLINESS.

- 2 O may we gaze upon Thy cross,
Until the wondrous sight
Makes earthly treasures seem but dross,
And earthly sorrows light ;
- 3 Until released from carnal ties,
Our spirit upwards springs,
And sees true peace above the skies,
True joy in heavenly things.
- 4 There as we gaze may we become
United Lord to Thee,
And in a fairer, happier home,
Thy perfect beauty see.

545

C.M.

C. WESLEY.

For we which have believed do enter into rest.
Hebrews iv. 3.

- 1 LORD, I believe a rest remains,
To all Thy people known ;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And Thou art loved alone ;
- 2 A rest, where all our soul's desire
Is fixed on things above ;
Where fear and sin and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.
- 3 O that I now this rest might know,
Believe, and enter in ;
Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.
- 4 Remove this hardness from my heart ;
This unbelief remove ;
To me the rest of faith impart,
The Sabbath of Thy love.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

546

C.M. Double.

T. H. GILL

More than conquerors through Him that loved us.—Romans viii. 37.

- 1 **L**ORD ! in this awful fight with sin
I would not just prevail ;
Against each lust, so strong within,
I would not almost fail.
Full, gladsome, glorious victory
Should crown the holy war ;
Lord ! I would triumph well—would be
A more than conqueror.
- 2 I would not just the world o'ercome ;
Prevail, then weary lie ;
Nor helplessly regain my home,
Half slain by victory.
I would o'ercome, and still be strong ;
Would still have strength to spare ;
Yes, raise my shout Thy host among,
A more than conqueror.
- 3 From sorrow's stroke I would not rise,
And mournfully pass on,
Not lone my heart, not sad mine eyes,
As though my God were gone ;
His pilgrim would be glad and strong,
All through the vale of tears ;
Yes ! set each sorrow to a song
Meet for glad angel-ears.
- 4 Shall this divinely-urgèd heart
Half toward its glory move ?
What ! shall I love in part—in part
Yield to the Lord of love ?
O sweetest freedom, Lord, to be
Thy love's full prisoner !
Take me all captive ; make of me
A more than conqueror.

LONGING FOR HOLINESS.

- 5 I would not just to heaven rise up,
Nor scarce to glory come ;
I would not half a stranger droop
In the sweet heavenly home ;
I would not eyes half-shut and dim
Unto the glory bring,
Nor feebly help the seraphim
The eternal song to sing.
- 6 Who would be nearer, Lord, to Thee
Of all the heavenly host ?
What shining one more lowly
Would in Thy light be lost ?
What angel-wing more swift would bear
Each message sweet of Thine ?
Whose palm would be more green and fair ?
Whose robe more white would shine ?
- 7 My joy would make more rapturous
The people of the skies ;
For my poor voice more glorious
The Eternal Song should rise.
My heart would with its humble glow
Inflame their burning love ;
O more than conqueror below !
O gladdest saint above !

547

S.M.

C. WESLEY.*

Unite my heart to fear Thy name.

Psalm lxxxvi. 11.

- 1 JESUS, my strength, my hope,
On Thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know Thou hearest prayer.
- 2 Give me on Thee to wait,
Till I can all things do ;
On Thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew ;

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

- 3 Give me a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease ;
Never to wander from Thy way,
Never to lose Thy peace.
- 4 Give me a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
To Thee and Thy great name ;
- 5 A jealous, just concern
For Thine immortal praise ;
A pure desire that all may learn,
And glorify Thy grace.
- 6 I rest upon Thy word ;
The promise is for me ;
My succour and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from Thee.
- 7 In Thee may I abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till Thou my patient spirit guide
Into Thy perfect love.

548 7s. ANNA DOBER, *tr. by J. WESLEY.*
Every man that hath this hope in Him puri-
feth himself even as He is pure.—1 John iii. 3.

- 1 HOLY Lamb, who Thee receive,
Who in Thee begin to live,
Day and night they cry to Thee,
As Thou art, so let us be.
- 2 Fix, O fix my wavering mind ;
To Thy cross my spirit bind ;
Earthly passions far remove ;
Swallow up my soul in love.

LONGING FOR HOLINESS.

- 3 Dust and ashes though we be,
Full of sin and misery,
Thine we are, Thou Son of God ;
Take the purchase of Thy blood.
- 4 Jesus, when Thy light we see,
All our soul's athirst for Thee ;
When Thy quickening power we prove,
All our heart dissolves in love.
- 5 Boundless wisdom, power divine,
Love unspeakable are Thine ;
Praise by all to Christ be given,
Sons of earth, and hosts of heaven.

519 L.M. TERSTEEGEN, *tr.* by J. WESLEY.
*See if there be any wicked way in me, and
lead me in the way everlasting.*
Ps. cxxxix. 24.

- 1 **O** THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart ; it pants for Thee ;
O, burst these bonds, and set it free !
- 2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the cross ;
Hallow each thought ; let all within
Be clean, as Thou, my Lord, art clean.
- 3 While in this darksome wild I stray,
Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Way ;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, if Thou, my God, art near.
- 4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, Thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

- 5 Saviour, where'er Thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee !
O let Thy hand support me still,
And lead me to Thy holy hill.

550 ^{7s.} **MONTGOMERY.**
*Let this mind be in you which was also in
Christ Jesus.—Philippians ii. 5.*

- 1 **F**ATHER of eternal grace,
Glorify Thyself in me ;
Meekly beaming in my face,
May the world Thine image see.
- 2 Happy only in Thy love,
Poor, unfriended, or unknown ;
Fix my thoughts on things above ;
Stay my heart on Thee alone.
- 3 Humble, holy, all resigned
To Thy will—Thy will be done !
Give me, Lord, the perfect mind
Of Thy well-beloved Son.
- 4 Counting gain and glory loss,
May I tread the path He trod ;
Die with Jesus on the cross,
Rise with Him to Thee, my God.

551 ^{C.M.} **C. WESLEY.**
*To present you holy and unblameable and
unreproveable in His sight.—Col. i. 22.*

- 1 **O** JESUS, at Thy feet we wait,
Till Thou shalt bid us rise,
Restored to our unsinning state,
To love's pure paradise.
- 2 Saviour from sin, we Thee receive ;
From all indwelling sin
Thy blood, we steadfastly believe,
Shall make us thoroughly clean.

- 52 S.M. JOHN KEBLE.*
Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see
God.—Matt. v. 8.

- 452

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

5 All glory, Lord, to Thee,
Whom heaven and earth adore,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God for evermore.

553 C.M. Double.
He that is dead is freed from sin.—Rom. 1

1 O THOU, the Lord and Life of those
Who rest their hope in Thee,
Whose love from everlasting woes
Hath set Thy people free ;
Thine agony and death display
The curse our guilt should bear ;
Thy resurrection points the way
To bliss that we may share.

2 To Thee, O Lord, we lift our heart ;
Thy mercy we implore ;
Help us to choose the better part,
And go and sin no more :
Help us the Saviour to confess,
In whom our life we see ;
And may the fruits of holiness
Prove that we live to Thee. Amen.

554 7s. MERRICK, *altered by H. AUGER*
Psalm xix.

1 H EAVENLY Teacher, from Thy ways
Who can tell how oft he strays ?
Fill our souls with holy light,
Guide, O guide our steps aright !
2 Cleanse us from the guilt that lies
Wrapt within the heart's disguise ;
Let us now, by Thee renewed,
Each presumptuous thought exclude.
3 Let our tongues, from error free,
Speak the words approved by Thee ;
To Thy all-observing eyes,
Let our thoughts accepted rise.

LONGING FOR HOLINESS.

- 4 Whilst we thus Thy name adore,
And Thy healing grace implore,
Blest Redeemer, lend Thine ear,
God, our strength, propitious hear !

555 L.M.
*That ye may know...the exceeding greatness
of His power.*—Ephesians i. 18, 19.

- 1 FATHER of Glory, we would know
The richest gifts Thine hands bestow,
The hope of our high calling see,
And scan our immortality.
- 2 The exceeding greatness of Thy power
To us-ward who believe, secure,
The depths of love Thy wisdom planned,
The works and wonders of Thy hand.
- 3 This was the power in Jesus wrought,
When from the dead the Son was brought,
Then set at God's right hand on high,
Above all principality.
- 4 Above dominion, might, and name,
Of noblest rank, or widest fame,
In this our earthly, fading home,
Or worlds or kingdoms yet to come.

556 C.M. C. WESLEY.*
My son, give Me thine heart.—Prov. xxiii. 26.

- 1 O FOR a heart to praise my God ;
A heart from sin set free ;
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me ;
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne ;
Where only Christ is heard to speak :
Where Jesus reigns alone ;

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

- 3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within ;
- 4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And filled with love divine ;
Perfect and right, and pure and good ;
A copy, Lord, of Thine.
- 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart :
Come quickly from above :
Write Thy new name upon my heart—
Thy new best name of Love.

557

L.M.

C. WESLEY.

Fulfil . . the work of faith with power. •

2 Thessalonians i. 11.

- 1 **A**UTHOR of faith, eternal Word,
Whose Spirit breathes the active flame ;
Faith, like its Finisher and Lord,
To-day, as yesterday, the same ;
- 2 To Thee our humble hearts aspire,
And ask the gift unspeakable ;
Increase in us the kindled fire,
In us the work of faith fulfil
- 3 By faith we know Thee strong to save ;
(Save us, a present Saviour Thou !)
Whate'er we hope by faith we have,
Future and past subsisting now.
- 4 To him that in Thy name believes
Eternal life with Thee is given ;
Into himself he all receives,
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.
- 5 The things unknown to feeble sense,
Unseen by reason's glimmering ray,
With strong, commanding evidence,
Their heavenly origin display.

LONGING FOR HOLINESS.

- 6 Faith lends its realising light,
The clouds disperse, the shadows fly ;
The Invisible appears in sight,
And God is seen by mortal eye.

558 6s. H. BONAR.
Perfect love casteth out fear.—1 John iv. 18.

- 1 **O** LOVE that casts out fear,
O love that casts out sin,
Tarry no more without,
But come and dwell within.
2 True sunlight of the soul,
Surround me as I go ;
So shall my way be safe,
My feet no straying know.
3 Great love of God, come in,
Well-spring of heavenly peace,
Thou Living Water, come,
Spring up, and never cease.
4 Love of the living God,
Of Father and of Son,
Love of the Holy Ghost,
Fill Thou each needy one.
5 Praise to the Father give,
The Spirit and the Son ;
Praise for the mighty love
Of the great Three in One.

559 L.M. Six lines.
TERSTEEGEN, tr. by JOHN WESLEY.
The Lord direct your hearts into the love of God.

- 2 Thessalonians iii. 5.
1 **T**HOU hidden Love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed no man knows,
I see from far Thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for Thy repose ;
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest till it finds rest in Thee.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

- 2 'Tis mercy all, that Thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in Thee ;
Yet while I seek, but find Thee not,
No peace my wandering soul shall see ;
O when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to Thee-ward tend !
- 3 Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with Thee my heart to share ;
Ah ! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there ;
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in Thee.
- 4 O Love, Thy sovereign aid impart,
To save me from low-thoughted care ;
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there ;
Make me Thy duteous child, that I
Ceaseless may Abba, Father, cry !

560

C.M.

C. WESLEY

He shall baptize you with . . . fire.

Matt. iii. 11.

- 1 **M**Y God ! I know, I feel Thee mine,
And will not quit my claim,
Till all I have is lost in Thine,
And all renewed I am.
- 2 I hold Thee with a trembling hand,
But will not let Thee go,
Till stedfastly by faith I stand,
And all Thy goodness know.
- 3 Jesus, Thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad ;
Then shall my will no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God.

LONGING FOR HOLINESS.

- 4 O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow,
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow.
- 5 O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume !
Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee I call,—
Spirit of burning, come !
- 6 Refining fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul ;
Scatter thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.
- 7 No longer then my heart shall mourn,
When, purified by grace,
I only for His glory burn,
And always see His face.
- 8 My steadfast soul, from falling free,
Shall then no longer move ;
But Christ be all the world to me,
And all my heart be love.

561

C.M.

R. A. BERTRAM.

*To know the love of Christ, which passeth
knowledge.—Eph. iii. 19.*

- 1 FATHER of Jesus, Lord of love,
To Thee we humbly bow :
Thy children we, redeemed by Him,
May call Thee Father now !
- 2 According to Thy gracious word,
Thy Spirit's might impart :
Our trembling faith increase, that Christ
May dwell in every heart.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

- 3 Let love within us sweetly grow,
And strengthen every hour ;
That, loving, we may learn His love,
And feel its quickening power ;
- 4 With saints above may know that love
Which passes mortal thought,
Transcends an angel's tongue to tell,
But given to us—unbought !
- 5 So, Lord, with Thine own fulness filled,
And blest beyond our prayer,
Now in Thy church, and soon in heaven,
We will Thy praise declare.

562 S.M. [ASTI
Forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake forgave you.—Eph. iv. 32.

- 1 **O** LORD ! I look to Thee,
To Thee lift up my heart ;
In heaven I would Thy glory see,
Now, therefore, grace impart,—
- 2 Grace to prevent my sin,
My passions to subdue,
My heart to change, my soul to win,
My spirit to renew ;
- 3 Grace to be kind to all,
All to forbear in love,
Gently to deal with those that fall,
Like Him who reigns above ;—
- 4 Grace, onward still to go,
Forward each day to press,
Till Thou the blood-bought prize bestow
Christ's crown of righteousness.
- 5 Lord ! give me this rich grace !
O give Thyself to me,
That I may dwell before Thy face,
And all Thy glory see.

LONGING FOR HOLINESS.

33

L.M.

[DRUMMOND.]

Follow after charity.—1 Cor. xiv. 1.

- 1 FATHER, I may not ask for less—
Give me the bond of perfectness ;
The highest grace of all the three—
Enduring, heavenly charity.
- 2 Thinking no evil, sin she hides,
And soothes and pities while she chides ;
She lends an ear to every cry,
And asks no plea but misery.
- 3 Her tender mercies freely fall
Like heaven's refreshing dews on all,
Encircling in their wide embrace
Her friends, her foes, the human race.
- 4 Nor bounded by the earth alone,
Her love expands to worlds unknown,
And this her highest glory given,
To lead the wanderers back to heaven.

564

7 6, 7 6, 7 8, 7 6

TOPLADY.*

Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ.
Philippians ii. 5.

- 1 LORD, I feel a carnal mind
That hangs about me still,
Vainly though I strive to bind
My own rebellious will ;
Is not haughtiness of heart,
The gulf between my God and me ?
Meek Redeemer ! now impart
Thine own humility !
- 2 Fain would I my Lord pursue,
Be all my Saviour taught,
Do as Jesus bade me do,
And think as Jesus thought :
But 'tis Thou must change my heart :
The perfect gift must come from Thee :
Meek Redeemer ! now impart
Thine own humility !

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

- 3 Lord, I cannot, must not rest,
Till I Thy mind obtain,
Chase presumption from my breast,
And all Thy mildness gain :
Give me, Lord, Thy gentle heart ;
Thy lowly mind my portion be :
Meek Redeemer ! now impart
Thine own humility !
- 4 Let Thy cross my will control ;
Conform me to my Guide !
In the manger lay my soul,
And crucify my pride !
Give me, Lord, a contrite heart—
A heart that always looks to Thee :
Meek Redeemer ! now impart
Thine own humility !
- 5 Tear away my every boast ;
My stubborn mind abase ;
Saviour, fix my only trust
In Thy redeeming grace !
Give me a submissive heart,
From pride and self-dependence free ;
Meek Redeemer ! now impart
Thine own humility !

565

S.M.

H. BONAR.

Thou desirest truth in the inward parts.
Psalm li. 6.

- 1 **H**ELP me, my God, to speak
True words to Thee each day.
Real let my voice be when I praise,
And trustful when I pray.
- 2 Thy words are true to me,
Let mine to thee be true ;
The speech of my whole heart and soul,
However low and few.

SUBMISSION.

- 3 True words of grief for sin,
Of longing to be free,
Of groaning for deliverance,
And likeness, Lord, to Thee.
- 4 True words of faith and hope,
Of godly joy and grief,
Lord, I believe, O hear my cry,
Help Thou my unbelief.
-

S U B M I S S I O N .

66 L.M. H. ALFORD.
*Let me fall now into the hand of the Lord; for
very great are His mercies: but let me not
fall into the hand of man.—1 Chron. xxi. 13.*

- 1 BOWED with the guilt of sin, O God,
Expectant of the chastening rod,
O may, whate'er Thy will decree,
Our suffering come alone from Thee!
- 2 Then need we fear, with Thee for judge,
No wild caprice, no rankling grudge:
Wrath calmed by love is Thine alone:
Thy majesty and mercy one.
- 3 O prayer of little faith and trust!
What is the arm of man but dust?
The wrath of foes shall seethe in vain,
If Thou the lifted arm restrain.
- 4 Yet, as the child may shrink with fright
Lest any but the father smite,
We in our weakness none would see
Between Thy suffering ones and Thee.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

- 5 And thus, as prayed, with shame low bent,
Of old that royal penitent,
Into thy hands, Lord, let us fall :
In wrath or mercy, be Thou all !

567

888,4

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH ELLIOT

Not as I will, but as Thou wilt.—Matt. xxvi. 39.

- 1 **M**Y God, my Father, while I stray,
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,—
Thy will be done !
- 2 If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize,—it ne'er was mine ;
I only yield Thee what was Thine ;
Thy will be done !
- 3 E'en if again I ne'er should see
The friend more dear than life to me,
Ere long we both shall be with Thee ;
Thy will be done !
- 4 Should pining sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
My Father, still I strive to say,—
Thy will be done !
- 5 If but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest ;
Thy will be done !
- 6 Renew my will from day to day ;
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,—
Thy will be done !
- 7 Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,—
Thy will be done !

SUBMISSION.

68 ^{888,4} ^{SIR J. BOWRING.}
God is greater than man. Why dost thou strive
against Him.—Job xxxiii. 12, 13.

1 **T**HY will be done ! In devious way
The hurrying stream of life may run ;
Yet still our grateful hearts shall say,—
Thy will be done !

2 Thy will be done ! If o'er us shine
A gladdening and a prosperous sun,
This prayer will make it more divine,—
Thy will be done !

3 Thy will be done ! Though shrouded o'er
Our path with gloom ; one comfort—one—
Is ours : to breathe, while we adore,
Thy will be done !

4 Thy will be done—above—below—
Here and hereafter. We have none
Holier desires to proffer—no !
Thy will be done !

69 ^{7s, Six lines.} ^{NEWTON.*}
Be in subjection to the Father of spirits.
Heb. xii. 9.

1 **Q**UIET, Lord, my froward heart :
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art ;
Make me as a little child :
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases Thee.

2 What Thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive ;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave.
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care :
Why should I the burden bear ?

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

- 3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own :
Knows he's neither strong nor wise ;
Fears to stir a step alone ;
Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.
- 4 Thus preserved from Satan's wiles,
Safe from dangers, free from fears,
May I live upon Thy smiles,
'Till the promised hour appears,
When the sons of God shall prove
All their Father's boundless love.

570 C.M. COWPER
The will of the Lord be done.— Acts xxi. 14.

- 1 **O** LORD, my best desire fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to Thy will,
And make Thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at Thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears ?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears ?
- 3 No, rather let me freely yield
What most I prize to Thee ;
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.
- 4 Thy favour, all my journey through,
Thou art engaged to grant ;
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.
- 5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way ;
Shall I resist them both ?—
A poor blind creature of a day,
And crushed before the moth.

SUBMISSION.

- 6 But ah ! mine inward spirit cries,
Still bind me to Thy sway :
Else the next cloud that veils my skies,
Drives all these thoughts away.

71 C.M. Six lines. A. L. WARING.*
*Your Father knoweth what things ye have
need of.—Matthew vi. 8.*

- 1 FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me,
The changes that will surely come,
I do not fear to see ;
I ask Thee for a present mind
Intent on pleasing Thee.
- 2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes ;
A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathise.
- 3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
That seeks for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know ;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.
- 4 Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate ;
A work of lowly love to do
For Him on whom I wait.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

- 5 I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied ;
A mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy side ;
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.
- 6 Briers beset our every path,
Which call for patient care ;
There is a cross in every lot,
A constant need for prayer :
But lowly hearts that lean on Thee
Are happy everywhere.
- 7 In service which Thy love appoints,
There are no bonds for me ;
My secret heart is taught the truth
That makes Thy children free :
A life of self-renouncing love
Is one of liberty.

572

S.M. Double.

GERHARD *tr.*
JOHN WESLEY.*

Commit thy way unto the Lord.—Ps. xxxvii. 5.

- 1 **G**IVE to the winds thy fears ;
Hope and be undismayed :
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears :
God shall lift up thy head.
Through waves, through clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way.
Wait thou His time ; so shall the night
Soon end in joyous day.
- 2 He everywhere hath sway,
And all things serve His might.
His every act pure blessing is ;
His path unsullied light.

SUBMISSION.

When He makes bare His arm
What shall His work withstand?
When He His people's cause defends,
Who, who shall stay His hand?
Leave to His sovereign will
To choose, and to command;
With wonder filled, thou then shalt own
How wise, how strong His hand.
Thou comprehend'st Him not;
Yet earth and heaven tell,
God sits as Sovereign on the throne;
He ruleth all things well.

Thou seest our weakness, Lord;
Our hearts are known to Thee.
O lift Thou up the sinking hand;
Confirm the feeble knee
Let us, in life and death,
Boldly Thy truth declare;
And publish, with our latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care.

73

86. 86. 88. PAUL GERHARD *tr.*

H. L. LUTHER.

readiness with contentment is great gain.—1 Tim. vi. 6.

- 1 **A**H! grieve not so, nor so lament,
My soul! nor troubled sigh,
Because some joys to others sent
Thy Father may deny;
Take all as love that seems severe,
There is no want if God is near.
- 2 There is no right thou canst demand,
No title thou canst claim,
For all are strangers in the land
Who bear the human name;
Earth and its treasures are the Lord's,
And He the lot of each accords.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

- 3 How thankless art thou, child of man!
For favours that abound ;
Thy God has given thee eyes to scan
The glory all around ;
Yet seldom for this priceless sight,
Hast thou been heard to praise aright.
- 4 Thou was not born that earth should be
A portion fondly sought ;
Look up to heaven, and smiling see
Thy shining golden lot !
Honours and joys which thou shalt share
Unending and unenvied there !
- 5 Then journey on to life and bliss,
God will protect to heaven ;
And every good that meets thee is
A blessing wisely given.
If losses come—so let it be,
The God of heaven remains with thee.

574 L.M. Six lines. C. WESLEY
*Shall we not much rather be in subjection unto
the Father of spirits, and live.—Heb. xii.*

- 1 GOD of my life, how good, how wise,
Thy judgments on my soul have been !
They were but mercies in disguise,
The painful remedies of sin.
How different now Thy ways appear,
Most merciful when most severe !
- 2 Since first the maze of life I trod,
Hast Thou not hedged about my way—
My worldly, vain designs withstood,
And robbed my passions of their prey—
Withheld the fuel from the fire,
And crossed my every fond desire ?

SUBMISSION.

- 3 See then, at last, I all resign ;
I yield me up Thy lawful prey ;
Take this poor long-sought soul of mine,
And bear me in Thine arms away,
Whence I may never more remove,
Secure in Thy eternal love.

75 S.M. [W. M. BUNTING.]
In the night His song shall be with me.
Psalm xlii. 8.

- 1 THOU doest all things well,
God only wise and true !
My days and nights alternate tell
Of mercies always new.
- 2 With sacred toils o'erpressed,
I sink in welcome sleep ;
I wake in darkness and unrest,
Yet patient vigil keep.
- 3 Soon finds each fevered day
And each chill night its bourn ;
Nor zeal need droop, nor hope decay,
Ere rest or light return.
- 4 But, be the night-watch long,
And sore the chastening rod,
Thou art my Health, my Sun, my Song,
My Glory, and my God !
- 5 Thy smiling face lights mine ;
If veiled, it makes me sad ;
Even tears in darkness star-like shine,
And morning finds me glad !
- 6 For weeping, wakeful eyes
Instinctive look above,
And catch, through openings in the skies,
Thy beams, unslumbering Love !

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

7 Hours spent with pain and Thee,
Lost hours have never seemed ;
No ; those are lost, which but might be
From earth, for heaven redeemed !

8 Its limit, its relief,
Its hallowed issues, tell
That, though Thou cause Thy servant grief,
Thou doest all things well !

T R U S T.

576

6666, 88.
Psalm xxiii.

JOSIAH CONDER

- 1 THE Lord my Shepherd is,
And He my soul will keep ;
He knoweth who are His,
And watcheth o'er His sheep.
Away with every anxious fear ;
I cannot want while He is near.
- 2 His wisdom doth provide
The pasture where I feed ;
Where the still waters glide
Along the quiet mead,
He leads my feet ; and when I roam,
O'ertakes and brings the wanderer home.
- 3 He leads Himself the way
His faithful flock should take.
Them who His voice obey,
His love will ne'er forsake ;
For He has pledged His holy name ;
He who for ever is the same.

TRUST.

- 4 Let me but feel Him near,
Death's gloomy pass in view,
I'll walk without a fear
The shadowy valley through ;
With rod and staff, my Shepherd's care
Will guide my steps, and guard me there.
- 5 Still hope and grateful praise
Shall form my constant song :
Shall cheer my gloomiest days,
And tune my dying tongue ;
Until my ransomed soul shall rise,
To praise Him better in the skies.

577

C.M.
Psalm xxiii.

WATTS.

- 1 **M**Y Shepherd will supply my need,
Jehovah is His name ;
In pastures fresh He makes me feed
Beside the living stream.
- 2 He brings my wandering spirit back
When I forsake His ways ;
And leads me for His mercy's sake
In paths of truth and grace.
- 3 When I walk through the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay ;
A word of Thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.
- 4 The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days ;
O may Thy house be mine abode,
And all my work be praise.
- 5 There would I find a settled rest,
While others go and come ;
*No more a stranger and a guest,
But like a child at home.*

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

578

S.M.

WATTS

Psalm xxiii.

- 1 **T**HE Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied ;
Since He is mine and I am His,
What can I want beside ?
- 2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.
- 3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim ;
And guides me in His own right way,
For His most holy name.
- 4 While He affords His aid,
I cannot yield to fear ;
Though I should walk through death's dark
shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.
- 5 In sight of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread ;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.
- 6 The bounties of Thy love
Shall crown my following days ;
Nor from Thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak Thy praise.

579

L.M. Six lines.

ADDISON.

Psalm xxiii.

- 1 **T**HE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a Shepherd's care ;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye ;
My noonday walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

TRUST.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps He leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy presence shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden green and herbage crowned;
And streams shall murmur all around.

4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly hand shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

580

868, 4.
Psalm xxiii.

G. RAWSON.

1 **T**HE God of Love my Shepherd is,
My gracious, constant guide;
I shall not want: for I am His;
In all supplied.

2 In His green pastures do I feed,
And there lie down at will;
He leads me, whensoe'er I need
By waters still.

3 His tenderness restores my soul,
When sick and faint I roam;
The *wandering one* He maketh whole,
And bears me home.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

- 4 Yea ! the dark valley when I tread
No evil will I fear ;
Thy rod and staff dispel the dread :
I feel Thee near.
- 5 Thy grace astounds my demon foes ;
True oil of joy is mine ;
My cup of comfort overflows
With care Divine.
- 6 Goodness and mercy all my days
For me do all things well ;
Till I, in heaven's great house of praise
For ever dwell.

581

C.M.
Psalm xxiii.

KE

- 1 **M**Y Shepherd is the Lord ; I know
No care or craving need ;
He lays me where the green herbs grow
Along the quiet mead :
- 2 He leads me where the waters glide,
The waters soft and still,
And homeward He will gently guide
My wandering heart and will.
- 3 He brings me on the righteous path,
E'en for His name's dear sake.
What if in vale and shade of Death
My dreary way I take ?
- 4 I fear no ill, for Thou, O God,
With me for ever art ;
Thy Shepherd's staff, Thy guiding rod,
'Tis they console my heart.
- 5 O nought but love and mercy wait
Through all my life on me,
And I within my Father's gate
For long bright years shall be.

TRUST.

82 C.M. Double. [J. D. BURNS]
My soul is even as a weaned child.—Ps. cxxxii. 2.

- 1 **A**S helpless as a child who clings
Fast to his father's arm,
And casts his weakness on the strength
That keeps him safe from harm ;
So I, my Father, cling to Thee,
And thus I every hour
Would link my earthly feebleness
To Thine almighty power.
- 2 As trustful as a child who looks
Up in his mother's face,
And all his little griefs and fears
Forgets in her embrace ;
So I to Thee, my Saviour, look,
And in Thy face divine
Can read the love that will sustain
As weak a faith as mine.
- 3 As loving as a child who sits
Close by his parent's knee,
And knows no want while it can have
That sweet society ;
So, sitting at Thy feet, my heart
Would all its love outpour,
And pray that Thou wouldst teach me, Lord,
To love Thee more and more.

83 C.M. DODDRIDGE.*
He hath made with me an everlasting covenant.
2 Samuel xxiii. 5.

- 1 **M**Y God, the covenant of Thy love
Abides for ever sure ;
And in its matchless grace I feel
My happiness secure.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

- 2 What though Thy hand withhold the gifts
That nature might desire,
To loftier joys than nature knows
Thy servants all aspire.
- 3 Since Thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art become,
Jesus, my Guardian and my Friend,
And heaven my final home ;
- 4 I welcome all Thy sovereign will,
For all that will is love ;
And when I know not what Thou dost,
I wait the light above.
- 5 Thy covenant in the darkest gloom
Shall heavenly rays impart,
Which, when mine eyelids close in death,
Shall warm my chilling heart.

584 S.M. [W. F. LLOYD.]
My times are in Thy hand.—Ps. xxxi. 4.

- 1 **M**Y times are in Thy hand ;
My God, I wish them there ;
My life, my soul, my all, I leave
Entirely to Thy care.
- 2 My times are in Thy hand,
Whatever they may be ;
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to Thee.
- 3 My times are in Thy hand,
Why should I doubt or fear !
A Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.
- 4 My times are in Thy hand,
Jesus the crucified !
The hand my many sins have pierced,
Is now my guard and guide.

TRUST.

My times are in Thy hand,
I'll always trust to Thee,
Till I possess the promised land,
And all Thy glory see.

35

C.M.

R. BAXTER.

Yet what I shall choose I wot not.
Philippians i. 22.

- 1 **L**ORD, it belongs not to my care,
Whether I die or live ;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give.
- 2 If life be long I will be glad,
That I may long obey ;
If short—yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day ?
- 3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before ;
He that into God's kingdom comes,
Must enter by His door.
- 4 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessed face to see ;
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be ?
- 5 Then I shall end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days ;
And join with the triumphant saints,
Who sing Jehovah's praise.
- 6 My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim ;
But it's *enough that Christ knows all,*
And I shall be with Him.

- 1 **I** BOW before Thy will, O God,
 And all Thy ways adore ;
 And every day I live, I long
 To love Thee more and more.
- 2 Man's weakness, waiting upon God,
 Its end can never miss,
 For man on earth no work can do
 More angel-like than this.
- 3 Siding with God I always win,
 No chance to me is lost ;
 His will is sweetest to me when
 It triumphs at my cost.
- 4 Ills that God blesses are my good ;
 All unblest good is ill ;
 And all is right that seems most wrong
 If it be His dear will.
- 5 When obstacles and trials seem
 Like prison walls to be,
 I do the little I can do,
 And leave the rest to Thee.
- 6 I have no cares, O blessed Lord !
 My cares Thou makest Thine ;
 I live in triumph, Lord ! for Thou
 Hast made Thy triumphs mine.
- 7 And when it seems no chance or change
 From grief can set me free,
 Hope finds its strength in helplessness,
 And patient waits on Thee.

TRUST.

87 C.M. [ALLEN.]
*When he is tried, he shall receive the crown
of life.*—James i. 12.

- 1 **M**UST Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free ?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.
- 2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here ;
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.
- 3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free ;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.
- 4 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesu's pierced feet,
Joyful I'll cast my golden crown,
And His dear name repeat.
- 5 And palms shall wave, and harps shall ring,
Beneath heaven's arches high ;
The Lord that lives—the ransomed sing—
That lives no more to die.
- 6 O precious cross ! O glorious crown !
O resurrection day !
Ye angels from the heavens come down,
And bear my soul away.

88 888, 484. [ISAAC WILLIAMS.]
Your heavenly Father feedeth them.—Matt. vi. 26.

- 1 **T**HE child leans on its parent's breast,
Leaves there its cares, and is at rest ;
The bird sits singing by his nest,
And tells aloud
His trust in God, and so is blest
'Neath every cloud.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE:

- 2 He has no store, he sows no seed ;
Yet sings aloud, and doth not heed ;
By flowing stream or grassy mead
He sings to shame
Men, who forget, in fear of need,
A Father's name.
- 3 The heart that trusts for ever sings,
And feels as light as it had wings ;
A well of peace within it springs.
Come good or ill,
Whate'er to-day, to-morrow brings,
It is His will !

589

L.M.

W. H. BURLEIGH.

*The children of men put their trust under the
shadow of Thy wings.—Psalm xxxvi. 7.*

- 1 FATHER, beneath Thy sheltering wing,
In sweet security we rest,
And fear no evil earth can bring,
In life, in death, supremely blest.
- 2 For life is good whose tidal flow
The motions of Thy will obeys ;
And death is good, that makes us know
The life divine, that all things sways.
- 3 And good it is to bear the cross,
And so Thy perfect peace to win ;
And nought is ill, nor brings us loss,
Nor works us harm, save only sin.
- 4 Redeemed from this, we ask no more,
But trust the love that saves to guide ;
The grace that yields so rich a store,
Will grant us all we need beside.

TRUST.

O 6, 5. Double. OSWALD *tr.* F. E. COX.*
*In the day of my trouble I will call upon Thee;
for Thou wilt answer me.*—Ps. lxxxvi. 7.

1 **O** LET him, whose sorrow
No relief can find,
Trust in God and borrow
Ease for heart and mind.
When the mourner weeping,
Sheds the secret tear,
God His watch is keeping,
Though none else is near.

2 God will never leave us,
All our wants He knows,
Feels the pains that grieve us,
Sees our cares and woes.
He will help from heaven
When our spirits quail,
When, by tempests driven,
Heart and courage fail.

3 When in grief we languish,
He will dry the tear,
Who His children's anguish
Soothes with succour near.
All our woe and sadness
In this world below,
Balance not the gladness,
We in heaven shall know.

4 On Thy truth relying,
In the mortal strife
Lord, receive us, dying
To eternal life.
Jesus, gracious Saviour,
In the realms above,
Crown us with Thy favour;
Fill us with Thy love.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

591 7, 6. Double. A. L. WAI
I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me
 Psalm xxiii. 4.

1 **I**N heavenly love abiding,
 No change my heart shall fear;
 And safe is such confiding,
 For nothing changes here.
 The storm may roar without me,
 My heart may low be laid,
 But God is round about me,
 And can I be dismayed?

2 Wherever He may guide me,
 No want shall turn me back;
 My Shepherd is beside me,
 And nothing can I lack.
 His wisdom ever waketh,
 His sight is never dim;
 He knows the way He taketh,
 And I will walk with Him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
 Which yet I have not seen;
 Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
 Where the dark clouds have been.
 My hope I cannot measure;
 My path to life is free;
 My Saviour has my treasure,
 And He will walk with me.

592 6 4, 6 4, 4 4, 6 4, 6 4. GRINF
After all these things do the Gentiles see,
 Matthew vi. 32.

1 **'T**IS not in circumstance
 Peace to bestow;
 Nor, where that peace resides,
 Turn it to woe.
 Lord, if Thou bless,
 Where is distress?

TRUST.

Where, if 'Thou wound the heart,
Balm for the smart?
'Tis not in earthly things
Peace to bestow;
Nor, where that peace resides,
Turn it to woe.

- 2 Let me then faithfully
Seek, in the Lord,
Peace which none else can mar,
None else afford;
Never, when blest,
Save in Him rest;
Never in woe despair;
Jesus is there.
Thus let me constantly
Find in the Lord,
Peace which none else can mar,
None else afford.

33 86, 86, 88. JOSIAH CONDER,
The disciple is not above his master.
Luke vi. 40.

- 1 AS much have I of worldly good
As e'er my Master had.
I diet on as dainty food,
And am as richly clad;
Though plain my garb, though scant my board,
As Mary's Son, and nature's Lord.
- 2 The manger was His infant bed;
His home the mountain cave:
He had not where to lay His head,
He borrowed e'en His grave;
Earth yielded Him no resting spot;
Her Maker, but she knew Him not.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

- 3 As much the world's good will I share,
 Its favour and applause,
As He whose blessed name I bear—
 Hated without a cause,
Despised, rejected, mocked by pride,
Betrayed, forsaken, crucified.
- 4 Why should I court my Master's foe?
 Why should I fear its frown?
Why should I seek for rest below,
 Or sigh for brief renown?
A pilgrim to a better land,
An heir of joys at God's right hand.

594

C.M.

WHITTIER

In Thee do I trust.—Psalm cxliii. 8.

- 1 **A**LL as God wills, who wisely heeds
 To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
 Than all my prayers have told !
- 2 Enough that blessings undeserved
 Have marked my erring track ;
That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
 His chastening turned me back ;
- 3 That more and more a providence
 Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
 Sweet with eternal good ;
- 4 That death seems but a covered way
 Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
 Beyond the Father's sight ;
- 5 That care and trial seem at last,
 Through memory's sunset air,
Like mountain ranges overpast,
 In purple distance fair ;

TRUST.

- 6 That all the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in a psalm,
And all the angles of its strife
Slow rounding into calm ;
- 7 And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play ;
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day.

595

10 10, 11, 11.

NEWTON.

God will provide.—Genesis xxii. 8.

- 1 **T**HOUGH troubles assail,
And dangers affright ;
Though friends should all fail,
And foes all unite ;
Yet one thing secures us,
Whatever betide,
The Scripture assures us,
The Lord will provide.
- 2 The birds without barn
Or storehouse are fed ;
From them let us learn
To trust for our bread.
His saints what is fitting
Shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written,
The Lord will provide.
- 3 His call we obey,
Like Abraham of old,
Not knowing our way,
But faith makes us bold ;
For though we are strangers,
We have a good Guide,
And trust, in all dangers,
The Lord will provide.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

- 4 No strength of our own,
Or goodness we claim ;
Yet, since we have known
The Saviour's great name,
In this our strong tower
For safety we hide ;
Almighty His power,
The Lord will provide.

596 888, 88. H. BONA
We have peace with God.—Romans v. 1.

- 1 **O**N the great love of God I lean,
Love of the Infinite unseen,
With nought of heaven or earth between ;
This God is mine, and I am His ;
His love is all I need of bliss.
- 2 Once and for ever reconciled,
The sinful with the undefiled,
I walk with Him, His trustful child ;
The blood of the great Sacrifice
My troubled conscience pacifies.
- 3 In the calm light of God I move,
The light of holiness and love,
Like the pure light of heaven above ;
For God is love, and God is light,
A day without a cloud or night.
- 4 To the dear home of God I press,
The mansion of eternal bliss,
The seat of love and righteousness
O home and seat of glorious life,
Beyond the tumult and the strife.
- 5 He keeps me from all want and ill,
With loving eye He guides me still,
His peace and joy my spirit fill ;
O loving Seeker of the lost,
How great for me Thy toil and cost !

TRUST.

- 6 To Him my helpless spirit clings,
He bears me as on eagle's wings,
Through sorrow and through joy He brings ;
He loved from the eternal past,
His tender mercies ever last.

597 ^{6 10 4, 10 10 6.}
The Lord hath been mindful of us.—Ps. cxv. 12.

- 1 **G**OD doth not leave His own :
The night of weeping for a time may last,
Then, tears all past,
His going forth shall as the morning shine,
The sunrise of His favour shall be thine :
God doth not leave His own.

- 2 - God doth not leave His own :
Though few and evil all their days appear,
Though grief and fear
Come in the train of earth and hell's dark
crowd,
The trusting heart says, even in the cloud,
God doth not leave His own.

- 3 God doth not leave His own ;
The sorrow in their life He doth permit,
Yea, chooseth it ;
To speed His children on their heavenward way
He guides the winds. Faith, hope, and love
all say,
God doth not leave His own.

598 ^{8 8 6, 8 8 6.} CHILD'S CHRISTIAN YEAR.
He careth for you.—1 Peter v. 7.

- 1 **O** LORD, how happy should we be,
If we could cast our care on 'Thee,
If we from self could rest ;
And feel at heart that One above,
*In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best.*

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

- 2 Could we but kneel, and cast our load,
E'en while we pray, upon our God,
Then rise with lightened cheer,
Sure that the Father, who is nigh
To still the famished raven's cry,
Will hear in that we fear.
- 3 How far from this our daily life !
Ever disturbed by anxious strife,
By sudden wild alarms ;
O could we but relinquish all
Our earthly props, and simply fall
On Thine almighty arms !

599

5 4, 5 4. GRINFI

They that seek the Lord shall not want a good thing.—Ps. xxxiv. 10.

- 1 **W**HY are we grieving
If to the Lord
Still we are cleaving,
Keeping His word ?
- 2 Are we not dying
Daily at best ?
Will not all sighing
Soon be at rest ?
- 3 Ever to cheer us
On to the end,
Jesus is near us
He is our friend.
- 4 Has He not sought us
When far astray ?
Has He not brought us
Still on our way ?
- 5 Foes might assail us,
Fears might oppress ;
When did He fail us
In our distress ?

TRUST.

6 Why are we grieving,
If to the Lord
Still we are cleaving,
Keeping His word?

600 L.M. Six Lines. HEBER.
*Then will I go unto the altar of God, unto God
my exceeding joy.—Ps. xliii. 4.*

- 1 FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
Lord, to Thine altar's shade we fly;
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
Saviour, we seek Thy shelter here;
Weary and weak, Thy grace we pray;
'Turn not, O Lord, Thy guests away!
- 2 Long have we roamed in want and pain;
Long have we sought our rest in vain;
'Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tossed
Low at Thy feet our sins we lay,
'Turn not, O Lord, Thy guests away.

601 8, 3 3, 6. SIR J. BOWRING.
I will fear no evil.—Ps. xxiii. 4.

- 1 W HEN the storms of sorrow gather,
Oh! how blest
'Tis to rest
'Neath Thy wings, O Father!
- 2 Dark may be the clouds and dreary,
Yet the night
Melts to light
When Thou guid'st the weary.
- 3 Sacred Shepherd! save and guide me:
If I be
Led by Thee,
Harm can ne'er betide me.



THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

602 C.M. Six lines. A. L. WARING
Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of Th
waterspouts. . . yet the Lord will comman
His lovingkindness in the daytime.—Ps. xlii. 7, 1

- 1 **G**O not far from me, O my strength,
Whom all my times obey ;
Take from me any thing Thou wilt,
But go not Thou away,—
And let the storm that does Thy work
Deal with me as it may.
- 2 On Thy compassion I repose,
In weakness and distress ;
I will not ask for greater ease,
Lest I should love Thee less.
Oh ! 'tis a blessed thing for me
To need Thy tenderness.
- 3 Thy love has many a lighted path
No outward eye can trace ;
And my heart sees Thee in the deep,
With darkness on its face,
And communes with Thee 'mid the storm,
As in a secret place.
- 4 O Comforter of God's redeemed !
Whom the world does not see,
What hand should pluck me from the flood,
That casts my soul on Thee ?
Who would not suffer pain like mine,
To be consoled like me ?
- 5 When I am feeble as a child,
And flesh and heart give way,
Then on Thy everlasting strength
With passive trust I stay.
And the rough wind becomes a song,
'The darkness shines like day.

TRUST.

- 6 There is no death for me to fear,
For Christ, my Lord, hath died ;
There is no curse in this my pain,
For He was crucified.
And it is fellowship with Him
That keeps me near His side.
- 7 My heart is fixed, O God, my strength,
My heart is strong to bear ;
I will be joyful in Thy love,
And peaceful in Thy care.
Deal with me, for my Saviour's sake,
According to His prayer.
- 8 Deep unto deep may call—but I
With peaceful heart will say
Thy lovingkindness has a charge
No waves can take away :
And let the storm that speeds me home
Deal with me as it may.

603 11, 10, 11, 6. W. H. BURLEIGH.
Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.
Job xiii. 15.

- 1 **S**TILL will we trust, though earth seems dark
and dreary,
And the heart faint beneath His chastening rod,
Though rough and steep our pathway, worn and
weary,
Still will we trust in God !
- 2 Our eyes see dimly, till by Faith anointed,
And our blind choosing brings us grief and
pain ;
Through Him alone who hath our way appointed,
We find our peace again.
- 3 Choose for us, God ! nor let our weak preferring
Cheat our poor souls of good Thou hast
designed :
*Choose for us, God ! Thy wisdom is unerring,
And we are fools and blind.*

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

- 4 So from our sky, the night shall furl her shadow
And day pour gladness through his golden
gates ;
Our rough path leads to flower - enamelled
meadows
Where joy our coming waits.
- 5 Let us press on in patient self-denial,
Accept the hardship, shrink not from the loss
Our guerdon lies beyond the hour of trial :
Our Crown, beyond the Cross.

604 S.M. Double. C. WESLEY
*Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose
mind is stayed on Thee.—Isa. xxvi. 3.*

- 1 **T**HOU very present aid
In suffering and distress ;
The soul which still on Thee is stayed,
Is kept in perfect peace.
The soul, by faith reclined
On the Redeemer's breast,
'Mid raging storms exults to find
An everlasting rest.
- 2 Sorrow and fear are gone,
Whene'er Thy face appears :
It stills the sighing orphan's moan,
And dries the widow's tears :
It hallows every cross ;
It sweetly comforts me,
Makes me forget mine every loss,
And find my all in Thee.
- 3 Jesus, to whom I fly,
Doth all my wishes fill.
What though created streams are dry,
I have the fountain still.
Stripped of mine earthly friends,
I find them all in One :
And peace and joy that never ends,
And heaven, in Christ, begun.

TRUST.

605

12 11, 12 11.

J. D. BURNS.

In the night His song shall be with me.

Psalm xlii. 8.

- 1 **I**N the night of my solitude, kneeling alone,
When friends may forsake me and comforts
have flown,
May I say, not alone, while I think upon Thee,
My Father, in secret, Thy song be with me.
- 2 In the night of my sorrow, when troubles and
fears
Gather round, and I water my couch with my
tears,
May I say, not despairing, while resting on Thee,
My Father, in trial, Thy song be with me.
- 3 In the night of temptation, when perils assail,
And my strength in the struggle seems ready to
fail,
May I say, not afraid, while I look unto Thee,
My Father, in danger, Thy song be with me.
- 4 In the night of my sickness, when sleepless I lie,
And restless and faint for the dawning I cry,
May I say, not cast down, while clinging to Thee,
My Father, in suffering, Thy song be with me.
- 5 In the night of desertion, when Thou seemest far,
In the waste not a well, in the sky not a star ;
May I say, not forsaken, while waiting on Thee,
My Father, in darkness, Thy song be with me.
- 6 In the last night of life, when my journey shall
end,
And in the dark valley the shadows descend,
May I say, not dismayed, while I lean upon Thee,
My Father, in death, may Thy song be with me!

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

606 888, 6. H. ALFORD.
Lord, save us, we perish.—Matthew viii. 25.

- 1 **L**O! the storms of life are breaking,
Faithless fears our hearts are shaking;
For our succour undertaking,
Lord and Saviour, help us.
- 2 Lo! the world from Thee rebelling,
Round Thy church, in pride, is swelling;
With Thy word their madness quelling,
Lord and Saviour, help us.
- 3 On Thine own command relying,
We our onward task are plying,
Unto Thee for safety sighing,
Lord and Saviour, help us.
- 4 By Thy birth, Thy cross, Thy passion,
By Thy tears of deep compassion,
By thy mighty intercession,
Lord and Saviour, help us.

607 C.M. J. BALDWIN BROWN,
Lord, increase our faith.—Luke xvii. 5.

- 1 **T**HOU, who our faithless hearts canst read,
And know'st each weakness there;
Poor, trembling, faint, with Thee we plead,
O turn not from our prayer!
- 2 We cannot grasp from hour to hour
The truths Thy gospel saith;
Then aid us by Thy heavenly power,
And so increase our faith,
- 3 That we may trust Thy guardian care,
When no kind hand we see;
That we may lift our souls in prayer
Undoubtingly to Thee.

TRUST.

- 4 Help us to gaze on things unseen
By eyes of mortal sight ;
To pierce through earth's dark veil, and glean
Some beams of heavenly light.
- 5 Thy glorious presence may we see,
When earth's last tie is riven ;
In faith then trust our souls to Thee,
Till we awake in heaven.

608 L.M. Six lines. C. WESLEY.
*When thou passest through the waters, I will
be with thee.*—Isaiah xliii. 2.

- 1 **P**EACE, doubting heart ! my God's I am ;
Who formed me man, forbids my fear ;
The Lord hath called me by my name ;
The Lord protects, for ever near ;
His blood for me did once atone,
And still He loves and guards His own.
- 2 When passing through the watery deep,
I ask in faith His promised aid ;
The waves an awful distance keep,
And shrink from my devoted head ;
Fearless their violence I dare,
They cannot harm, for God is there.
- 3 To Him mine eye of faith I turn,
And through the fire pursue my way ;
The fire forgets its power to burn,
The lambent flames around me play ;
I own His power, accept the sign,
And shout, to prove the Saviour mine.
- 4 Still nigh me, O my Saviour, stand !
And guard in fierce temptation's hour ;
Hide in the hollow of Thy hand ;
Show forth in me Thy saving power ;
*Still be Thine arms my sure defence ;
Nor earth nor hell shall pluck me thence.*

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

609

C.M.

A. L. WARREN

The Lord is my portion, saith my soul; therefore will I hope in Him.—Lam. iii. 24.

- 1 **M**Y heart is resting, O my God :
I will give thanks and sing ;
My heart is at the secret source
Of every precious thing.
Now the frail vessel Thou hast made
No hand but Thine shall fill ;
For the waters of the earth have failed,
And I am thirsty still.
- 2 I thirst for springs of heavenly life,
And here all day they rise ;
I seek the treasure of Thy love,
And close at hand it lies.
And a new song is in my mouth
To long-loved music set ;
Glory to Thee for all the grace
I have not tasted yet.
- 3 Glory to Thee for strength withheld,
For want and weakness known ;
And the fear that sends me to Thyself
For what is most my own.
I have a heritage of joy
That yet I must not see ;
But the hand that bled to make it mine,
Is keeping it for me.
- 4 My heart is resting, O my God,
My heart is in Thy care ;
I hear the voice of joy and health
Resounding everywhere.
"Thou art my portion," saith my soul
Ten thousand voices say,
And the music of their glad Amen
Will never die away.

TRUST.

610 C.M. [BRUCE.]
*Now also when I am old and grey-headed,
O God, forsake me not.*—Psalm lxxi. 18.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY Father of mankind,
On Thee my hopes remain ;
And when the day of trouble comes,
I shall not trust in vain.
- 2 In early days Thou wast my guide,
And of my youth the friend ;
And as my days began with Thee,
With Thee my days shall end.
- 3 I know the Power in whom I trust,
The arm on which I lean ;
He will my Saviour ever be,
Who has my Saviour been. .
- 4 My God, who causedst me to hope,
When life began to beat,
And when a stranger in the world,
Didst guide my wandering feet.
- 5 Thou wilt not cast me off when age
And evil days descend !
Thou wilt not leave me in despair,
To mourn my latter end.
- 6 Therefore in life I'll trust to Thee,
In death I will adore ;
And after death I'll sing Thy praise,
When time shall be no more.

611 C.M. WATTS.
Psalm cxxi.

- 1 **T**O heaven I lift my waiting eyes,
There all my hopes are laid ;
*The Lord that built the earth and skies
Is my perpetual aid.*

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

- 2 Their feet shall never slide to fall
Whom He designs to keep ;
His ear attends the softest call ;
His eyes can never sleep.
- 3 He will sustain our weakest powers
With His almighty arm,
And watch our most unguarded hours
Against surprising harm.
- 4 Israel, rejoice and rest secure,
Thy Keeper is the Lord ;
His wakeful eyes employ His power
For thine eternal guard.
- 5 He guards thy soul, He keeps thy breath,
Where thickest dangers come ;
Go, and return, secure from death,
Till God commands thee home.

COURAGE AND CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

612

8888,6666,8.
Psalm xlv.

LUTHER.

- ¹ GOD is our refuge in distress,
Our shield of hope through every care,
Our Shepherd, watching us to bless,
And therefore will we not despair ;
Although the mountains shake,
And hills their place forsake,
And billows o'er them break,
Yet still will we not fear,
For Thou, O God, art ever near.

COURAGE AND CONFIDENCE.

- 2 God is our hope and strength in woe ;
Through earth He maketh wars to cease ;
His power breaketh spear and bow ;
His mercy sendeth endless peace.
Then though the earth remove,
And storms rage high above,
And seas tempestuous prove,
Yet still will we not fear,
The Lord of Hosts is ever near.

613

8 8 8 8, 6 6 6 6, 8.

LUTHER, *tr.* H. ALFORD.

Psalm xlv.

- 1 **A** TOWER of strength is God our Lord,
A sure defence and trusty guard ;
His help as yet in every need,
From danger hath our spirit freed.
Our ancient foe in rage
May all his spite display ;
May war against us wage,
And arm him for the fray,
He that can keep all earth at bay.
- 2 Weak is our unassisted power,
Defeated soon in peril's hour :
But on our side, and for the right,
The man of God's own choice doth fight ;
Jesus the Christ, whose name
Exalted is on high,
The Lord of Hosts, the same
That reigneth in the sky,
He giveth us the victory.

614

C.M.

H. F. LYTE.

Psalm xlv.

- 1: **G**OD is our refuge, tried and proved,
Amid a stormy world ;
We will not fear though earth be moved,
And hills in ocean hurled.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

- 2 The waves may roar, the mountains shake,
Our comforts shall not cease ;
The Lord His saints will not forsake ;
The Lord will give us peace.
- 3 A gentle stream of hope and love
To us shall ever flow ;
It issues from His throne above,
It cheers His church below.
- 4 When earth and hell against us came,
He spake, and quelled their powers ;
The Lord of Hosts is still the same,
The God of grace is ours.

615

87, 87, 887. JOSIAH CONDER.
Psalm xlv.

- 1 GOD is our refuge, ever near,
Our help in tribulation ;
Therefore His people shall not fear,
Amid a wrecked creation.
Though mountains from their base be hurled,
And ocean shake the solid world,
The Lord is our salvation.
- 2 The stream that flows from Zion's hill,
Shall yet, serenely gliding,
With joy the holy city fill,
His presence there abiding.
The Lord her glory and defence,
Will guard His chosen residence,
His timely aid providing.

616

L.M.
Psalm xlv.

WATTS

- 1 GOD is the refuge of His saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade ;
Ere we can offer our complaints
Behold Him present with His aid.

COURAGE AND CONFIDENCE.

- 1 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there;
Convulsions shake the solid world,
Our faith shall never yield to fear.
- 3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
In sacred peace our souls abide,
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.
- 4 There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.
- 5 That sacred stream, Thine holy word,
That all our raging fear controls:
Sweet peace Thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.
- 6 Our help is in Jehovah's name,
Who formed the earth, and built the skies;
He that upholds that wondrous frame
Guards His own church with watchful eyes.

117 8. 7. J. S. B. MONSELL.
*Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all
the days of my life.—Ps. xxiii. 6.*

- 1 BRIGHTLY hopeful for the future,
Fondly grateful for the past,
Onward, Christians, ever onward,
While the day of grace shall last.
- 2 Full of memories of mercies,
Full of hopes of calm repose
In the rest of heaven's fruition,
When the day of faith shall close.
- 3 Emptied of self's sin and weakness,
Filled with grace and strength divine,
Onward, upward, homeward toiling,
Till the day of work decline.

- 4 Ever let our conversation
Be in heaven, though we are here,
Till the night of death hath vanished,
And the day of life appear.

618 10, 5, 11. C. WESLEY.*
Here have we no continuing city.—Heb. xiii. 14.

- 1 COME, let us anew our journey pursue,
With vigour arise,
And press to our home with the Lord in the skies.
2 Of heavenly birth, though wandering on earth,
This is not our place ;
But strangers and pilgrims ourselves we confess.
3 Redeemed of the Lord, we believe in His word;
Still onward we move,
And look for our home in the country above.
4 A country of joy, without any alloy,
We thither repair :
Our hearts and our treasure already are there.
5 We march hand in hand to Immanuel's land ;
No matter what cheer
We meet with on earth ; for eternity's near.
6 The rougher our way, the shorter our stay ;
The tempests that rise
Shall gloriously hurry our souls to the skies.
7 The fiercer the blast, the sooner 'tis past ;
The troubles that come,
Shall come to our rescue, and hasten us home.

619 10, 10, 11, 11. NEWTON.*
O ye of little faith.—Matt. viii. 26.

- 1 BEGONE, unbelief ;
My Saviour is near,
And for my relief
Will surely appear.

COURAGE AND CONFIDENCE

- By prayer let me wrestle,
And He will perform ;
With Christ in the vessel,
I smile at the storm.
- 2 Though dark be my way,
Since He is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey ;
'Tis His to provide ;
Though cisterns be broken,
And creatures all fail,
The word He hath spoken
Shall surely prevail.
- 3 His love in time past
Forbids me to think,
He'll leave me at last
In trouble to sink.
He cannot have taught me
To trust in His name,
And thus far have brought me
To put me to shame.
- 4 Why should I complain
Of want or distress,
Temptation or pain ?
He told me no less :
The heirs of salvation,
I know from His word,
Through much tribulation
Must follow their Lord.
- 5 How bitter that cup,
No heart can conceive,
Which He drank quite up,
That sinners might live !
His way was much rougher
And darker than mine ;
Did Jesus thus suffer,
And shall I repine ?

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

- 6 Since all that I meet
 Shall work for my good,
 The bitter is sweet,
 The medicine is food ;
 Though painful at present,
 'Twill cease before long ;
 And then, O how pleasant
 The conqueror's song !

620 88 85. Irregular. HEBER.*
*Neither death nor life . . . shall be able to
 separate us from the love of God.*—Rom. viii. 38, 39.

- 1 **L**IFE nor death shall us dissever
 From His love who reigns for ever
 Will He fail us? Never! never!
 When to Him we cry.
- 2 Satan still may seek to snare us,
 From God's hand may strive to tear us ;
 Doubt and fear and grim despair,
 All their worst may try.
- 3 For His might shall still defend us,
 And His blessed Son befriend us,
 And His holy Spirit send us,
 Comfort ere we die.

621 86, 86, 44, 88. S. RODIGAST *tr.*
 C. WINKWORTH.
Thy judgments are right.—Ps. cxix. 75.

- 1 **W**HATE'ER my God ordains is right ;
 His will is ever just ;
 Howe'er He orders now my cause,
 I will be still and trust.
 He is my God ;
 Though dark my road,
 He holds me that I shall not fall ;
 Wherefore to Him I leave it all.

COURAGE AND CONFIDENCE.

Whate'er my God ordains is right ;
He never will deceive ;
He leads me by the proper path,
And so to Him I cleave,
And take content
What He hath sent ;
His hand can turn my griefs away,
And patiently I wait His day.

Whate'er my God ordains is right ;
My light, my life is He,
Who cannot will me aught but good ;
I trust Him utterly.
For well I know,
In joy or woe,
We soon shall see, as sunlight clear,
How faithful was our Guardian here.

Whate'er my God ordains is right ;
Here will I take my stand,
Though sorrow, need, or death make earth
For me a desert land.
My Father's care
Is round me there ;
He holds me that I shall not fall,
And so to Him I leave it all.

2 L.M. TATE AND BRADY, *alt.* by H. F. LYTE.
Psalm xviii.

NO change of time shall ever shock
My firm dependence, Lord, on Thee ;
In danger Thou hast been a rock,
A fortress in distress to me.

And still the same Thou art, my God,
Supreme in wisdom, love, and power ;
My refuge still from foes abroad,
At home my safeguard and my tower.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

- 3 Praise to the Lord ! He heareth prayer,
I seek with joy His mercy-seat ;
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
Nor spurn Thy suppliant from Thy feet.
- 4 Through Thee my darkness shall be light.
Through Thee my weakness shall be strong
O guide my wandering steps aright,
And be Thy grace my daily song.

623

76. Double.
Psalm xxvii.

MONTGOMERY

- 1 **G**OD is my strong salvation,
What foe have I to fear ?
In darkness and temptation,
My light, my help is near :
Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm to the fight I stand ;
What terror can confound me,
With God at my right hand ?
- 2 Place on the Lord reliance ;
My soul, with courage wait ;
His truth be thine affiance,
When faint and desolate.
His might thy heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase ;
Mercy thy days shall lengthen ;
The Lord will give thee peace.

624

L.M.

WATT

He made a show of them openly, triumphing over them.—Colossians ii. 15.

- 1 **S**TAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armour on ;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where thy great Captain-Saviour's gone.

COVERAGE AND CONFIDENCE.

hell and thy sins resist thy course ;
But hell and sin are vanquished foes ;
thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when He rose.

What though the prince of darkness rage,
And waste the fury of his spite,
Eternal chains confine him down
To fiery deeps and endless night.

4 What though thine inward lusts rebel,
'Tis but a struggling gasp for life ;
The weapons of victorious grace
Shall slay thy sins, and end the strife.

5 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate ;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

6 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace ;
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

625 L.M. WATTS.*
*They that wait upon the Lord shall renew
their strength.—Isaiah xl. 31.*

1 **A** WAKE, our souls ; away our fears,
Let every trembling thought be gone ;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint ;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint.

3 Thee, mighty God ! whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

- 4 From Thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.
- 5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to Thine abode ;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

626 6666, 88.
If God be for us, who can be against us ?
Romans viii. 31.

1 J EHOVAH is our strength,
And He shall be our song ;
We shall o'ercome at length,
Although our foes be strong.
In vain doth Satan then oppose ;
The Lord is stronger than His foes.

2 The Lord our portion is ;
What can we wish for more ?
As long as we are His
We never can be poor.
In vain do earth and hell oppose,
For God is stronger than His foes.

3 The Lord our Shepherd is,
He knows our every need ;
And since we now are His,
His care our souls will feed.
In vain do sin and death oppose,
For God is stronger than His foes.

4 Our God our Father is,
Our names are on His heart ;
For ever we are His,
He ne'er from us will part.
In vain the world and flesh oppose,
For God is stronger than His foes.

THANKS FOR DELIVERANCE.

627

87, 87, 887.

[DECIUS.]

Casting all your care upon Him.

1 Peter v. 7.

TO God on high be thanks and praise,
Who deigns our bonds to sever ;
His cares our drooping souls upraise,
And harm shall reach us never ;
On Him we rest with faith assured,
Of all that live, the mighty Lord,
For ever and for ever.

THANKS FOR DELIVERANCE.

628

C.M.

STERNHOLD.*

Psalm xviii.

- 1 **O** GOD, my strength and fortitude,
Of force I must love Thee ;
Thou art my castle and defence
In my necessity.
- 2 The Lord Jehovah is my God,
My rock, my strength, my wealth ;
My strong deliverer and my trust,
My spirit's only health.
- 3 In my distress I sought my God,
I sought Jehovah's face ;
My cry before Him came ; He heard
Out of His holy place.
- 4 The Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens most high,
And underneath His feet He cast
The darkness of the sky.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

- 5 On cherub and on cherubim
Full royally He rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.
- 6 The voice of God did thunder high,
The lightnings answered keen ;
The channels of the deep were bared,
The world's foundations seen.
- 7 And so delivered He my soul !
Who is a rock but He ?
He liveth ; blessed be my rock !
My God exalted be.

629

C.M. TATE AND BRADY.⁴
Psalm xxxiv.

- 1 **T**HROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 Of His deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distressed,
From mine example comfort take,
And soothe their griefs to rest.
- 3 O magnify the Lord with me ;
With me exalt His name ;
When in distress to Him I called,
He to my rescue came.
- 4 O make but trial of His love ;
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide !
- 5 Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear ;
Make you His service your delight,
He'll make your wants His care.

THANKS FOR DELIVERANCE.

630

L.M.
Psalm xxxiv.

WATTS.*

- 1 **L**ORD, I will bless Thee all my days,
Thy praise shall dwell upon my tongue ;
My soul shall glory in Thy grace,
And show Thy goodness in my song.
- 2 Come, magnify the Lord with me.
Come, let us all exalt His name ;
I sought the eternal God, and He
Has not exposed my hope to shame.
- 3 To humble souls and broken hearts
God with His grace is ever nigh ;
Pardon and hope His love imparts
When men in deep contrition lie.
- 4 To Him the poor lift up their eyes,
On them He makes His goodness shine ;
A beam of mercy from the skies
Fills them with light and joy divine.
- 5 His holy angels pitch their tents
Around the men that serve the Lord ;
O fear and love Him, all His saints,
Taste of His grace and trust His word.

631

C.M.
Psalm lxxxi.

H. AUBER.

- 1 **O** GOD, our strength, to Thee the song
With grateful hearts we raise ;
To Thee, and Thee alone, belong
All worship, love, and praise.
- 2 In trouble's dark and stormy hour,
Thine ear hath heard our prayer,
And *graciously* Thine arm of power
Hath saved us from despair.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

- 3 And Thou, O ever gracious Lord,
Wilt keep Thy promise still,
If, meekly hearkening to Thy word,
We seek to do Thy will.
- 4 Led by the light Thy grace imparts,
Ne'er may we bow the knee
To idols, which our wayward hearts
Set up instead of Thee.
- 5 So shall Thy choicest gifts, O Lord,
Thy faithful people bless,
For them shall earth its stores afford,
And heaven its happiness.

632

C.M.

WATI

Psalm cxvi.

- 1 **W**HAT shall I render to my God
For all His kindness shown?
My feet shall visit Thine abode,
My songs address Thy throne.
- 2 How much is mercy Thy delight,
Thou ever-blessed God!
How dear Thy servants in Thy sight!
How precious is their blood!
- 3 How happy all Thy servants are!
How great Thy grace to me!
My life, which Thou hast made Thy care,
Lord, I devote to Thee.
- 4 Now I am Thine, for ever Thine,
Nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hand hath loosed my bonds of pain.
And bound me with Thy love.
- 5 Here in Thy courts I leave my vow,
And Thy rich grace record;
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
~~If~~ I forsake the Lord.

THE SPIRIT OF ADOPTION

633

C.M. Double.

T. H. GILL.

The glorious liberty of the children of God.

Romans viii. 21.

- 1 **T**HOU biddest, Lord, Thy sons be bold ;
Thy Firstborn set us free ;
The dear adoption fast we hold,
The glorious liberty.
Thou Majesty Divine, we cling
To Thine eternal throne ;
Almighty Taskmaster ! we bring
Our work to Thee alone.
- 2 Full feels this seeking company
The sweet celestial air ;
In humble joy we lay on Thee
The loving clasp of prayer.
We mingle now our inmost fires,
A glowing, yearning throng ;
All free and strong of wing aspires
The gladness of our song.
- 3 Men's statutes do not wake our fear ;
Men frown, yet smile we still ;
For us the Holy Spirit's cheer ;
For us the eternal will.
Thine own we are, Almighty One,
Thine own would ever be ;
Endless Thy dear dominion,
Our glorious liberty !

HH

513.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

634

7s. Six lines.
Psalm cxxiii.

[BOWDLIE

- 1 **L**ORD, before Thy throne we bend ;
Lord, to Thee our prayers ascend ;
Servants, to our Master true,
Lord, we yield Thee homage due ;
Children, to our God we fly,
Abba, Father ! hear our cry.
- 2 Low before Thee, Lord, we bow ;
We are weak, but mighty Thou ;
Sore distressed, yet suppliant still,
Here we wait Thy holy will :
Bound to earth and rooted here,
Till our Saviour God appear.
- 3 From the heavens, Thy dwelling-place,
Hear and grant Thy pardoning grace ;
In temptation's dangerous hour,
Leave us not beneath its power ;
God, our Saviour, still be nigh,
Lord of life and victory.

635

S.M.

WATT

*Behold what manner of love the Father has
bestowed upon us.— 1 John iii. 1.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD what wondrous grace
The Father hath bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God !
- 2 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made ;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our head.
- 3 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure ;
May purge our souls from ~~sense~~ and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

LOVE FOR GOD AND JOY IN HIM.

- 4 Since in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down Thy Spirit like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.
- 5 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne ;
My faith shall Abba, Father, cry,
And Thou the kindred own.
-

OVE FOR GOD AND JOY IN HIM.

336 L.M. [IGNATIUS LOYOLA.]
Whether we be beside ourselves, it is to God.
2 Cor. v. 13.

- 1 I LOVE Thee, O Thou Lord most high,
Because Thou first hast lovèd me ;
I seek no other liberty
But that of being bound to Thee.
- 2 May memory no thought suggest
But shall to Thy pure glory tend ;
My understanding find no rest
Except in Thee, its only end.
- 3 My God, I here protest to Thee
No other will I have than Thine ;
Whatever Thou hast given to me
I here again to Thee resign.
- 4 All mine is Thine ; say but the word,
Whate'er Thou wilt shall be done :
I know Thy love, all-gracious Lord ;
I know it seeks my good alone.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

- 5 Apart from Thee all things are nought ;
 Then grant, O my supremest Bliss,
 Grant me to love Thee as I ought ;
 Thou givest all in giving this.

637 106, 106, 10 10 MADAME GUION.
Love is of God.—1 John iv. 7.

- 1 I LOVE my God, but with no love of mine,
 For I have none to give ;
 I love Thee, Lord : but all the love is Thine,
 For by Thy love I live.
 I am as nothing, and rejoice to be
 Emptied, and lost, and swallowed up in Thee.
- 2 'Thou Lord alone art all Thy children need,
 And there is none beside ;
 From Thee the streams of blessedness proceed ;
 In Thee the blessed abide.
 Fountain of Life and all-abounding grace,
 Our source, our centre, and our dwelling-place.

638 C.M. [JOHN MASON.]
God's my exceeding joy.—Ps. xliii. 4.

- 1 WHERE God doth dwell, sure heaven is
 there,
 And singing there must be :
 Since, Lord, Thy presence makes my heaven,
 Whom should I sing but Thee ?
- 2 My God, my reconciled God,
 Creator of my peace ;
 Thee will I love, and praise, and sing,
 Till life and breath shall cease.
- 3 My soul doth magnify the Lord,
 My spirit doth rejoice ;
 To Thee, my Saviour and my God,
 I lift my joyful voice.

LOVE FOR GOD AND JOY IN HIM.

- 4 I need not go abroad for joys,
I have a feast at home ;
My sighs are turned into songs,
My heart has ceased to roam.
- 5 Down from above the blessèd Dove
Is come into my breast,
To witness Thine eternal love,
And give my spirit rest.
- 6 My God, I'll praise Thee while I live,
And praise Thee when I die,
And praise Thee when I rise again,
And to eternity.

639

C.M.

WATTS.*

The Lord is my portion.—Lam. iii. 24.

- 1 **M**Y God, my life is in Thy love,
Let me Thy glory see,
I've none but Thee in heaven above,
I've none on earth but Thee.
- 2 What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod !
There's nothing here deserves my joys ;
There's nothing like my God.
- 3 To Thee we owe our wealth and friends,
And health and safe abode :
Thanks to Thy name for meaner things,
But they are not my God.
- 4 Were I possessor of the earth,
And called the stars mine own ;
Without Thy graces and Thyself,
I were a wretch undone.
- 5 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore ;
*Grant me the vision of Thy face,
And I desire no more.*

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

640 C.M. WAITS⁹
In Thy presence is fulness is joy.—Ps. xvi. 11.

- 1 MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And solace of my nights.
- 2 In darkest shades if He appear,
My dawning is begun ;
He is my soul's bright morning star,
And He my rising sun.
- 3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
When to my heart His voice divine
Bears witness I am His.
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
To meet my dearest Lord.
- 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe ;
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Should bear me conqueror through.

641 C.M. DODDRIDGE
Rejoice in the Lord.—Philippians iv. 4.

- 1 MY soul, triumphant in the Lord,
Shall tell its joys abroad,
And march with holy vigour on,
Supported by its God.
- 2 Through all the perils of my life
God's hand hath been my guide,
And in God's strong and kindly care
My heart shall still confide.

LOVE FOR GOD AND JOY IN HIM.

- 3 Nor shall I through eternal days
A restless pilgrim roam ;
The hand that now conducts my course
Shall soon convey me home.
- 4 Beyond the noblest joys of earth
Thy service, Lord, I love ;
But, oh ! I burn with strong desire
To see Thy throne above.
- 5 Mingling with all the shining throng,
My soul would there adore,
A pillar in Thy temple fixed,
To be removed no more.

42 L.M. MADAME GUION, *tr.* COWPER.
I am continually with Thee.—Ps. lxxiii. 23.

- 1 TO me remains nor place nor time ;
My country is in every clime ;
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.
- 2 While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none ;
But with my God to guide my way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.
- 3 Could I be cast where Thou art not,
That were, indeed, a dreadful lot ;
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all.
- 4 Then let me to His throne repair,
And never be a stranger there :
Then love divine shall be my guard,
And peace and safety my reward.



THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

643

6, 5. Double. J. S. B. MONSEL

He went on his way rejoicing.

Acts viii. 39.

- 1 **O**N our way rejoicing,
As we homeward move,
Such for us Thy purpose,
O Thou God of love !
Is there grief or sadness ?
Thine it cannot be.
Is our sky beclouded ?
Clouds are not from Thee.
- 2 If with honest-hearted
Love for God and man,
We be humbly striving
To do all we can,
He who gives the seed-time,
Gives the large increase,
Crowns the head with blessings,
Fills the heart with peace.
- 3 On our way rejoicing
Gladly let us go,
A victorious Leader,
And a vanquished foe !
Christ without—our safety ;
Christ within—our joy !
Who, if we be faithful,
Can our hope destroy ?
- 4 Unto God the Father
Joyful songs we sing ;
Unto God the Saviour
Thankful hearts we bring ;
Unto God the Spirit
Bow we and adore,
On our way rejoicing,
Ever, evermore.

LOVE FOR GOD AND JOY IN HIM.

644

C.M.
Psalm cxix.

WATTS.

- 1 **T**HOU art my portion, O my God !
Soon as I know Thy way,
My heart makes haste to obey Thy word,
And suffers no delay.
- 2 I choose the path of heavenly truth,
And glory in my choice ;
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me so rejoice.
- 3 The testimonies of Thy grace
I set before mine eyes ;
Thence I derive my daily strength,
And there my comfort lies.
- 4 If once I wander from Thy path,
I think upon my ways,
Then turn my feet to Thy commands,
And trust Thy pardoning grace.
- 5 Now I am Thine, for ever Thine,
O save Thy servant, Lord ;
Thou art my shield, my hiding-place ;
My hope is in Thy word.
- 6 Thou hast inclined this heart of mine
Thy statutes to fulfil ;
And thus, till mortal life shall end,
Would I perform Thy will.

645

S.M.

C. WESLEY.*

All things are yours.—1 Cor. iii. 21.

- 1 **R**ICHES unsearchable
In Jesu's love we know ;
And pleasures, springing from the well
Of life our souls o'erflow.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

2 The Spirit we receive
Of wisdom, grace, and power ;
In God's own light and love we live,
Rejoicing evermore.

3 Angels our servants are,
And keep in all our ways ;
And in their watchful hands they bear
The sacred sons of grace.

4 Unto eternal bliss
They all our steps attend ;
And God Himself our Father is,
And Jesus is our Friend.

5 With Him we walk in white ;
We in His image shine ;
Our robes are robes of glorious light,
Our righteousness divine.

646

7s. Six lines.

Rejoice evermore.—1 Thess. v. 16.

T. H. GILL.

1 **D**O we only give Thee heed,
Lord, when other help hath gone ?
Doth the soreness of our need
Send us to the heavenly throne ?
Wherefore should our souls repair,
Only to the Comforter ?

2 Must not Thy glad creatures yearn
Of their best their Lord to bring ?
Must not happy spirits burn
To their gladdener to spring ?
Hath our joy for Thee no place ?
Art Thou not our God of grace ?

THE PRESENT BLESSEDNESS OF THE REDEEMED.

- 3 Should not each bright golden hour
Lay its lustre at Thy feet ?
May not, Lord, our blissful bower
Rise beneath Thy mercy-seat ?
Who like happy souls may call
For the wings celestial ?
- 4 When our life is all delight,
On the happy heavenly hill,
'Tis because Thy presence bright
All the heavenly life doth fill.
Heaven our land of joy we call,
For the Lord is all in all.
- 5 There our very bower of bliss
Is Thine awful holy place ;
'There our only paradise
Is the shining of Thy face.
Still on us Thy face doth shine ;
Still streams on our joy divine.

**THE PRESENT BLESSEDNESS OF THE
REDEEMED.**

647

L.M.

T. H. GILL.

Our [citizenship] is in heaven.
Philippians iii. 20.

- 1 **WE** triumph in the glorious grace
That set us in this English land,
And welcome that high earthly place
Wherein our God hath made us stand.
- 2 While service to our land we bring,
The Lord's own glory we would show,
*And wait upon our heavenly King
In this our commonwealth below.*

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

But, oh ! to us a grace more great,
A dignity more dear is given ;
He links us to a nobler state,
He makes us citizens of heaven.

- 4 Yes, mightily our hearts are bound
This goodly fatherland to love ;
But more our own Emmanuel's ground,
That better, dearer land above.
- 5 Our land's good laws we proudly praise,
Our land's great tale with triumph tell ;
But, oh ! what majesty arrays
The people of Emmanuel !
- 6 Their glorious freedom how complete !
How absolute His holy will !
What tasks divine, what tribute sweet,
Their spirits bring, their hands fulfil !
- 7 Dear fellow-citizens they greet,
Of every age, of every clime ;
Far dwellers in one city meet ;
Strange voices raise one song sublime.
- 8 Do our fond, faithful hearts partake
The fatherland's sore wounds and woe ?
Ah ! mourn we for the storms that break
Upon our commonwealth below ?
- 9 Those storms our peace they may not whelm
They cannot reach our true abode.
Oh ! sweetness of that upper realm !
Oh ! peaceful city of our God !
- 10 Ah ! seemeth it so sad to leave
Our commonwealth and country dear ?
Poor sojourners, we wrongly grieve ;
Our fatherland, it lies not here.

THE PRESENT BLESSEDNESS OF THE REDEEMED.

O city, where God's people dwell !
O home, where no sweet bonds are riven !
O country of Emmanuel !
The only fatherland is heaven.
Joy ! joy ! our King doth never die !
Our city doth for ever stand ;
We serve the Eternal Majesty,
And hold the heavenly fatherland.

3 7s. Six lines. [HAMMOND.]
Called the sons of God.—I John iii. 1.

- 1 **B**LESSED are the sons of God ;
They are bought with Christ's own
blood ;
They are ransomed from the grave ;
Life eternal they shall have.
With them numbered may we be,
Now and through eternity.
- 2 They are justified by grace ;
They enjoy a solid peace ;
All their sins are washed away ;
They shall stand in God's great day.
With them numbered may we be,
Now and through eternity.
- 3 They produce the fruits of grace
In the works of righteousness.
Born of God, they hate all sin ;
God's pure word remains within.
With them numbered may we be,
Now and through eternity.
- 4 They have fellowship with God,
Through the Mediator's blood ;
One with God, in Jesus one,
Glory is in them begun.
*With them numbered may we be,
Now and through eternity.*

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

649 ^{S.M.} ^{WATT}
*Now unto Him that is able to keep you from
falling.—Jude 24.*

- 1 **T**O God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.
- 2 'Tis His almighty love,
His counsel and His care,
Preserve us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.
- 3 He will present our souls
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of His face,
With joys divinely great.
- 4 Then all the chosen race
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of His grace,
And make His wonders known.
- 5 To our Redeemer God
Wisdom and power belong,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And heaven's eternal song.

650 ^{C.M.} ^{R.}
*Ministering spirits, sent forth to minister
them who shall be heirs of salvation.*
Hebrews i. 14.

- 1 **T**EN thousand thousand are Thy hosts,
O Christ, our glorious King !
And round Thy throne for evermore
Thy praise they joyful sing.

THE PRESENT BLESSEDNESS OF THE REDEEMED.

- 2 To Thee their glory and their joy,
Their perfect bliss they owe ;
And by their service swift and sure,
Their ardent love they show.
- 3 On Thine, as once they did on Thee,
They count it joy to wait ;
Nor mourn, on works of mercy sent,
To leave their heavenly state.
- 4 Bidden by Thee, they camp around
The weakest of Thy saints,
To shield him when the foe assails,
To cheer him when he faints.
- 5 O Saviour of this sinful world,
Make us for ever Thine ;
And with Thy radiant angel-host
Let us in glory shine !

51

S.M.

C. WESLEY.

Psalm cxxv.

- 1 **W**HO in the Lord confide,
And feel His sprinkled blood,
In storms and hurricanes abide
Firm as the mount of God.
- 2 Steadfast and fixed and sure,
His Zion cannot move ;
His faithful people stand secure,
Fenced by His guardian love.
- 3 As round Jerusalem
The hilly bulwarks rise,
So God protects and covers them
From all their enemies.
- 4 On every side He stands,
And for His Israel cares ;
*And safe in His almighty hands
Their souls for ever bears.*

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE ;

5 But let them still abide
In Thee, all-gracious Lord,
Till every soul is sanctified
And perfectly restored.

6 The men of heart sincere
Continue to defend ;
And do them good, and save them here,
And love them to the end.

652 H. B. STOWE.
II, 10.
When I awake, I am still with Thee.
Psalm cxxxix. 18.

- 1 **S**TILL, still with Thee, when purple morning
breaketh,
When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee ;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with
Thee.
- 2 Alone with Thee, amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born ;
Alone with Thee, in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.
- 3 As in the dawning o'er the waveless ocean,
The image of the morning star doth rest,
So in this stillness Thou beholdest only
Thine image in the waters of my breast.
- 4 Still, still with Thee, as to each newborn morning
A fresh and solemn splendour still is given,
So doth this blessed consciousness, awaking,
Breathe, each new day, nearness to Thee and
heaven.
- 5 When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer ;
Sweet the repose, beneath Thy wings o'ershading,
But sweeter still to wake and find Thee there.

THE PRESENT BLESSEDNESS OF THE REDEEMED.

Shall it be at last, in that bright morning
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee ;
h ! in that hour, fairer than daylight's dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with
Thee !

3 L.M. WATTS.
*Who shall separate us from the love of
Christ ?—Romans viii. 35.*

WHO shall the Lord's elect condemn ?
'Tis God that justifies their souls ;
And mercy, like a mighty stream,
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.

Who shall adjudge the saints to hell ?
'Tis Christ that suffered in their stead ;
And, the salvation to fulfil,
Behold Him rising from the dead.

He lives, He lives, and sits above,
For ever interceding there ;
Who shall divide us from His love ?
Or what should tempt us to despair ?

Shall persecution or distress,
Famine or sword, or nakedness ?
He that hath loved us bears us through,
And makes us more than conquerors too.

Faith hath an overcoming power ;
It triumphs in the dying hour ;
Christ is our life, our hope, our joy,
Which life nor death can ne'er destroy.

Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor powers on high, nor powers below,
Shall cause His mercy to remove,
Or wean our hearts from Christ our love.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

654 84, 84, 888, 4. MARY BOWLY
*All things work together for good to them
that love God.*—Romans viii. 28.

1 **T**HROUGH the love of God our Saviour
All will be well ;
Free and changeless is His favour ;
All, all is well !
Precious is the blood that healed us,
Perfect is the grace that sealed us,
Strong the hand stretched forth to shield us
All must be well.

2 Though we pass through tribulation,
All will be well ;
Ours is such a full salvation,
All, all is well !
Happy still to God confiding,
Fruitful if in Christ abiding,
Holy, through the Spirit's guiding ;
All must be well.

3 We expect a bright to-morrow,
All will be well !
Faith can sing through days of sorrow,
All, all is well !
On our Father's love relying,
Jesus, every need supplying,
Or in living or in dying,
All must be well !

655 C.M. [SIR E. DEN
Saved by hope.—Romans viii. 24.

1 **O** WHAT a lonely path were ours,
Could we, O Father, see
No home or rest beyond it all,
No guide or help in Thee !

THE PRESENT BLESSEDNESS OF THE REDEEMED.

- 2 But Thou art near and with us still,
To keep us on the way
That leads along this vale of tears,
To yon bright world of day.
- 3 There shall Thy glory, O our God,
Break fully on our view ;
And all Thy saints rejoice to find
That all Thy Word was true.
- 4 There Jesus, on His heavenly throne,
Our wondering eyes shall see ;
While we the blest associates there
Of all His joy shall be.
- 5 Sweet hope, we leave without a sigh
A blighted world like this ;
To bear the cross, despise the shame,
For all that weight of bliss.

56 S.M. SIR H. BAKER.
*I reckon that the sufferings of this present time
are not worthy to be compared with the glory
which shall be revealed in us.—Rom. viii. 18.*

- 1 **O** WHAT, if we are Christ's,
Is earthly shame or loss ?
Bright shall the crown of glory be,
When we have borne the cross.
- 2 Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyred saints, baptised in blood,
Christ's sufferings shared below.
- 3 Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where on the bosom of their God,
They rest in perfect love.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE:

- 4 Lord, may that grace be ours ;
Like them in faith to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain,
May be our portion here !
- 5 Enough if Thou at last
The word of blessing give,
And let us rest beneath Thy feet,
Where saints and angels live !
- 6 All glory, Lord, to Thee,
Whom heaven and earth adore,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God for evermore.

657 ^{C.M.} ^{WA}
When Christ, who is our life, shall appear,
shall ye also appear with Him in g.
Colossians iii. 4.

- 1 **O** HAPPY soul, that lives on high,
While men lie grovelling here !
His hopes are fixed above the sky,
And faith forbids his fear.
- 2 His conscience knows no secret stings,
While peace and joy combine
To form a life whose holy springs
Are hidden and divine.
- 3 He waits in secret on his God ;
His God in secret sees ;
Let earth be all in arms abroad,
He dwells in heavenly peace.
- 4 He looks to heaven's eternal hill
To meet that glorious day ;
But patient waits his Saviour's will
To fetch his soul away.

658

C.M.
Psalm cxix.

WATTS,

- 1 **B**LEST are the undefiled in heart,
Whose ways are right and clean ;
Who never from Thy law depart,
But flee from every sin.
- 2 Blest are the men that keep Thy word,
And practise Thy commands ;
With their whole heart they seek the Lord,
And serve Thee with their hands.
- 3 Great is their peace who love Thy law ;
How firm their souls abide !
Nor can a bold temptation draw
Their steady feet aside.
- 4 Then shall my heart have inward joy,
My face be free from shame ;
When all Thy statutes I obey,
And honour all Thy name.

659

C.M. T. H. GILL.
In keeping of them there is great reward.
Psalm xix. 11.

[I have had plentiful wages beforehand, and I am sure I shall never earn the least mite.—OLIVER CROMWELL.]

- 1 **L**ORD, dost Thou ne'er Thy servants bless
Until their work is done ?
Dost Thou withhold Thy tenderness
Till they the meed have won ?
- 2 Lord, dost Thou reckon with Thine own,
Like taskmasters below ?
First must the handiwork be shown ?
Wilt Thou the wages owe ?
- 3 Nay, Lord, to Thy blest servants fall
The wages long before ;
The Taskmaster celestial
Hath paid them o'er and o'er.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

- 4 How can they reckon up the grace
Each hour, each minute brings ?
How store Thy gifts ? how find a place
For all their precious things ?
- 5 Hath not the Son their ransom paid,
And brought them near to God ?
Yes ! hath not the sweet Spirit made
Their souls His dear abode ?
- 6 O boundless treasure, all unearned !
O wages, given for nought !
Bestowed ere once their hearts have yearned
Ere once their hands have wrought.
- 7 With eager love these souls may burn,
These hands their utmost strain ;
Still, Lord, one mite they cannot earn ;
Thy love doth grace remain.
- 8 O mourn Thy servants that there fall
No earnings to their lot ?
Because Thy grace hath given them all,
Lord, can they give Thee nought ?
- 9 Thine own no heavenly burden spare !
Withhold no task divine,
And let an eager love declare
The unbought grace of Thine.

660

L.M.

WA

All things are yours.—1 Cor. iii. 21.

- 1 **H**OW vast the treasure we possess !
How rich Thy bounty, King of grace
This world is ours, and worlds to come ;
Earth is our lodge, and heaven our home.

THE PRESENT BLESSEDNESS OF THE REDEEMED.

- 2 All things are ours ; the gifts of God ;
The purchase of a Saviour's blood ;
While the good Spirit shows us how
To use, and to improve them too.
- 3 Father, I wait Thy daily will ;
Thou shalt divide my portion still ;
Grant me on earth what seems Thee best,
Till death and heaven reveal the rest.

361 8, 7s. Double. COWPER;
*Thou shalt call thy walls Salvation, and thy
gates Praise.—Isaiah lx. 18.*

- 1 **H**EAR what God the Lord hath spoken :
O my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you.
Thorns of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways ;
You shall name your walls Salvation,
And your gates shall all be Praise.
- 2 There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures without end shall flow ;
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
All His bounty shall bestow.
Still in undisturbed possession,
Peace and righteousness shall reign ;
Never shall you feel oppression,
Hear the voice of war again.
- 3 Ye no more your suns descending,
Waning moons no more shall see ;
But, your griefs for ever ending,
Find eternal noon in Me.
God shall rise, and shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night ;
He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
God, your everlasting light.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

662 76,76,7776. MADON
And His servants shall serve Him : and they
shall see His face.—Revelation xxii. 3, 4.

- 1 **R**ISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings;
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things.
Towards heaven, thy native place.
Sun, and moon, and stars decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above !
 - 2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source.
So, a soul that's born of God,
Pants to view His glorious face;
Upward tends to His abode,
To rest in His embrace.
 - 3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn;
Press onward to the prize.
Soon your Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies;
Yet a season, and we know,
Happy entrance will be given;
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven !
-

THE CHRISTIAN SOUL TO CHRIST:
APPEALING FOR MERCY, HELP,
AND GRACE.

663 777, 5. HEBER.
*Remember me when Thou comest into Thy
kingdom.—Luke xxiii. 42.*

- 1 LORD of mercy and of might,
Of mankind the life and light,
Maker, Teacher, Infinite ;
Jesus, hear and save !
- 2 Strong Creator, Saviour mild,
Humbled to a mortal child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled ;
Jesus, hear and save !
- 3 Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angel's wings,
Lord of lords, and King of kings ;
Jesus, hear and save !
- 4 Soon to come to earth again,
Judge of angels and of men ;
Hear us now, and hear us then ;
Jesus, hear and save !

664 C.M. BURNS.
*No chastening for the present seemeth to be
joyous, but grievous.—Hebrews xii. 11.*

- 1 O THOU, whose sacred feet have trod
The thorny path of woe,
Forbid that I should slight the rod,
Or faint beneath the blow.

THE CHRISTIAN SOUL TO CHRIST :

- 2 My spirit to Thy chastening stroke
I meekly would resign,
Nor murmur at the heaviest yoke
That tells me I am Thine.
- 3 Give me the spirit of Thy trust,
To suffer as a son ;
To say, though lying in the dust,
My Father's will be done.
- 4 I know that trial works for ends
Too high for sense to trace,
That oft in dark attire He sends
Some embassy of grace.
- 5 May none depart till I have gained
The blessing which it bears,
And learn, though late, I entertained
An angel unawares.
- 6 So shall I bless the hour that sent
The mercy of the rod,
And build an altar by the tent
Where I have met with God.

665 C.M. HAWE
Lord, remember me.—Luke xxiii. 42.

- 1 **O** THOU, from whom all goodness flows
I lift my soul to Thee ;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Good Lord, remember me.
- 2 When on mine aching, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
My pardon speak, new peace impart ;
In love, remember me.
- 3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
Lord, let my strength be as my day ;
For good remember me.

APPEALING FOR MERCY, HELP, AND GRACE.

- 4 When worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see ;
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief ;
Hear, and remember me.
- 5 If on my face, for Thy dear name,
Shame and reproach shall be ;
All hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If Thou remember me.
- 6 When, in the solemn hour of death
I wait Thy just decree.
Saviour, with my last parting breath
I'll cry, remember me.

66 ^{7s.} *Son of David, have mercy on me.* MILMAN.*
Mark x. 47.

- 1 **W**HEN our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost and dear,
Jesus, Son of David, hear.
- 2 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn ;
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne ;
Thou hast shed the bitter tear ;
Jesus, Son of David, hear.
- 3 Thou hast bowed the dying head ;
Thou Thy precious blood hast shed ;
Thou hast filled a mortal bier ;
Jesus, Son of David, hear.
- 4 When the heart is sad within,
With the sense of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesus, Son of David, hear.
- 5 Thou the shame, the grief, hast known ;
Though the sins were not Thine own,
Thou hast deigned their load to bear ;
Jesus, Son of David, hear.

THE CHRISTIAN SOUL TO CHRIST :

667 7, 6s. Double. [F. WHITFIE
*They that are whole need not a physician;
they that are sick.*—Luke v. 31.

- 1 I NEED Thee, blessèd Jesus !
For I am full of sin ;
My soul is dark and guilty,
My heart is dead within ;
I need the cleansing fountain,
Where I can always flee,
The blood of Christ most precious,
The sinner's perfect plea.
- 2 I need Thee, blessèd Jesus !
For I am very poor ;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store ;
I need the love of Jesus
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.
- 3 I need Thee, blessèd Jesus !
I need a friend like Thee ;
A friend to soothe my sorrows,
A friend to care for me.
I need the heart of Jesus
To feel each anxious care,
To tell my every want to,
And all my sorrows share.
- 4 I need Thee, blessèd Jesus !
And hope to see Thee soon,
Encircled with the rainbow,
And seated on Thy throne ;
There, with Thy blood-bought children,
My joy shall ever be,
To sing Thy praise, Lord Jesus,
To gaze, my Lord, on Thee.

APPEALING FOR MERCY, HELP, AND GRACE.

8 ^{7s. Double.} ^{C. WESLEY.*}
Who have fled for refuge.—Hebrews vi. 18.

- 1 JESUS, Refuge of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past ;
Safe into the haven guide ;
O receive my soul at last.
- 2 Other refuge have I none ;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ;
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed ;
All my help from Thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;
More than all in Thee I find ;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name ;
I am all unrighteousness ;
False and full of sin I am ;
Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found ;
Grace to cover all my sin.
Let the healing streams abound ;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee ;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

THE CHRISTIAN SOUL TO CHRIST :

669 7, 6s. Double.
*Who gave Himself for us, that He might
redeem us from all iniquity.—Tit. ii. 14.*

1 O LAMB of God, still keep me
Near to Thy wounded side ;
'Tis there alone in safety
And peace I can abide.
What foes and snares surround me !
What doubts and fears within !
The grace that sought and found me,
Alone can keep me clean.

2 'Tis only in Thee hiding
I feel my life secure ;
Only in Thee abiding,
The conflict can endure.
Thine arm the victory gaineth
O'er every hateful foe :
Thy love my heart sustaineth
In all its cares and woe.

3 Soon shall mine eyes behold Thee,
With rapture, face to face ;
One half hath not been told me
Of all Thy power and grace ;
Thy mercy Lord and glory,
The wonders of Thy love,
Shall be the endless story
Of all Thy saints above.

670 L.M. HUGH WHITING
*Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy
laden.—Matt. xi. 28.*

1 WITH tearful eyes I look around ;
Life seems a dark and stormy sea ;
Yet midst the gloom I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper, Come to Me !

APPEALING FOR MERCY, HELP, AND GRACE.

- 2 It tells me of a place of rest
It tells me where my soul may flee :
O ! to the weary, faint, opprest,
How sweet the bidding, Come to Me !
- 3 When the poor heart with anguish learns
That earthly props resigned must be,
And from each broken cistern turns,
It hears the accents, Come to Me !
- 4 When against sin I strive in vain,
And cannot from its yoke get free,
Sinking beneath the heavy chain,
The words arrest me, Come to Me !
- 5 When nature shudders, loth to part
From all I love, enjoy, and see ;
When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
A sweet voice utters, Come to Me !
- 6 Come, for all else must fail and die ;
Earth is no resting place for thee ;
Heavenward direct thy weeping eye ;
I am thy portion ; Come to Me !
- 7 O voice of mercy, voice of love !
In conflict, grief, and agony,
Support me, cheer me from above,
And gently whisper, Come to Me !

671 C.M. TOPLADY.
I will not let Thee go.—Gen. xxxii. 26.

- 1 **S**HEPHERD divine, our wants relieve,
In this our evil day ;
To all Thy tempted followers give
The power to trust and pray.
- 2 Long as our fiery trials last,
Long as the cross we bear,
O let our souls on Thee be cast,
In never-ceasing prayer.

THE CHRISTIAN SOUL TO CHRIST:

- 3 Thy Holy Spirit's praying grace
Give us in faith to claim ;
To wrestle till we see Thy face,
And know Thy hidden name.
- 4 Till Thou the Father's love impart,
Till Thou Thyself bestow,
Be this the cry of every heart—
I will not let Thee go.
- 5 I will not let Thee go, unless
Thou tell Thy name to me ;
With all Thy great salvation bless,
And say—I died for thee.
- 6 Then let me, on the mountain-top,
Behold Thine open face,
Till faith in sight is swallowed up,
And prayer in endless praise.

672 86, 86, 88. W. CROSWELL.*
My sheep hear my voice.—John x. 27.

- 1 GREAT Shepherd of our souls ! O guide
Thy wandering flock to feed
In pastures green, and by the side
Of peaceful waters lead.
Do Thou our erring footsteps keep,
Whose life was given for the sheep.
- 2 O, let not us, who fain would cleave
To Thy communion, stray,
Nor, tempted into ruin, leave
The strait and narrow way :
Before us Thou the path hast trod,
And Thou canst lead us, Son of God.
- 3 O, let us hear Thy warning voice,
And see Thy arm divine ;
Thou know'st the people of Thy choice,
And Thou art known of Thine.

544 Do Thou our erring footsteps keep,
Whose life was given for the sheep.

APPEALING FOR MERCY, HELP, AND GRACE.

- 4 Then when we pass the vale of death,
Though more and more its shade
Around our journey darkeneth,
We will not be afraid,
If Thou art with us, and Thy rod
And staff console us, Son of God.

673 *Lord, I believe: help Thou mine unbelief.*
C.M. COWPER.
Mark ix. 24.

- 1 **A**PPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before His feet,
For none can perish there.
- 2 Thy promise is my only plea;
With this I venture nigh:
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.
- 3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By wars without, and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.
- 4 Be Thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, Thou hast died.
- 5 O wondrous love to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious name!

674 *We are saved by hope.*—Rom. viii. 24.
L.M. [C. F. ALEXANDER.]

- 1 **O** SON of God, in glory crowned,
The Judge ordained of quick and dead;
O Son of Man, so pitying found
For all the tears Thy people shed.

THE CHRISTIAN SOUL TO CHRIST :

- 2 Be with us in this darkened place,
This weary, restless, dangerous night ;
And teach, O teach us by Thy grace,
To struggle onward into light.
- 3 And by the love that brought Thee here,
And by the cross, and by the grave,
Give perfect love for conscious fear,
And in the day of judgment save.
- 4 And lead us on, while here we stray,
And make us love our heavenly home ;
Till from our hearts we learn to say,
Even so, Lord Jesus, quickly come.

675 87, 87, 77. C. E. ELLIOTT.
Neither shall any man pluck them out of My
hand.—John x. 28.

- 1 CLOUDS and darkness round about Thee,
For a season veil Thy face,
Still I trust, and cannot doubt Thee,
Jesus ! full of truth and grace ;
Resting on Thy words I stand,
None shall pluck me from Thy hand.
- 2 O, rebuke me not in anger !
Suffer not my faith to fail !
Let not pain, temptation, languor,
O'er my struggling heart prevail !
Holding fast Thy word I stand,
None shall pluck me from Thy hand.
- 3 In my heart Thy words I cherish,
Though unseen Thou still art near ;
Since Thy sheep shall never perish,
What have I to do with fear ?
Trusting in Thy word I stand,
None shall pluck me from Thy hand.

APPEALING FOR MERCY, HELP, AND GRACE.

676

664, 664.

H. BONAR.

I will look unto the Lord.—Mic. vii. 7.

- 1 **O** STRONG to save and bless,
My rock and righteousness,
Draw near to me.
Blessing, and joy, and might,
Wisdom, and love, and light,
Are all with Thee !
- 2 Turn not away Thy face,
Withhold not needed grace,
My fortress be !
Perils are round and round,
Iniquities abound,
See, Saviour, see !
- 3 Come, God and Saviour, come,
I can no more be dumb ;
Appeal I must
To Thee, the Gracious One,
Else is my hope all gone,
I sink in dust !
- 4 O answer me, my God,
Thy love is deep and broad,
Thy grace is true !
Thousands this grace have shared,
O let me now be heard,
O love me too !
- 5 Descend, thou mighty Love,
Descend from heaven above,
Fill Thou this soul !
Heal every bruised part,
Bind up this broken heart,
And make me whole.

THE CHRISTIAN SOUL TO CHRIST :

- 6 'Tis knowing Thee that heals ;
 'Tis seeing Thee that seals
 Comfort and peace.
 Shew me Thy cross and blood,
 My Saviour and my God ;
 Then troubles cease.

677 ^{7s.} *Without Me ye can do nothing.*—^{C. WESLEY.} John xv. !

- 1 **S**ON of God, Thy blessing grant ;
 Still supply mine every want.
 Tree of life, Thine influence shed ;
 From Thy fulness I am fed.
- 2 Unsustained by Thee, I fall ;
 Send the strength for which I call ;
 Weaker than a bruised reed,
 Help I every moment need.
- 3 All my hopes on Thee depend,
 Love me, save me, to the end.
 Still preserve me by Thy grace ;
 Take the everlasting praise.

678 ^{777, 888.} *I will manifest myself to him.* ^{MILMAN}
 John xiv. 21.

- 1 **L**ORD ! we sit and cry to Thee,
 Like the blind beside the way ;
 Make our darkened souls to see
 The glory of Thy perfect day !
 O Lord, rebuke our sullen night,
 And give Thyself unto our sight.
- 2 Lord ! we do not ask to gaze
 On our dim and earthly sun ;
 But the light that still shall blaze
 When every star its course hath run ;
 The light that gilds Thy blest abode,
 The glory of the Lamb of God.

APPEALING FOR MERCY, HELP, AND GRACE.

679

S.M.

C. WESLEY.*

Lord, to whom shall we go?—John vi. 68.

1 **W**HEN shall Thy love constrain
And force me to Thy breast?
When shall my soul return again
To her eternal rest?

2 Ah! what avails my strife,
My wandering to and fro?
Thou hast the words of endless life;
Ah! whither should I go?

3 Thy condescending grace
To me did freely move;
It calls me still to seek Thy face,
And stoops to ask my love.

4 Lord, at Thy feet I fall,
I groan to be set free;
I fain would now obey the call,
And give up all for Thee.

5 Though late, I all forsake,
My friends, my life resign;
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever Thine!

6 Come and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove;
Settle, and fix my wavering soul
With all Thy weight of love.

7 My one desire be this,
Only Thy love to know,
To seek and taste no other bliss,
No other good below.

8 My life, my portion Thou,
Thou all-sufficient art;
My hope, my heavenly treasure, now
Enter, and keep my heart!

THE CHRISTIAN SOUL TO CHRIST :

680 ^{4444, 68.} **H. BONAR.**
He that hath the Son hath life.—1 John v. 12.

1 **L**ORD, Thou art mine,
Send help to me !
Christ, I am Thine,
Deliver me !
Then shall I praise, and sing,
My soul, bless thou thy God and King !

2 Mercies are Thine,
Remember me !
Sad sins are mine,
O pardon me !
Then shall I praise, and sing,
My soul, bless thou thy God and King !

3 Goodness is Thine,
Lord, pity me !
Evil is mine,
Forsake not me !
Then shall I praise, and sing,
My soul, bless thou thy God and King !

4 All light is Thine ;
O, shine on me !
Darkness is mine,
Enlighten me !
Then shall I praise, and sing,
My soul, bless thou thy God and King !

5 True life is Thine,
Breathe it on me !
All death is mine,
O quicken me !
Then shall I praise, and sing,
My soul, bless thou thy God and King !

APPEALING FOR MERCY, HELP, AND GRACE.

681 10 4, 10 4, 10 10. [H. BATEMAN.]
I am come a Light into the world.
John xii. 46.

- 1 **L**IGHT of the world ! whose kind and gentle care
Is joy and rest,
Whose counsels and commands so gracious are,
Wisest and best,
Shine on my path, dear Lord, and guard the way,
Lest my poor heart, forgetting, go astray.
- 2 Lord of my life, my soul's most pure desire,
Its hope and peace !
Let not the faith Thy loving words inspire
Falter, or cease ;
But be to me, true friend, my chief delight,
And safely guide, that every step be right.
- 3 My blessed Lord, what bliss to feel Thee near,
Faithful and true ;
To trust in Thee, without one doubt or fear,
Thy will to do ;
And all the while to know that Thou our Friend,
Art blessing us, and wilt bless to the end.
- 4 And then, oh, then ! when sorrow's night is o'er,
Life's daylight come,
And we are safe within heaven's golden door,
At home, at home !
How full of glad rejoicing will we raise,
Saviour, to Thee our everlasting praise.

682 C.M. C. WORDSWORTH.*
I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.
Hebrews xiii. 5.

- 1 **O** LORD, when storms around us howl,
And all is dark and drear,
In all the tempests of the soul,
O blessed Jesu, hear !

THE CHRISTIAN SOUL TO CHRIST :

- 2 In hours of sin and deep distress,
O show us, Lord, Thy face ;
In penitential loneliness,
O give us, Jesu, grace ;
- 3 In days when faith will scarce be found,
And wolves be in the fold,
When sin and sorrow will abound,
And charity wax cold ;
- 4 Then hear Thy saints, who to Thee pray
To bring them to their home ;
Hear, when Thy waiting people say,
“ Come, blessèd Jesu, come !”

683

8 7s. Double. Irregular. C. WESLEY.*

*That we may obtain mercy, and find grace to
help in time of need.*—Hebrews iv. 16.

- 1 **F**ULL of trembling expectation,
Suffering much and fearing more,
Mighty God of my salvation,
I Thy timely aid implore ;
Suffering Son of Man, be near me,
All my sufferings to sustain,
By Thy sorer griefs to cheer me,
By Thy more than mortal pain.
- 2 By Thy most severe temptation
In that dark, satanic hour,
By Thy last mysterious passion,
Screen me from the adverse power.
By Thy fainting in the garden,
By Thy bloody sweat, I pray,
Write upon my heart the pardon,
Take my sins and fears away.
- 3 By the travail of Thy Spirit,
By Thine outcry on the tree,
By Thine agonizing merit,
In my pangs remember me !

APPEALING FOR MERCY, HELP, AND GRACE.

By Thy death I Thee conjure,
My weak, dying soul befriend ;
Make me patient to endure,
Keep me faithful to the end.

84 L.M. LATIN HYMN, *tr.* E. CASWALL.*
To preach deliverance to the captives.
Luke iv. 18.

- 1 NOW let the earth with joy resound,
And highest heaven re-echo round ;
Nor heaven, nor earth, too high can raise
The great Redeemer's glorious praise.
- 2 O Thou who, throned in glory dread,
Shall judge the living and the dead !
God over all for evermore !
To Thee the suppliant prayer we pour.
- 3 While angels worship Thee on high,
To men below Thou still art nigh ;
O loose us from the guilty chain
We strive to break, and strive in vain.
- 4 The stormy winds Thy voice obey,
The tempests in our souls allay ;
To purity our hearts restore,
And may we love Thee more and more.
- 5 So when the world is at its end,
And Thou to judgment shalt descend,
May we be called Thy joys to see,
Prepared from all eternity.
- 6 Praise to the Father, with the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One ;
As ever was in ages past,
And shall be so while ages last.

THE CHRISTIAN SOUL TO CHRIST :

685 8 7s. C. WESLEY.
Waiting for the consolation of Israel.
Luke ii. 25.

- 1 COME, Thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set Thy people free ;
From our fears and sins release us ;
Let us find our rest in Thee.
- 2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art ;
Dear desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.
- 3 Born Thy people to deliver ;
Born a child and yet a king ;
Born to reign in us for ever ;
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.
- 4 By Thine own Eternal Spirit
Rule in all our hearts alone ;
By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

686 S.M. H. BONAR.
Who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings
...in Christ.—Ephesians 1. 3.

- 1 O EVERLASTING Light !
Shine graciously within ;
Brightest of all on earth that's bright,
Come, shine away my sin !
- 2 O everlasting Truth !
Truest of all that's true ;
Sure guide of erring age or youth,
Lead me and teach me too !
- 3 O everlasting Strength !
Uphold me in the way ;
Bring me, in spite of foes, at length,
To joy, and light, and day !

APPEALING FOR MERCY, HELP, AND GRACE.

- 4 O everlasting Love !
Well-spring of grace and peace ;
Pour down Thy fulness from above ;
Bid doubt and trouble cease !
- 5 O everlasting Rest !
Lift off life's load of care ;
Relieve, revive this burdened breast,
And every sorrow bear.
- 6 Thou art in heaven our all ;
Our all on earth art Thou ;
Upon Thy glorious name we call,
Lord Jesus, bless us now.

687 7s. Double. C. WESLEY.*
The life was the light of men.—John i. 4.

- 1 **L**IGHT of life, seraphic fire,
Love divine, Thyself impart ;
Every fainting soul inspire ;
Shine in every drooping heart.
Every mourning sinner cheer ;
Scatter all our guilty gloom.
Son of God, appear ! appear !
To Thy living temples come.
- 2 Come, in this accepted hour ;
Bring Thy heavenly kingdom in ;
Fill us with Thy glorious power,
Rooting out the love of sin.
Nothing more can we require,
We will ask for nothing less ;
Be Thou all our heart's desire.
All our joy, and all our peace.

THE CHRISTIAN SOUL TO CHRIST :

688 L.M. W. WALSHAM HOW.
For whom I have suffered the loss of all things.—Philippians iii. 8.

- 1 **L**ORD Jesu, when we stand afar,
And gaze upon Thy holy cross,
In love of Thee and scorn of self,
Oh ! may we count the world as loss.
- 2 When we behold Thy bleeding wounds,
And the rough way that Thou hast trod,
Make us to hate the load of sin
That lay so heavy on our God.
- 3 O holy Lord, uplifted high,
With outstretched arms, in mortal woe,
Embracing, in Thy wondrous love,
The sinful world that lies below.
- 4 Give us an ever-living faith,
To gaze beyond the things we see ;
And in the mystery of Thy death
Draw us and all men unto Thee.

689 I.O.S. H. BONAR.
Surely He hath borne our griefs.
Isaiah liii. 4.

- 1 **B**EAR Thou my burden, Thou who bear'st
my sin ;
Both are too heavy, Lord, for me to bear ;
Oh, take them, call them Thine ; yes, Thine
though mine ;
And give me calm repose in hours of care.
- 2 Let me not fret because of evil men ;
Smooth Thou each angry ripple of my soul
Reviled, oh ! let me not revile again,
And ever let Thy hand my warmth control.

APPEALING TO HIS SYMPATHY.

- 3 When truth is overborne and error reigns,
When clamour lords it over patient love,
Give the brave calmness which from wrath refrains,
Yet from the steadfast course declines to move.
 - 4 When love no refuge finds but silent faith,
When meekness fain would hide its heavy head,
When trustful truth, shunning the words of wrath,
Waits for the day of right, so long delayed ;
 - 5 Beneath the load of crosses and of cares,
Of thwarted plans, of rude and spiteful words ;
Oh ! bear me up, when this weak flesh despairs,
And the one arm faith leans on is the Lord's.
-

APPEALING TO HIS SYMPATHY.

690 66 10, 66 10. S. A. MILES.
That ye should follow His steps.—1 Peter ii. 21.

1 THOU who didst stoop below
To drain the cup of woe,
And wear the form of frail mortality ;
Thy blessèd labours done,
Thy crown of victory won,
Hast passed from earth, passed to Thy home on
high.

2 It was no path of flowers,
Through this dark world of ours,
Belovèd of the Father, Thou didst tread ;
And shall we in dismay
Shrink from the narrow way,
When clouds and darkness are around it spread ?

4 E'en through the awful gloom
 Which hovers o'er the tomb,
 That light of love our guiding star shall be.
 Our spirits shall not dread
 The shadowy path to tread,
 Friend, Guardian, Saviour, which doth lead t
 Thee.

691 C.M.
Tempted like as we are, yet without sin.
 Hebrews iv. 15.

1 O LORD, Thou knowest all the snares
 That round our pathway be,
 Thou know'st that both our joys and cares
 Come between us and Thee.
 Thou know'st that our infirmity
 In Thee alone is strong ;
 To Thee for help and strength we fly ;
 O let us not go wrong !

2 O bear us up, protect us now,
 In dark temptation's hour ;
 For Thou wast born of woman, Thou
 Hast felt the tempter's power.
 All sinless, Thou canst feel for those
 Who strive and suffer long ;
 But, O midst all our cares and woes,
 Still , let us not go wrong.

APPEALING TO HIS SYMPATHY.

692 C.M. JANE CREWDSON.*
*These things have I spoken unto you, that in
 Me ye might have peace.—John xvi. 33.*

- 1 **T**HERE is no sorrow, Lord, too light
 To bring in prayer to Thee ;
 There is no anxious care too slight
 To wake Thy sympathy.
- 2 Thou who hast trod the thorny road
 Wilt share each small distress ;
 The love which bore the greater load
 Will not refuse the less.
- 3 There is no secret sigh we breathe
 But meets Thine ear divine ;
 And every cross grows light beneath
 The shadow, Lord, of Thine.
- 4 Life's ills without, sin's strife within,
 The heart would overflow,
 But for that love which died for sin,
 That love which wept with woe.

693 L.M. Double. A. C. COXE.*
As thy days, so shall thy strength be.
 Deuteronomy xxxiii. 25.

- 1 **S**TILL as our day our strength shall be.
 While still, good Lord, we trust in Thee ;
 While on Thy promise we depend,
 Our Helper, Saviour, Brother, Friend ;
 Our great High Priest, to whom were known
 Temptations, troubles, like our own ;
 Who canst be touched with mortal care,
 For Thou didst all our sorrows bear.
- 2 O Lamb of God, the world on Thee
 Hath laid her deep infirmity ;
 And in the cross that weighed Thee down,
 The bitter scourge, the thorny crown,

Thou all her griefs, and all her fears,
Didst bear in Thy sad earthly years,
The Guiltless, for the guilty one,
For man, the Everlasting Son.

- 3 O Saviour mine, how great the love,
That brought Thee from Thy throne above !
That love, what seraph's lyre can tell,
That wondrous love unspeakable !
So infinite, so all divine !
Unlike all other love but Thine ;
Like none but Jesu, none but Thee,
Thou bleeding Lamb of Calvary !
- 4 Give me, Thou glorious Lamb of God,
Daily to walk where thou hast trod,
And in adoring rapture grow,
As in Thy lowly steps I go.
Give me to ponder, more and more,
Thy words and Thy example's lore,
That walking here, my God, with Thee,
Still as my days my strength may be.

694 L.M. Six lines. SIR R. GRANT.
Able to succour them that are tempted.
Hebrews ii. 18.

- 1 **W**HEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who not in vain
Experienced every human pain.
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.
- 2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To flee the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do ;
Still He, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

APPEALING TO HIS SYMPATHY.

- 3 If wounded love my bosom swell,
Deceived by those I prized too well,
He shall His pitying aid bestow,
Who felt on earth severer woe,
At once betrayed, denied, or fled,
By those who shared His daily bread.
- 4 If vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies ;
Yet He, who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.
- 5 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers what was once a friend ;
And from his hand, his voice, his smile,
Divides me for a little while,
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed ;
For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.
- 6 And, oh ! when I have safely passed
Through every conflict but the last ;
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed, for Thou hast died ;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away !

TRUST IN HIM.

695 C.M. Double. JOSIAH CONDER.
Who . . . gave Himself for me.—Gal. ii. 20.

- 1 **T**HOU art my hiding-place, O Lord,
In Thee I put my trust ;
Encouraged by Thy holy word,
A feeble child of dust.
I have no argument beside,
I urge no other plea,
Than this—the Lord my Saviour died,
My Saviour died for me.
- 2 When storms of fierce temptation beat,
And furious foes assail,
My refuge is the mercy-seat,
My hope within the veil
From strife of tongues, and bitter words,
My spirit flies to Thee ;
Joy to my heart the thought affords,
My Saviour died for me !
- 3 'Mid trials heavy to be borne,
When mortal strength is vain ;
A heart with grief and anguish torn,
A body racked with pain ;
Ah ! what could give the sufferer rest,
Bid every murmur flee,
But this—the witness in my breast,
That Jesus died for me ?

TRUST IN HIM.

- 4 And when Thy awful voice commands
This body to decay,
And life, in its last lingering sands,
Is ebbing fast away ;
Then, though it be in accents weak,
And faint, and tremblingly,
O, give me strength in death to speak,
My Saviour died for me !

696

S.M.

H. BONAR.

*That in me first Jesus Christ might show
forth all long-suffering.*—1 Timothy i. 16.

- 1 JESUS, Thou needest me,
Even me, Thou light divine ;
O Son of God, Thou needest me ;
Thou needest sins like mine.
- 2 Thy fulness needs my want,
Thy wealth my poverty ;
Thy healing skill my sickness needs,
Thy joy, my misery.
- 3 Thy life needs death like mine,
To show its quickening power ;
Infinity the finite needs,
The eternal needs the hour.
- 4 Earth, with its vales and hills,
Needeth the daily sun ;
This daily sun of ours, it needs
An earth to shine upon.
- 5 This evil, froward soul
Needeth a love like Thine ;
A love like Thine, O loving Christ,
Needeth a soul like mine.
- 6 Thy fulness, Son of God,
Thus needy maketh Thee ;
Thy glory, O Thou Glorious One,
Seeketh its rest in me.

THE CHRISTIAN SOUL TO CHRIST :

- 7 It was Thy need of me
That brought Thee from above ;
It is my need of Thee, O Lord,
That draws me to Thy love.

697 C.M. JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.
It is I; be not afraid.—Matthew xiv. 27.

- 1 **W**HEN I sink down in gloom or fear,
Hope blighted or delayed,
Thy whisper, Lord, my heart shall cheer,
'Tis I ; be not afraid !
- 2 Or startled at some sudden blow,
If fretful thoughts I feel,
Fear not ; it is but I—shall flow,
As balm my wound to heal.
- 3 Nor will I quit Thy way, though foes
Some onward pass defend ;
From each rough voice the watchword goes,
Be not afraid—a friend !
- 4 And O, when judgment's trumpet clear
Awakes me from the grave,
Still in its echo may I hear,
'Tis Christ ; He comes to save !

698 5, 4s. Double. J. S. B. MONSELL.
Thy Saviour.—Isaiah xliii. 3.

- 1 **R**EST of the weary,
Joy of the sad,
Hope of the dreary,
Light of the glad ;
Home of the stranger,
Strength to the end,
Refuge from danger,
Saviour and Friend.

TRUST IN HIM.

2 Path of the lowly,
Prize at the end,
Life of the holy,
Saviour and Friend,
When my steps wander
Over me bend,
Truer and fonder,
Saviour and Friend !

3 Ever confessing
Thee, I will raise
Unto Thee blessing,
Glory, and praise ;
All my endeavour,
World without end,
Thine to be ever,
Saviour and Friend.

699

L.M.

WATTS. ♫

My grace is sufficient for thee.
2 Corinthians xii. 9.

1 SINCE I have heard my Saviour say,
Strength shall be equal to thy day,
I can rejoice in deep distress,
Leaning on all-sufficient grace.

2 I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own power may rest on me ;
When I am weak, then am I strong,
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

3 I can do all things, or can bear
All sufferings, if my Lord be there ;
I triumph over all my pains,
While His strong hand my heart sustains.

- 2 Blest with communion so divine,
Take what Thou wilt, shall I repine,
When, as the branches to the vine,
My soul may cling to Thee?
- 3 Far from her home, fatigued, oppressed,
Here she has found a place of rest ;
An exile still, yet not unblest,
While she can cling to Thee !
- 4 What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and joys remove,
With patient, uncomplaining love,
Still would I cling to Thee !
- 5 Oft when I seem to tread alone
Some barren waste, with thorns o'ergrown,
A voice of love, in gentlest tone,
Whispers, Still cling to Me !
- 6 Though faith and hope awhile be tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside ;
How safe, how calm, how satisfied

TRUST IN HIM.

701 C.M. H. ALFORD.
We walk by faith, not by sight.—2 Cor. v. 7.

- 1 **W**E walk by faith, and not by sight ;
No gracious words we hear
From Him who spoke as never man,
But we believe Him near.
- 2 We may not touch His hands and side,
Nor follow where He trod ;
But in His promise we rejoice,
And cry, My Lord and God.
- 3 Help Thou, O Lord, our unbelief,
And may our faith abound,
To call on Thee when Thou art near,
And seek where Thou art found.
- 4 That when our life of faith is done,
In realms of clearer light
We may behold Thee as Thou art,
With full and endless sight.

702 7, 6s. Double. J. S. B. MONSELL.
My spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.
Luke i. 47.

- 1 **T**O Thee, O dear, dear Saviour,
My spirit turns for rest,
My peace is in Thy favour,
My pillow on Thy breast.
Though all the world deceive me,
I know that I am Thine,
And Thou wilt never leave me,
O blessed Saviour mine.
- 2 In Thee my trust abideth,
On Thee my hope relies ;
O Thou, whose love provideth
For all beneath the skies !

THE CHRISTIAN SOUL TO CHRIST:

O Thou, whose mercy found me,
From bondage set me free,
And then for ever bound me,
With threefold cords to Thee.

- 3 Oh for a heart to love Thee
More truly as I ought,
And nothing place above Thee,
In deed, or word, or thought.
Oh for that choicest blessing
Of living in Thy love,
And thus on earth possessing
The peace of heaven above.

703

L.M. Six lines.

C. WESLEY.

Captain of the host of the Lord.—Josh. v. 14.

- 1 CAPTAIN of Israel's host, and Guide
Of all who seek the land above,
Beneath Thy shadow we abide,
The cloud of Thy protecting love.
Our strength, Thy grace ; our rule, Thy word ;
Our end, the glory of the Lord.
- 2 By Thine unerring Spirit led,
We shall not in the desert stray ;
We shall not full direction need,
Nor miss our providential way ;
As far from danger as from fear,
While love, almighty love, is near.

704

C.M.

WATTS.

I am not ashamed.—2 Timothy i. 12.

- 1 JESUS, my God, I know His name,
His name is all my trust ;
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

TRUST IN HIM.

- 2 Firm as His throne His promise stands,
And He can well secure
What I've committed to His hands,
Till the decisive hour.
- 3 Then will He own my worthless name
Before His Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

705

6s. Double. SCHMOLKE, *tr.* H.L. LUTHER.
Not as I will, but as Thou wilt.
Matt. xxvi. 39.

- 1 **M**Y Jesus, as Thou wilt ;
Oh, may Thy will be mine !
Into Thy hand of love
I would my all resign.
Through sorrow, or through joy,
Conduct me as Thine own,
And help me still to say,
My Lord, Thy will be done !
- 2 My Jesus, as Thou wilt !
If needy here, and poor,
Give me Thy people's bread,
Their portion rich and sure.
The manna of Thy word
Let my soul feed upon ;
And if all else should fail,
My Lord, Thy will be done !
- 3 My Jesus, as Thou wilt !
If among thorns I go,
Still sometimes here and there
Let a few roses blow.
But Thou on earth along
The thorny path hast gone,
Then lead me after Thee,
My Lord, Thy will be done !

THE CHRISTIAN SOUL TO CHRIST :

- 4 My Jesus, as Thou wilt !
If loved ones must depart,
Suffer not sorrow's flood
To overwhelm my heart ;
For they are blest with Thee,
Their race and conflict won,
Let me but follow them ;
My Lord, Thy will be done !
- 5 My Jesus, as Thou wilt !
When death itself draws nigh,
To Thy dear wounded side
I would for refuge fly.
Leaning on Thee, to go
Where Thou before hast gone ;
The rest as Thou shalt please,
My Lord, Thy will be done !
- 6 My Jesus, as Thou wilt !
All shall be well for me,
Each changing future scene,
I gladly trust with Thee.
Straight to my home above
I travel calmly on,
And sing, in life or death,
My Lord, Thy will be done !

706

L.M. Six lines.

C. WESLEY.

*I can do all things through Christ, which
strengtheneth me.*—Philippians iv. 13.

- 1 THOU hidden Source of calm repose,
Thou all-sufficient Love divine ;
My help and refuge from my foes,
Secure I am, if Thou art mine,
From sin and grief, from guilt and shame ;
I hide me, Jesus, in Thy name.

LOVE FOR HIM.

Thy mighty name salvation is,
And keeps my happy soul above ;
Comfort it brings, and power and peace,
And joy and everlasting love ;
To me, with Thy dear name, are given
Pardon and holiness and heaven.

Jesus, my all in all Thou art,
My rest in toil, mine ease in pain ;
The medicine of my broken heart ;
In war my peace ; in loss, my gain ;
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown ;
In shame, my glory and my crown.
In want, my plentiful supply ;
In weakness, mine almighty power ;
In bonds, my perfect liberty ;
My light, in Satan's darkest hour ;
In grief, my joy unspeakable ;
My life in death, my heaven, my all.

LOVE FOR HIM.

7

C.M. Double.

FRANCIS XAVIER, *tr.* E. CASWALL.*

We love Him, because He first loved us.

1 John iv. 19.

SAVIOUR, I love Thee, not because
I hope for heaven thereby,
Nor yet because who love Thee not
Must die eternally.
A place on high at Thy right hand
My love could never win :
Thy grace alone, O Christ, must save
My soul from all its sin.

THE CHRISTIAN SOUL TO CHRIST :

- 2 But in Thy love Thou didst my soul
Upon the cross embrace ;
For me didst bear the nails and spear,
And manifold disgrace,
And griefs and torments numberless
And sweat of agony,
And death itself—and all for me,
For me, Thine enemy.
- 3 For this, Thy boundless love for me,
My soul would love Thee well ;
Not for the sake of winning heaven,
Or for escaping hell ;
Not for the hope of gaining aught ;
Not seeking a reward ;
But as Thyself hast loved me,
O ever-loving Lord.
- 4 E'en so I love Thee, Christ my God,
And in Thy praise will sing ;
Solely because of Thy great love,
My Saviour and my King.
To God the Father glory be ;
Glory to Christ His Son ;
Glory, O Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While endless ages run.

708

C.M.

NEWTON.

And Thou shalt call His name Jesus.
Matthew i. 21.

- 1 **H**OW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear !
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

LOVE FOR HIM.

- 3 Dear name, the rock on which I build ;
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend !
My Prophet, Priest, and King ;
My Lord, my life, my way, mine end,
Accept the praise I bring.
- 5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought ;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.
- 6 Till then, I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath ;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

709

L.M.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX,
tr. RAY PALMER.

I am that bread of life.—John vi. 48.

- 1 JESUS, Thou joy of loving hearts !
Thou Fount of life ! Thou Light of men !
From the best bliss that earth imparts,
We turn unfilled to Thee again.
- 2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood ;
Thou savest those that on Thee call ;
To them that seek Thee Thou art good,
To them that find Thee, all in all !
- 3 We taste Thee, O Thou Living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still !
We drink of Thee, the Fountain-head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

THE CHRISTIAN SOUL TO CHRIST :

- 4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast ;
Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.
- 5 O Jesus, ever with us stay !
Make all our moments calm and bright !
Chase the dark night of sin away,
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.

710

C.M. BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX,
tr. E. CASWALL.

Our consolation also aboundeth by Christ.

2 Corinthians i. 5.

- 1 JESUS, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast ;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.
- 2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind !
- 3 O hope of every contrite heart !
O joy of all the meek ;
To those who fall, how kind Thou art !
How good to those who seek !
- 4 But what to those who find ? Ah ! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show ;
The love of Jesus—what it is,
None but His loved ones know.
- 5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our crown wilt be ;
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

LOVE FOR HIM.

11 76s. Double. [BERLIN GESANGBUCH.]
 Ye are Christ's.—1 Cor. iii. 23.

- 1 **O** JESUS! Friend unfailing,
 How dear Thou art to me!
 Are cares or fears assailing?
 I find my strength in Thee.
 Why should my feet grow weary
 Of this my pilgrim way?
 Rough though the path and dreary
 It ends in perfect day!
- 2 Nought, nought I count as pleasure
 Compared, O Christ, to Thee!
 Thy sorrow without measure
 Earned peace and joy for me.
 I love to own, Lord Jesus,
 Thy claims o'er me divine;
 Bought with Thy blood most precious
 Whose can I be but Thine?
- 3 What fills my heart with gladness?
 'Tis Thy abounding grace.
 Where can I look in sadness,
 But, Jesus, on Thy face?
 My all is Thy providing—
 Thy love can ne'er grow cold;
 In Thee, my Refuge, hiding—
 No good wilt Thou withhold.
- 4 Why should I droop in sorrow?
 Thou'rt ever by my side.
 Why, trembling, dread the morrow?
 What ill can e'er betide?
 If I my cross have taken,
 'Tis but to follow Thee;
 If scorned, despised, forsaken,
 Nought severs Thee from me.

THE CHRISTIAN SOUL TO CHRIST :

5 O worldly pomp and glory
 Your charms are spread in vain ;
 I've heard a sweeter story,
 I've found a truer gain.
 Where Christ a place prepareth,
 There is my loved abode ;
 There shall I gaze on Jesus ;
 There shall I dwell with God.

6 For every tribulation,
 For every sore distress,
 In Christ I've full salvation,
 Sure help and quiet rest.
 No fear of foes prevailing,
 I triumph, Lord, in Thee.
 O Jesus ! Friend unfailing,
 How dear art Thou to me !

712

L.M. Six Lines. ANGELUS SILESIUS,
 tr. CATHARINE WINKWORTH.

*O Lord, Thou knowest all things ; Thou
 knowest that I love Thee.*—John xxi. 17.

- 1 **O** LOVE, who formedst me to wear
 The image of Thy Godhead here ;
 Who soughtest me with tender care
 Through all my wanderings wild and drear ;
 O Love, I give myself to Thee,
 Thine ever, only Thine to be.
- 2 **O** Love, who e'er life's earliest dawn
 On me Thy choice hast gently laid ;
 O Love, who here as Man wast born,
 And wholly like to us wast made ;
 O Love, I give myself to Thee,
 Thine ever, only Thine to be.

LOVE FOR HIM.

- 3 O Love, who once in time wast slain,
Pierced through and through with bitter woe;
O Love, who wrestling thus didst gain
That we eternal joy might know ;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.
- 4 O Love, who lovest me for aye,
Who for my soul dost ever plead ;
O Love, who didst my ransom pay,
Whose power sufficeth in my stead ;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.
- 5 O Love, who once shalt bid me rise
From out this dying life of ours ;
O Love, who once o'er yonder skies
Shalt set me in the fadeless bowers ;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be. Amen.

713 L.M. Six Lines. [H. COLLINS.]
*Whom have I in heaven but Thee ; and there
is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee.*
Psalm lxxiii. 25.

- 1 JESU, my Lord, my God, my all,
Hear me, blest Saviour, when I call ;
Hear me, and from Thy dwelling-place
Pour down the riches of Thy grace ;
Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore,
O make me love Thee more and more.
- 2 Jesu, too late I Thee have sought,
How can I love Thee as I ought ;
And how extol Thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of Thy name ?
Jesu, my Lord, &c.

THE CHRISTIAN SOUL TO CHRIST :

- 3 Jesu, what didst Thou find in me,
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly ?
How great the joy that Thou hast brought,
So far exceeding hope or thought !
Jesu, my Lord, &c.
- 4 Jesu, of Thee shall be my song,
To Thee my heart and soul belong ;
All that I have or am is Thine,
And Thou, blest Saviour, Thou art mine.
Jesu, my Lord, &c.

714 S.M. JOHN AUSTIN.
Rooted and grounded in love.—Ep. iii. 17.

- 1 **B**LEST be Thy love, dear Lord,
That taught us this sweet way,
Only to love Thee for Thyself,
And for That love obey.
- 2 O Thou, our souls' chief hope !
We to Thy mercy fly ;
Where'er we are, Thou canst protect,
Whate'er we need, supply.
- 3 Whether we sleep or wake,
To Thee we both resign ;
By night we see, as well as day,
If Thy light on us shine.
- 4 Whether we live or die,
Both we submit to Thee ;
In death we live, as well as life,
If Thine in death we be.

715 C.M. RAY PALMER.
Whom having not seen ye love.—1 Pet i. 8.

- 1 **J**ESUS, these eyes have never seen
That radiant form of Thine !
The veil of sense hangs dark between
Thy blessed face and mine !

LOVE FOR HIM.

- 1 I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,
Yet art Thou oft with me ;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot,
As where I meet with Thee.
- 3 Like some bright dream that comes unsought,
When slumbers o'er me roll,
'Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.
- 4 Yet though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone ;
I love Thee, dearest Lord ! and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.
- 5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall Thee reveal,
All glorious as Thou art !

716 L.M. C. WESLEY
The fire shall ever be burning.—Lev. vi. 13.

- 1 **O** THOU who camest from above,
The pure celestial fire to impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
On the mean altar of my heart,
- 2 There let it for Thy glory burn,
With inextinguishable blaze ;
And trembling, to its source return
In humble prayer and fervent praise.
- 3 Jesus, confirm my heart's desire
To work and speak and think for Thee ;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up Thy gift in me.
- 4 Ready for all Thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat,
Till death thine endless mercies seal,
And *make the sacrifice complete.*

COURAGE IN CONFESSING HIM.

717

8, 7s. Double.

H. F. LYTE.

Lo, we have left all, and have followed Thee.

Mark x. 28.

- 1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee.
Destitute, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be.
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, and hoped, and known;
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still mine own.
- 2 Let the world despise and leave me;
They have left my Saviour too.
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like them, untrue.
And whilst Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me;
Show Thy face, and all is bright.
- 3 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest;
Oh 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me;
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

COURAGE IN CONFESSING HIM.

- 4 Soul ! then, know thy full salvation ;
Rise o'er sin and fear and care ;
Joy to find in every station,
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee ;
What a Father's smiles are thine ;
What a Saviour died to win thee ;
Child of heaven, canst thou repine ?
- 5 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith and winged by prayer ;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee :
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thine earthly mission ;
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days ;
Hope shall change to full fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

718

L.M.

[GREGG.]

Ashamed of Me.—Mark viii. 38.

- 1 JESUS, and can it ever be ?
A mortal man ashamed of Thee ;
Scorned be the thought by rich and poor ;
My soul shall scorn it more and more.
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus ! that dear Friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend ?
No ! when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus ! Yes, I may,
When I've no crimes to wash away,
No tears to wipe, no joys to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 4 Till then—nor is the boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain ;
And O may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

REJOICING IN HIM.

719

10s. Six lines.

H. F. LYTE

The Lord knoweth them that are His.

2 Timothy ii. 19.

- 1 **L**ONG did I toil, and knew no earthly rest ;
Far did I rove, and found no certain home ;
At last I sought them in His sheltering breast,
Who opes His arms, and bids the weary come.
With Him I found a home, a rest divine ;
And I since then am His, and He is mine.
- 2 The good I have is from His stores supplied ;
The ill is only what He deems the best ;
He for my Friend, I'm rich with nought beside ;
And poor without Him, though of all possessed.
Changes may come ; I take, or I resign ;
Content while I am His, while He is mine.
- 3 Whate'er may change, in Him no change is seen ;
A glorious sun, that wanes not, nor declines ;
Above the clouds and storms He walks serene,
And sweetly on His people's darkness shines.
All may depart ; I fret not, nor repine,
While I my Saviour's am, while He is mine.
- 4 He stays me falling, lifts me up when down,
Reclaims me wandering, guards from every foe ;
Plants on my worthless brow the victor's crown,
Which, in return, before His feet I throw,
Grieved that I cannot better grace His shrine,
Who deigns to own me His, as He is mine.

REJOICING IN HIM.

- 5 While her, alas ! I know but half His love ;
But half discern Him, and but half adore ;
But when I meet Him in the realms above,
I hope to love Him better, praise Him more,
And feel, and tell amid the choir divine,
How fully I am His, and He is mine.

720

64, 64, 10 10. C. E. MUDIE.
I am Thine. —Psalm cxix. 94.

- 1 I LIFT my heart to Thee,
Saviour Divine,
For Thou art all to me,
And I am Thine.

Is there on earth a closer bond than this—
That my Beloved's mine, and I am His ?

- 2 Thine am I by all ties ;
But chiefly Thine
That through Thy sacrifice
Thou, Lord, art mine.

By Thine own cords of love, so sweetly wound
Around me, I to Thee am closely bound.

- 3 To Thee, Thou bleeding Lamb,
I all things owe ;
All that I have and am,
And all I know.

All that I have is now no longer mine,
And I am not mine own : Lord, I am Thine.

- 4 How can I, Lord, withhold
Life's brightest hour
From Thee ; or gathered gold,
Or any power ?

Why should I keep one precious thing from Thee,
When Thou hast given Thine own dear self
for me ?

THE CHRISTIAN SOUL TO CHRIST :

5 I pray Thee, Saviour, keep
Me in Thy love,
Until death's holy sleep
Shall me remove
To that fair realm where, sin and sorrow o'er,
Thou and Thine own are one for evermore.

721 L.M.
*The Lord hath set apart him that is godly for
Himself.—Psalm iv. 3.*

- 1 **H**OW blest is life if lived for Thee,
My loving Saviour and my Lord ;
No pleasures springing from the earth,
Such perfect gladness can afford.
- 2 To know I am Thy ransomed child,
Bought by Thine own most precious blood,
And to receive from Thy dear hand,
With grateful heart each gift of good.
- 3 To walk all day beneath Thy smile,
Watching Thine eye to guide me still,
To rest at night beneath Thy care,
Sure it will guard me from all ill.
- 4 To feel that though I journey on
By stony paths, and in rough ways,
Thy blessed feet have gone before,
And strength is given for weary days.
- 5 Surely such love should make me glad,
Strong in Thy strength to work or rest,
Until I see Thee face to face,
And in Thy light am fully blest.

REJOICING IN HIM.

722

76, 76, 77.

H. BONAR.

Who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ.—Ephesians i. 3.

- 1 JESUS, Sun and Shield art Thou,
Sun and Shield for ever !
Never canst Thou cease to shine,
Cease to guard us never.
Cheer our steps as on we go,
Come between us and the foe.
- 2 Jesus, Bread and Wine art Thou,
Wine and Bread for ever !
Never canst Thou cease to feed,
Or refresh us, never
Feed we still on bread divine,
Drink we still this heavenly wine !
- 3 Jesus, Love and Life art Thou,
Life and Love for ever !
Ne'er to quicken shalt Thou cease,
Or to love us, never.
All of life and love we need .
Is in Thee, in Thee indeed.
- 4 Jesus, Peace and Joy art Thou,
Joy and Peace for ever !
Joy that fades not, changes not,
Peace that leaves us never.
Joy and peace we have in Thee,
Now and through eternity.
- 5 Jesus, Song and Strength art Thou,
Strength and Song for ever !
Strength that never can decay,
Song that ceaseth never.
Still to us this strength and song,
Through eternal days prolong.

THE CHRISTIAN SOUL TO CHRIST :

723 7 6s. Double. [HAWEIS.]
Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.
 2 Corinthians viii. 9.

- 1 **T**O Thee, my God and Saviour,
 My heart exulting springs ;
 Rejoicing in Thy favour,
 Almighty, King of kings,
 I'll celebrate Thy glory,
 With all the saints above ;
 And tell the wondrous story
 Of Thy redeeming love.
- 2 By Thee through life supported,
 I pass the dangerous road,
 With heavenly hosts escorted
 Up to their bright abode ;
 There cast my crowns before Thee,
 When all my conflict's o'er,
 And day and night adore Thee,
 Rejoicing evermore.

724 C.M. C. WESLEY.●
Behold the Lamb of God.— John i. 36.

- 1 **J**ESUS, the name to sinners dear,
 The name to sinners given ;
 It scatters all their guilty fear,
 And turns their hell to heaven.
- 2 O that the world might taste and see
 The riches of His grace !
 The arms of love that compass me
 Would all mankind embrace.
- 3 His only righteousness I show,
 His saving truth proclaim :
 'Tis all my business here below
 To cry—Behold the Lamb !
- 4 Happy, if with my latest breath
 I may but speak His name ;
 Preach Him to all, and cry in death—
 Behold, behold the Lamb !

REJOICING IN HIM.

725 C.M.
Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?
Romans viii. 35.

- 1 THE Saviour died, but rose again
Triumphant from the grave ;
And pleads our cause at God's right hand,
Omnipotent to save.
- 2 Who then can e'er divide us more
From Jesus and His love,
Or break the sacred chain that binds
The earth to heaven above ?
- 3 Let troubles rise, and terrors frown,
And days of darkness fall ;
Through Him all dangers we'll defy,
And more than conquer all.
- 4 Nor Death nor Life, nor Earth nor Hell,
Nor Time's destroying sway,
Can e'er efface us from His heart,
Or make His love decay.
- 5 Each future period He will bless
As He has blessed the past ;
He loved us from the first of time,
He'll love us to the last.

726 8 7s. H. BONAR.
Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?
Romans viii. 35.

- 1 YES, for me, for me He careth
With a brother's tender care ;
Yes with me, with me He shareth
Every burden, every fear.
- 2 Yes, o'er me, o'er me He watcheth,
Ceaseless, watcheth night and day :
Yes, e'en me, e'en me, He snatcheth
From the perils of the way.

THE CHRISTIAN SOUL TO CHRIST :

- 3 Yes, for me He standeth pleading,
At the mercy-seat above ;
Ever for me interceding,
Constant in untiring love.
- 4 Yes, in me, in me He dwelleth ;
I in Him and He in me !
And my empty soul He filleth,
Here and through eternity.
- 5 Thus I wait for His returning,
Singing all the way to heaven ;
Such the joyful song of morning,
Such the tranquil song of even.

727

IOS.

H. BONA

In this was manifested the love of God toward us.—1 John iv. 9.

- 1 **O** LOVE invisible, yet infinite,
I cast myself into Thy sure embrace.
O, Light of God, shine through this cloudy night
O, God of Light, unveil Thy gladdening face
- 2 Happy in knowing Thee, my Lord and God ;
Happy in finding Thee, my treasure true ;
Happy in following Thee through ill and good,
In toiling for Thee, and in suffering too.
- 3 Clear-written on the cross I read Thy love ;
Thy love is there, and there Thy power I see
The power that comes with healing from above
That brings to us a heavenly liberty.
- 4 What is the love to me without the cross ?
And what the cross without the love, O Lord
All sin and weakness I ; it is the cross
That to my broken soul doth health afford.
- 5 O love, that passeth knowledge, Thee I need,
Pour in the heavenly sunshine, fill my heart,
Scatter the cloud, the doubting, and the dread,
The joy unspeakable to me impart.

REJOICING IN HIM.

6 O love, that passeth knowledge, shine on me
 As through these sunless solitudes I wind ;
 Brighten my path, give buoyant liberty,
 Nerve for the fight, unburden and unbind.

728 8 7s. EDWIN H. NEVIN.*
*I will not leave you comfortless. I will come
 unto you.—John xiv. 18.*

1 **A**LWAYS with us, always with us,
 Words of cheer and words of love !
 Thus the risen Saviour whispers
 From His dwelling-place above.

2 With us when with sin we struggle,
 Giving strength and courage too,
 Bidding us to falter never,
 But to Him be ever true.

3 With us when the storm is sweeping
 O'er our pathway dark and drear ;
 Waking hope within our bosoms,
 Stilling every anxious fear ;

4 With us when we toil in sadness,
 Sowing much and reaping none,
 Telling us that in the future
 Golden harvests shall be won.

5 With us in the lonely valley,
 When we cross the chilling stream,
 Lighting up the steps to glory
 With salvation's radiant beam.

729 11 10, 11, 10. H. BONAR.
Rejoice in the Lord.—Philippians iii 1.

1 **L**IGHT hath arisen, we walk in its brightness;
 Joy hath descended, its fulness has come.
 Peace hath been spoken ; we hear it, we take it ;
 Angels are singing, and shall we be dumb ?

THE CHRISTIAN SOUL TO CHRIST :

- 2 Calm 'mid the tempest around us that rages,
'Mid the lone weariness ever at rest ;
Silent amid the rude uproar of voices,
Sometimes disquieted, never oppress.
- 3 Happy in Him who hath loved us and bought us,
Rich in the life which He gives to His own,
Filled with the peace passing all understanding,
Never less lonely than just when alone.
- 4 Safe in His strength, in His love ever happy,
What are the tremblings and tossings of time ?
Firm in His grasp, to His arm ever clinging,
Upward, still upward, we buoyantly climb.
- 5 High on the rock, in our fortress sure sheltered,
Wave, wind, and foeman assail us in vain,
Buckler and shield is He, what can alarm us ?
What though the fiery darts shower like the rain ?
- 6 Lead on, our Captain, we follow, we follow ;
Life is no slumber, our battle no dream ;
Lift up Thy banner, we rally, we rally ;
Wave high Thy sword, we press on in its gleam.
- 7 Jesus, to Thee we look, Saviour Almighty ;
Jesus, on Thee we rest, happy and free ;
Jesus, on Thee we feed, bread of the hungry ;
Jesus our all, lo ! we lean upon Thee !
- 8 What are the shadows around us still floating ?
Sunshine is glowing all brightly above ;
Heed not the height of the cliffs we are climbing,
From them we gaze on the land that we love.

730

64, 64, 664.

H. BONAR.

*I will see you again, and your heart shall
rejoice — John xvi. 22.*

I TRUSTINGLY, trustingly,
Jesus, to Thee
Come I ; Lord, lovingly
Come Thou to me !

· REJOICING IN HIM.

Then shall I lovingly,
Then shall I joyfully,
Walk here with Thee.

- 2 Peacefully, peacefully
Walk I with Thee ;
Jesus, my Lord, Thou art
All, all to me ;
Peace Thou hast left to us,
Thy peace hast given us,
So let it be.

- 3 Whom but Thyself, O Lord,
Have I a love ?
What have I left on earth ?
Only Thy love !
Come then, O Saviour, come ;
Come then, O Spirit, come
Heavenly dove !

- 4 Happily, happily,
Pass I along,
Eager to work for Thee,
May I be strong.
Life is for service true,
Life is for battle too,
Life is for song.

- 5 Hopefully, hopefully,
Onward I go ;
Cheerfully, cheerfully,
Meet I the foe.
Crowns are awaiting us,
Glory prepared for us,
Joys overflow.

LONGING TO BE FILLED WITH HIS
LOVE.

731 7 6, 7 6, 7 8, 7 6s. C. WESLEY.
He that loveth not, knoweth not God.
1 John iv. 8.

- 1 **E**VER fainting with desire,
For Thee, O Christ, I call;
Thee I restlessly require;
I want my God, my All!
Jesus, dear redeeming Lord,
I wait Thy coming from above:
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love.
- 2 Thou, my Life, my Treasure be,
My portion here below;
Nothing would I seek but Thee,
Thee only would I know.
My exceeding great Reward,
My heaven on earth, my heaven above!
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love.
- 3 Grant me now the bliss to feel
Of those that are in Thee;
Son of God, Thyself reveal,
Engrave Thy name on me;
As in heaven be here adored,
And let me now the promise prove;
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love.

LONGING TO BE FILLED WITH HIS LOVE.

732 L.M. C. WESLEY.*
*That they who live should not henceforth live
unto themselves.—2 Cor. v. 15.*

- 1 COME, Saviour, Jesus, from above !
Assist me with Thy heavenly grace ;
Empty my heart of earthly love,
And for Thyself prepare the place.
- 2 O let Thy sacred presence fill,
And set my longing spirit free,
Which pants to have no other will,
But day and night to live to Thee.
- 3 Henceforth may no profane delight
Divide this consecrated soul ;
Possess it Thou, who hast the right,
As Lord and Master of the whole.
- 4 Wealth, honour, pleasure, and what else
This short-enduring world can give,
Tempt as ye will, my soul repels,
To Christ alone resolved to live.
- 5 Thee I can love, and Thee alone,
With pure delight and inward bliss :
To know that I am all Thine own,
O what a happiness is this !
- 6 Nothing on earth do I desire,
But Thy pure love within my breast,
This, only this, will I require,
And freely give up all the rest.

733 L.M. Six lines. GERHARD
*tr. J. WESLEY.**
The love of Christ constraineth us.—2 Cor. v. 14.

- 1 JESUS, Thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare ;
O knit my thankful heart to Thee,
And reign without a rival there :
Thine wholly, Thine alone, I am ;
Lord with Thy love my heart inflame.

THE CHRISTIAN SOUL TO CHRIST :

- 2 O grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell, but Thy pure love alone ;
O may Thy love possess me whole,
My joy, my treasure, and my crown ;
All coldness from my heart remove,
May every act, word, thought, be love.
- 3 O Love, how cheering is Thy ray !
All pain before Thy presence flies ;
Care, anguish, sorrow melt away,
Where'er Thy healing beams arise :
O Jesus, nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee.
- 4 In suffering, be Thy love my peace ;
In weakness, be Thy love my power ;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
O, Jesus, in that solemn hour,
In death, as life, be thou my Guide,
And save me, who for me, hast died.

734 8 7s. Double. C. WESLEY.*
The love..... which passeth knowledge.
Eph. iii. 19.

- 1 LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down ;
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling ;
All Thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, Thou art all compassion ;
Pure, unbounded love Thou art ;
Visit us with Thy salvation ;
Enter every longing heart.
- 2 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive ;
Now return, O Lord, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.

LONGING TO BE FILLED WITH HIS LOVE.

Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above ;
Pray and praise Thee without ceasing :
Glory in Thy precious love.

- 3 Finish, then, Thy new creation ;
Pure, unspotted may we be ;
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by Thee ;
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place ;
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

735

886, 886.

C. WESLEY.*

Who loved me, and gave Himself for me.
Gal. ii. 20.

- 1 **O** LOVE divine, how sweet Thou art !
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by Thee ?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me !
- 2 Stronger His love than death or hell ;
Its riches are unsearchable ;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see ;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.
- 3 God only knows the love of God ;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart ;
For love I sigh, for love I pine ;
This only portion, Lord be mine,
Be mine this better part !

THE CHRISTIAN SOUL TO CHRIST :

- 4 O that I could for ever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet ;
Be this my happy choice ;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Saviour's voice.
-

LONGING FOR COMMUNION WITH HIM.

736 7s. Double. MRS. E. CHARLES.
Master, where dwellest Thou ?—John i. 38.

- 1 **M**ASTER, where abidest Thou !
Lamb of God, 'tis Thee we seek ;
For the wants which press us now
Other aid is all too weak.
Canst Thou take our sins away ?
May we find repose in Thee ?
From the gracious lips to-day,
As of old, breathes, Come and see.
- 2 Master, where abidest Thou ?
We would leave the past behind ;
We would scale the mountain's brow,
Learning more Thy heavenly mind.
Still a look is all our lore,
The transforming look to Thee ;
From the Living Truth once more
Breathes the answer, Come and see.
- 3 Master, where abidest Thou ?
How shall we Thine image best
Bear in light upon our brow,
Stamp in love upon our breast ?

LONGING FOR COMMUNION WITH HIM.

Still a look is all our might ;
Looking draws the heart to Thee,
Sends us from the absorbing sight,
With the message, Come and see.

- 4 Master, where abidest Thou ?
All the springs of life are low ;
Sin and grief our spirits bow,
And we wait Thy call to go.
From the depths of happy rest,
Where the just abide with Thee,
From the Voice which makes them blest,
Falls the summons, Come and see.

737 10, 10, 10, 10. H. BONAR.
The love of Christ, which passeth knowledge.
Ephesians iii. 19.

- 1 NOT what I am, O Lord, but what Thou art !
That, that alone can be my soul's true rest ;
Thy love, not mine, bids fear and doubt depart,
And stills the tempest of my tossing breast.
- 2 It blesses now, and shall for ever bless,
It saves me now, and shall for ever save ;
It holds me up in days of helplessness,
It bears me safely o'er each swelling wave.
- 3 'Tis what I know of Thee, my Lord and God,
That fills my soul with peace, my lips with song ;
Thou art my health, my joy, my staff and rod,
Leaning on Thee, in weakness I am strong.
- 4 I am all want and hunger ; this faint heart
Pines for a fulness which it finds not here ;
Dear ones are leaving, and, as they depart,
Make room within for something yet more dear.
- 5 More of Thyself, oh ! show me hour by hour,
More of Thy glory, O my God and Lord ;
More of Thyself, in all Thy grace and power ;
More of Thy love and truth, Incarnate Word.
-

THE CHRISTIAN SOUL TO CHRIST :

738

L.M.

WATTS.

That Christ may dwell in your hearts.

Ephesians iii. 17.

- 1 COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell
By faith and love in every breast ;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
The joys that cannot be expressed.
- 2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength ;
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length
Of Thine unmeasurable grace.
- 3 Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honours done,
By all the Church, through Christ His Son.

739

7s. Six lines.

[MANT.]

I will manifest myself to him.—John xiv. 21.

- 1 SON of God, to Thee I cry ;
By the holy mystery
Of Thy dwelling here on earth,
By Thy pure and holy birth,
Lord, Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me.
- 2 Lamb of God, to Thee I cry ;
By Thy bitter agony,
By Thy pangs, to us unknown,
By Thy spirit's parting groan,
Lord, Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me.
- 3 Prince of life, to Thee I cry ;
By Thy glorious majesty,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
Meek to suffer, strong to save,
Lord, Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me.

LONGING FOR COMMUNION WITH HIM.

- 4 Lord of glory, God most high,
Man exalted to the sky,
With Thy love my bosom fill,
Prompt me to perform Thy will ;
Then Thy glory I shall see,
Thou wilt bring me home to Thee.

40 7s. Double. TOPLADY.
And be found in Him.—Philippians iii. 9.

- 1 LORD, it is not life to live
If Thy presence Thou deny ;
Lord, if Thou Thy presence give,
'Tis no longer death—to die.
Source and Giver of repose,
Singly from Thy smile it flows ;
Peace and happiness are Thine,
Mine they are if Thou art mine.

- 2 While I feel Thy love to me,
Every object teems with joy ;
Here, O may I walk with Thee,
Then into Thy presence die.
Let me but Thyself possess,
Total sum of happiness ;
Real bliss I then shall prove,
Heaven below and heaven above.

41 L.M. C. E. ELLIOTT.
Where I am, there shall also my servant be.
John xii. 26.

- 1 LET me be with Thee where Thou art,
My Saviour, my Eternal Rest !
Then only will this longing heart
Be fully and for ever blest !
2 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Thy unveiled glory to behold ;
Then only will this wandering heart
Cease to be false to Thee, and cold.

There neither life nor death will part
Me from Thy presence and Thy love.

UNION WITH HIM.

742 C.M. J. G. DEC
*Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature
shall be able to separate us from the love of God
which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.—Rom. viii.*

- 1 **L**ORD Jesus, are we ONE with Thee?
O height! O depth of love!
With Thee we died upon the tree,
In Thee we live above.
- 2 Such was Thy grace, that for our sake
Thou didst from heaven come down,
Thou didst of flesh and blood partake.

UNION WITH HIM.

- 5 O teach us, Lord, to know and own
This wondrous mystery,
That Thou with us art truly ONE,
And we are ONE with Thee !
- 6 Soon, soon shall come that glorious day,
When, seated on Thy throne,
Thou shalt to wondering worlds display,
That Thou with us art ONE !

743 L.M. W. T. MATSON.
Christ liveth in me.—Galatians ii. 20.

- 1 O BLESSED life ! the heart at rest,
When all without tumultuous seems,
That trusts a higher will, and deems
That higher will, not mine, the best.
- 2 O blessed life ! the mind that sees
Whatever change the years may bring ;
A mercy still in everything,
And shining through all mysteries.
- 3 O blessed life ! the soul that soars,
When sense of mortal sight is dim,
Beyond the sense—beyond to Him
Whose love unlocks the heavenly doors.
- 4 O blessed life ! heart, mind, and soul
From self-born aims and wishes free
In all—at one with Deity,
And loyal to the Lord's control.
- 5 O life ! how blessed, how divine !
High life, the earnest of a higher !
Saviour, fulfil my deep desire,
And let this blessed life be mine.

THE CHRISTIAN SOUL TO CHRIST :

744 C.M. T. H. GILL.
Abide in Me, and I in you.—John xv. 4.

- 1 **L**ORD ! in Thy people Thou dost dwell,
Thy people dwell in Thee ;
O blessedness unspeakable !
O wondrous unity !
- 2 One with Thee, all Thy life they know,
And all Thou hast possess ;
In Thee they underwent all woe,
And wrought all righteousness.
- 3 When Thou wast stricken, on them fell
The wrath, the woe, the shame ;
When Thou o'ercamest death and hell,
In Thee they overcame.
- 4 They rose upon Thy rising day,
With Thee to heaven did soar ;
Thou livest evermore, and they
Shall live for evermore.
- 5 When from the world they suffer wrong,
'Gainst Thee the wrong is done ;
When strength and joy to them belong,
By Thee the praise is won.
- 6 In every gift and grace of theirs
Thy beauty, Lord, doth shine ;
Their faithfulness Thine own declares,
Their righteousness is Thine.
- 7 When Thou for judgment shalt appear,
They shall appear with Thee ;
When all the world its doom shall hear,
Thy voice their voice shall be.
- 8 When Thou Thy kingdom shalt obtain,
And put Thy glory on,
Thine endless reign shall be their reign ;
The King and they are one.

UNION WITH HIM.

- 9 Lord Jesus, grant me all this grace ;
Abide, be one with me !
Give me to dwell in Thine embrace,
For ever one with Thee !

745 ^{IOS,} ^{H. B. STOWE.}
Abide in me and I in you.—John xv. 4.

- 1 **T**HAT mystic word of Thine, O sovereign
Lord
Is all too pure, too high, too deep for me ;
Weary of striving, and with longing faint,
I breathe it back again in prayer to Thee.
- 2 Abide in me, I pray, and I in Thee ;
From this good hour, O leave me never more ;
Then shall the discord cease, the wound be
healed,
The lifelong bleeding of the soul be o'er.
- 3 Abide in me ; o'ershadowed by Thy love
Each half-formed purpose and dark thought of
sin ;
Quench, ere it rise, each selfish, low desire,
And keep my soul as Thine, calm and divine.
- 4 As some rare perfume in a vase of clay
Pervades it with a fragrance not its own,
So, when Thou dwellest in a mortal soul,
All heaven's own sweetness seems around it
thrown.
- 5 Abide in me ; there have been moments pure
When I have heard Thy voice and felt Thy
power,
Then evil lost its grasp, and passion hushed,
Owned the divine enchantment of the hour.
- 6 These were but seasons, beautiful and rare ;
Abide in me, and they shall ever be.
Fulfil at once Thy precept and my prayer—
Come, and abide in me, and I in Thee.

THE CHRISTIAN SOUL TO CHRIST :

746 S.M. Double. H. BONAI
Your life is hid with Christ in God.—Col. iii.

- 1 OUR life is hid with Christ,
With Christ in God above ;
Upward our heart would go to Him
Whom, seeing not, we love.
When He, who is our life,
Appears to take the throne,
We too shall be revealed and shine
In glory like His own.
 - 2 He liveth and we live !
His life for us prevails ;
His fulness fills our mighty void,
His strength for us avails.
Life worketh in us now,
Life is for us in store ;
So death is swallowed up of life,
We live for evermore.
 - 3 Not to ourselves we live,
Not to ourselves we die,
Unto the Lord we die or live ;
With Him we sit on high.
We seek the things above,
For we are only His ;
Like Him we soon shall be, for we
Shall see Him as He is.
-

CHRISTIAN DUTY:
PERSEVERING FIDELITY.

747

8 7s. Double.

SPITTA *tr.*
J. D. BURNS.

Abide in Me.—John xv. 4.

- 1 **O** ABIDE in Him who for us
In His love to earth came down ;
Who to ease us of our sorrow,
Countless sorrows made His own.
Cleave to Him ! when all things tremble,
He abides a rock of trust ;
He, though all in dust should crumble,
Stands victorious o'er the dust.
- 2 All things vanish ! hearts are breaking
Which you clung to fast before,
And the lips that once were speaking
Words of comfort, speak no more.
And the arm that gave protection
Is no more your strength and shield ;
And the eye that looked affection
Is in death for ever sealed.
- 3 All things perish ! earth is hasting
In the earth to find its grave ;
And all worldly joys are wasting ;
Also wastes the heart, their slave.

CHRISTIAN DUTY :

Earthly forms to dust must moulder,
Earthly flames be quenched in gloom,
Earthly chains their links unsolder,
Earthly flowers must lose their bloom.

- 4 Yet above the wreck of nature
Stands the Lord, and calmly saith—
Lean on Me, thou trembling creature ;
Cling to hope, and love, and faith !
Then abide in Him, the abiding—
Him who gives abiding bliss,
Who writes all, that trust His guiding,
In the Book of Life as His !

748 44, 888. J. S. B. MONSELL.
Fight the good fight of faith.—1 Tim. vi. 12

- 1 **F**IGHT the good fight
With all thy might,
Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right ;
Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown eternally.
- 2 Run the straight race,
Through God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face ;
Life with its way before us lies,
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.
- 3 Cast care aside ;
Upon Thy Guide
Lean, and His mercy will provide ;
Lean, and the trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.
- 4 Faint not nor fear ;
His arms are near,
He changeth not, and Thou art dear :
Only believe, and Thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to Thee.

PERSEVERING FIDELITY.

749 S.M. C. WESLEY.
Take unto you the whole armour of God.
Ephesians vi. 13.

1 **S**OLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His eternal Son.

2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand, then, in His great might,
With all His strength endued ;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

4 Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul ;
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole.

5 To keep your armour bright,
Attend with constant care ;
Still walking in your Captain's sight,
And watching unto prayer.

6 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle and fight and pray,
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

750 86, 84. Irregular. H. BONAR.
*There is no work nor device.....in the grave,
whither thou goest.—Ecclesiastes ix. 10.*

1 **F**INISH thy work, the time is short,
The sun is in the west,
The night is coming down ; till then
Think not of rest.

CHRISTIAN DUTY :

- 2 Yes, finish all thy work, then rest ;
Till then, till then rest never ;
The rest prepared for thee by God
Is rest for ever.
- 3 Finish thy work, then go in peace,
Life's battle fought and won ;
Hear from the throne the Master's voice,
Well done, well done.
- 4 Finish thy work, then take thy harp,
Give praise to God above ;
Sing a new song of thankful joy
And endless love.
- 5 Give thanks to Him who held thee up
In all thy paths below,
Who made thee faithful to the death,
And crowns thee now.

751 ^{8, 7s.} *He that loveth father or mother more than
Me is not worthy of Me.—Matthew x. 37.*

- 1 JESUS calls us o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild restless sea ;
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, Christian, follow me.
- 2 Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, Christian, love me more.
- 3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
Christian, love me more than these.
- 4 Jesus calls us ! by Thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear Thy call !
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

PERSEVERING FIDELITY.

752 L.M. WATTS.*
*That they may adorn the doctrine of God our
Saviour in all things.—Titus ii. 10.*

- 1 SO let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess ;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour God,
When His salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.
- 3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride ;
While justice, temperance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve.
- 4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord ;
And faith stands leaning on His word.

753 S.M. DODDRIDGE.*
Like unto men that wait for their Lord.
Luke xii. 36.

- 1 YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.
- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame ;
Gird up your loins, as in His sight,
For awful is His name.
- 3 Watch—'tis your Lord's command ;
And while we speak, He's near :
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

CHRISTIAN DUTY :

- 4 O happy servant he
In such a posture found !
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crowned.
- 5 Christ shall the banquet spread
With His own royal hand,
And raise that favoured servant's head
Amidst the angelic band.

754 C.M. T. H. GILL.
*Give diligence to make your calling and
election sure.—2 Peter i. 10.*

- 1 YE souls, the Father's very own,
Ye people of His choice,
Not only wonder, not alone
In his dear love rejoice.
- 2 He calleth, but He bids you still
Make the high calling sure ;
He chooseth you to work His will,
And thus the crown secure.
- 3 He means for you a glorious part,
In conflict as in grace ;
He wills you to be pure in heart,
And thus to see His face.
- 4 He calls you to His work on earth,
As to His bliss above,
Alike to show His glory forth,
And to enjoy His love.
- 5 Your portion, souls elect, possess !
His gracious choice approve ;
With your abiding faithfulness
Meet His eternal love.
- 6 Ascend from height to height divine,
Grace after grace put on,
And brighter with the beauty shine
That in the Saviour shone !

PERSEVERING FIDELITY.

- 7 Thus richly ye shall enter in
The long-prepared home ;
Thus surely ye the crown shall win,
And to the glory come.

755 C.M. WATTS.*
A crown of righteousness.—2 Timothy iv. 8.

- 1 WITH heavenly weapons let us fight
The battles of the Lord ;
Finish our course, and keep the faith,
And wait the sure reward.
- 2 God has laid up in heaven for us
A crown which cannot fade ;
The righteous Judge at that great day
Shall place it on our head.
- 3 Nor hath the King of grace decreed
This prize for us alone,
But all that love and long to see
The appearance of His Son.
- 4 Jesus the Lord shall guard us safe
In dark and evil hours,
And to His heavenly kingdom keep
These feeble souls of ours.
- 5 God is our everlasting aid,
And hell shall rage in vain ;
To Him be highest glory paid,
And endless praise. Amen.

756 C.M. BARTON.
Walk in the light, as He is in the light.
1 John i. 7.

- 1 WALK in the light, so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love
His Spirit only can bestow,
Who reigns in light above.

CHRISTIAN DUTY :

- 2 Walk in the light, and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His,
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.
- 3 Walk in the light, and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away,
Because that light hath on thee shone,
In which is perfect day.
- 4 Walk in the light, and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear ;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.
- 5 Walk in the light, thy path shall be
Peaceful, serene, and bright ;
For God, by Grace shall dwell in thee,
And God Himself is light.

FIDELITY TO TRUTH.

757

46, 86.

H. BONAR.

Valiant for the Truth.—Jer. ix. 3.

- 1 **M**AKE sure of truth,
And truth will make thee sure ;
It will not shift, nor fade, nor die,
But like the heavens endure.
- 2 God's thoughts, not man's,
Be these thy heritage ;
They, like Himself, are ever young,
Untouched by time or age.

FIDELITY TO TRUTH.

- 3 With God alone
Is truth, and joy, and light,
Walk thou with Him in peace and love,
Hold fast the good and right.
- 4 Hold fast the true !
For truth can never change ;
It grows not old—'tis ever one,
However vast its range.
- 5 Great truths are great !
Not once, but evermore ;
Theirs is an everlasting youth,
A spring-bloom never o'er.
- 6 The stars that shine
To-night, in these calm skies,
Are the same stars that shone of old
In primal Paradise.
- 7 Man and his earth
Are varying day by day ;
Truth cannot change nor ever grow
Feeble and old and gray.

758 C.M. H. ALFORD.*
*Thou, most upright, dost weigh the path of the
just.—Is. xxvi. 7.*

- 1 **S**PEAK thou the truth. Let others fence,
And trim their words for pay :
In pleasant sunshine of pretence
Let others bask their day.
- 2 Face thou the wind. Though safer seem
In shelter to abide :
We were not made to sit and dream ;
Thy strength must first be tried.
- 3 Where God hath set His thorns about,
Cry not—The way is plain ;
His path within for those without
Is paved with toil and pain.

Failing to grasp his life's intent,
Because he fears the truth.

- 6 Be true to every inmost thought,
And as thy thought, thy speech ;
What thou hast not by suffering bought,
Presume thou not to teach.
- 7 Hold on, hold on—thou hast the rock,
The foes are on the sand ;
The first world-tempest's ruthless shock,
Scatters their shifting strand.
- 8 While each wild gust the mist shall clear
We now see darkly through,
And justified at last appear
The true, in Him that's True.

759 L.M. Six Lines. F. W. FAB
*Earnestly contend for the faith which was
delivered to the saints.—Jude 3.*

- 1 FAITH of our fathers, living still,
In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword :

GENTLENESS.

- 3 Faith of our fathers ; God's great power
Shall soon all nations win for thee ;
And through the truth that comes from God,
Mankind shall then be truly free.
Faith of our fathers, holy Faith,
We will be true to thee till death.
- 4 Faith of our fathers, we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife,
And preach thee too, as love knows how
By kindly words and virtuous life.
Faith of our fathers, holy Faith,
We will be true to thee till death.

G E N T L E N E S S .

760

7s.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

Judge not.—Matthew vii. 1.

- 1 GENTLY think, and gently speak,
Art thou strong ? respect the weak ;
Art thou weak ? from what thou art,
Gently judge another's heart.
- 2 He who knew the thoughts of men,
He was gentle, let us then
Gentle be in thought and tone,
We, who scarce can read our own.
- 3 Rain and dews, and sunshine fall
With unbounded love on all,
Shall thy narrow heart refuse
Its poor sun, and rain, and dews ?
- 4 Then be gentle, O my soul,
Thoughts and words alike control ;
If thou must in aught decide,
Err upon the gentle side.
- 5 Gentleness can do no wrong
To the weak or to the strong ;
Be thou strong or be thou weak
Gently think and gently speak.

C H A R I T Y.

761 C.M. [THOMAS COTTERILL (?)]
If God so loved us, we ought also to love one another.—1 John iv. 11.

- 1 O UR God is love, and all His saints
His image bear below ;
The heart with love to God inspired,
With love to man will glow.
- 2 O may we love each other, Lord,
As we are loved of Thee ;
For none are truly born of God
Who live in enmity.
- 3 Heirs of the same immortal bliss,
Our hopes and fears the same,
The cords of love our hearts should bind,
The law of love inflame.
- 4 So shall the vain contentious world
Our peaceful lives approve,
And wondering say, as they of old,
See how these Christians love.

762 C.M. WATTS.*
The greatest of these is charity.
1 Corinthians xiii. 13.

- 1 H APPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast :
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest

CHARITY.

- 2 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move ;
The devils know and tremble too,
But Satan cannot love.
- 3 This is the grace that lives and sings
When faith and hope shall cease ;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the bright realms of peace.
- 4 Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away
To see our Father God.

763

L.M. Double. HARRIET AUBER.
Psalm xli.

- 1 **H**OW blest are they who daily prove,
By acts of charity and love,
The fervent gratitude they owe
To Him from whom all blessings flow.
In hours of sickness or of pain,
God will their fainting souls sustain ;
Bright hopes shall cheer the bed of death,
Sweet peace attend their parting breath.
- 2 When, summoned from the silent tomb,
The assembled world await their doom,
These shall behold their Saviour's face,
Beaming with smiles of heavenly grace ;
And from His lips their raptured ear
Shall this their gracious sentence hear,
Come, O ye blessed of the Lord,
Come and receive your bright reward.

764

L.M.

WATTS.

The night cometh, when no man can work.

John ix. 4.

- 1 **A**WAKE, my zeal, awake my love,
To serve my Saviour here below,
In works which perfect saints above,
And holy angels cannot do.

CHRISTIAN DUTY :

- 2 Awake, my charity, to feed
The hungry soul, and clothe the poor ;
In heaven are found no sons of need,
There all these duties are no more.
- 3 Subdue thy passions, O my soul !
Maintain the fight, the work pursue,
Daily thy rising sins control,
And be thy victories ever new.
- 4 The land of triumph lies on high,
There are no foes to encounter there ;
Lord, I would conquer till I die,
And finish all the glorious war.
- 5 Let every flying hour confess
I gain Thy gospel fresh renown ;
And when my life and labours cease,
May I possess the promised crown !

765

C.M.
Psalm cxii.

WATTS.

- 1 **H**APPY the man that fears the Lord,
And follows His commands ;
Who lends the poor without reward,
Or gives with liberal hands.
- 2 As pity dwells within his breast
To all the sons of need ;
So God shall answer his request
With blessings on his seed.
- 3 No evil tidings shall surprise
His well-established mind ;
His soul to God his refuge flies,
And leaves his fears behind.
- 4 In times of general distress
Some beams of light shall shine,
To show the world his righteousness,
And give him peace divine.

CHARITY.

- 5 His works of piety and love
Remain before the Lord ;
Honour on earth and joys above
Shall be his sure reward.

'66 8, 7s. Irregular. MRS CHARLES
There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth.
Prov. xi. 24.

- 1 **I**S thy cruse of comfort failing ?
Rise and share it with another,
And through all the years of famine
It shall serve thee and thy brother ;
- 2 Love Divine will fill thy storehouse,
Or thy handful still renew ;
Scanty fare for one will often
Make a royal feast for two.
- 3 For the heart grows rich in giving ;
All its wealth is living grain ;
Seeds which mildew in the garner,
Scattered, fill with gold the plain.
- 4 Is thy burden hard and heavy ?
Do thy steps drag wearily ?
Help to bear thy brother's burden ;
God will bear both it and thee.
- 5 Numb and weary on the mountains,
Would'st thou sleep amidst the snow ?
Chafe that frozen form beside thee
And together both shall glow.
- 6 Art thou stricken in life's battle ?
Many wounded round thee moan ;
Lavish on their wounds thy balsams,
And that balm shall heal thine own.
- 7 Is the heart a well left empty ?
None but God its void can fill ;
Nothing but a ceaseless Fountain,
Can its ceaseless longings still.

CHRISTIAN DUTY :

- 8 Is the heart a living power ?
Self-entwined, its strength sinks low ;
It can only live in loving,
And by serving love will grow.
-

ASSERTION OF CHRISTIAN FREEDOM.

767 ^{10, 10, 10, 6.} ^{H. BONAR.}
*If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be
free indeed.—John viii. 36.*

- 1 **T**HE Free One makes you free ; He breaks
the rod,
He bids you lift your heads to sky and sun,
As freemen of the everlasting God,
Kneeling to Him alone.
- 2 The Free One makes you free ; be slaves to
none,
Priest, prince, or self, in body or in soul ;
Serve thou with all thy strength thy God alone,
Yield but to His control.
- 3 The True One gives you truth ; a heritage,
Richer than that which kings may buy or sell,
For children's children to the farthest age ;
Guard thou that treasure well.
- 4 Round went the message, over rock and plain,
Like burning words from lips of prophet old,
Priest, king, and lord opposed the voice in vain,
It would not be controlled.
- 5 Wide o'er the land went forth the new-born day,
Brightening alike the cot, the hall, the throne,
Long years of darkness vanish at its ray,
Ages of night have gone.

REST AND JOY IN GOD.

- 6 The Christ has come, the Breaker of all chains,
The Giver of the heavenly liberty ;
Peace, light, and freedom to these hills and
plains,
The land, the land is free !

REST AND JOY IN GOD.

768 8 7s. MACKELLAN.
I will trust, and not be afraid.—Isaiah xii. 2.

- 1 **B**EAR the burden of the present,
Let the morrow bear its own ;
If the morning sky be pleasant,
Why the coming night bemoan ?
- 2 If the darkened heavens lower,
Wrap thy cloak around thy form ;
Though the tempest rise in power,
God is mightier than the storm.
- 3 Steadfast faith and hope unshaken
Animate the trusting breast ;
Step by step the journey's taken,
Nearer to the land of rest.
- 4 All unseen the Master walketh,
By the toiling servant's side ;
Comfortable words He talketh,
While His hands uphold and guide.
- 5 Grief, nor pain, nor any sorrow
Rends thy heart, to Him unknown ;
He to-day, and He to-morrow,
Grace sufficient gives His own.
- 6 Holy strivings nerve and strengthen ;
Long endurance wins the crown ;
*When the evening shadows lengthen,
Thou shalt lay the burden down.*

CHRISTIAN DUTY :

769

C.M.

NEWTON.*

Your life is hid with Christ in God.

Colossians iii. 3.

- 1 **R**EJOICE, believer, in the Lord,
Who makes your cause His own ;
The hope that's built upon His word,
Can ne'er be overthrown.
- 2 Though many foes beset your road,
And feeble is your arm,
Your life is hid with Christ in God,
Beyond the reach of harm.
- 3 Weak as you are you shall not faint ;
Or, fainting, shall not die.
Jesus, the strength of every saint,
Will aid you from on high.
- 4 Though unperceived by mortal sense,
Faith sees Him always near,
A guide, a glory, a defence ;
Then what have you to fear ?
- 5 As surely as He overcame,
And triumphed once for you ;
So surely you that love His name,
Shall through Him triumph too.

770

4, 10 10 10 10 4.

HYMNS FROM
LAND OF LUTHER.

*We have peace with God through our Lord Jesus
Christ.*—Romans v. 1.

- 1 **R**EST, weary soul !
The penalty is borne, the ransom paid,
For all thy sins full satisfaction made ;
Strive not to do thyself what Christ has done ;
Claim the free gift, and make the joy thine own ;
No more by pangs of guilt and fear distress,
Rest, sweetly rest.

REST AND JOY IN GOD.

2 Rest, weary heart,
From all thy silent griefs and secret pains,
Thy profitless regrets and longings vain ;
Wisdom and love have ordered all the past,
All shall be blessedness and light at last ;
Cast off the cares that have so long oppress ;
Rest, sweetly rest !

3 Soon shalt thou rest
From all thy sorrows in the peaceful tomb ;
Light from above has broken through its gloom .
There, in the place where once thy Saviour lay,
Where He shall wake thee on a future day,
Like a tired child upon its mother's breast
Soon shalt thou rest.

4 Rest, spirit free !
In the green pastures of the heavenly shore,
Where sin and sorrow can approach no more,
With all the flock by the good Shepherd fed,
Beside the streams of life eternal led,
For ever with thy God and Saviour blest,
Soon shalt thou rest.

771 7, 6s. Double.
We glory in tribulations also.—Rom. v. 3

1 REJOICE, though storms assail thee !
Rejoice when skies are bright !
Rejoice, though round thy pathway,
Is spread the gloom of night !
If the good hope be in thee,
That all at last is well,
Then let thy happy spirit
With joyful feelings swell !

2 Recall thine hours of anguish,
And let thy soul rejoice !
*Though wave on wave of sorrow,
Rushed on with fearful noise ;*

CHRISTIAN DUTY :

Was not the Bow of Promise
Still seen amidst the gloom ?
Shedding its hallowed lustre
Even round the silent tomb ?

- 3 Rejoice ! Rejoice for ever !
Though earthly friends be gone !
For silently, yet swiftly,
The wheels of time roll on !
And still they bear thee forward,
Nearer that happy shore,
Where the triumphant song is
Rejoice for evermore !

772 ^{7s.} *Let the heaven and earth praise Him.* MONTGOMERY.
Psalm lxix. 34.

- 1 SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun ;
When He spake, and it was done.
- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born.
Songs of praise arose, when He
Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away :
Songs of praise shall crown that day.
God will make new heavens and earth :
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
- 4 And shall man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come ?
No ! the church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.
- 5 Saints below, with heart and voice
Still in songs of praise rejoice :
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

PRAYER.

- 6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death :
'Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

P R A Y E R .

73 7 6s. Double. [MRS J. C. SIMPSON.]
Pray without ceasing.—1 Thess. v. 17.

- 1 **G**O when the morning shineth,
Go when the noon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night,
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly thoughts away,
And in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray !
- 2 Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee,
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
If any such there be !
Then for thyself, in meekness
A blessing humbly claim,
And join with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name !
- 3 Or if 'tis ere denied thee
In solitude to pray,
If holy thoughts come o'er thee,
When friends are round thy way,
E'en then the silent breathing,
The spirit raised above,
Will reach the throne of glory,
Of Mercy, Truth, and Love.

CHRISTIAN DUTY :

- 4 O! not a joy or blessing,
With this can we compare !
The power that He hath given us
To pour our souls in prayer !
Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
Before His footstool fall,
Remember in thy gladness
His grace who gave thee all.
-

EXHORTATIONS TO CHRISTIAN WORK.

774 ^{10, 4, 10, 10, 4.} *The love of Christ constraineth us—* ^{H. BONAR.} 2 Cor. v. 14.

- 1 **A**POSTLES of the risen Christ, go forth !
Let love compel.
Go, and in risen power proclaim His worth;
O'er every region of the dead, cold earth,
His glory tell !
- 2 Tell how He lived, and toiled, and wept below ;
Tell all His love ;
Tell the dread wonders of His awful woe ;
Tell how He fought our fight, and smote our foe,
Then rose above !
- 3 Tell how in weakness He was crucified,
But rose in power ;
Went up on high, accepted, glorified ;
News of His victory spread far and wide,
From hour to hour.
- 4 Tell how He sits at the right hand of God,
In glory bright,
Making the heaven of heavens His glad abode ;
Tell how He cometh with the iron rod
His foes to smite.

EXHORTATIONS TO CHRISTIAN WORK.

- 5 Tell how His kingdom shall through ages stand,
And never cease ;
Spreading like sunshine over every land,
All nations bowing to His high command,
Great Prince of Peace.

775 ^{4, 10, 10, 10, 4.} ^{H. ALFORD.}
Let us not be weary in well doing.—Gal. vi. 9.

1 COME, labour on !

Who dares stand idle on the harvest plain ?
While all around him waves the golden grain,
And to each servant does the Master say—
Go work to-day !

2 Come, labour on !

Claim the high calling angels cannot share ;
To young and old the Gospel-gladness bear :
Redeem the time ; its hours too swiftly fly,
The night draws nigh.

3 Come, labour on !

The labourers are few, the field is wide,
New stations must be filled and blanks supplied ;
From voices distant far, or near at home,
The call is—Come !

4 Come, labour on !

The enemy is watching, night and day,
To sow the tares, to snatch the seed away.
While we in sleep our duty have forgot,
He slumbered not.

5 Come, labour on !

Away with gloomy doubts and faithless fear !
No arm so weak but may do service here ;
By feeblest agents can our God fulfil
His righteous will.

CHRISTIAN DUTY:

6 Come, labour on !

No time for rest, till glows the western sky,
While the long shadows o'er our pathway lie,
And a glad sound comes with the setting sun,
Servants, well done !

7 Come, labour on !

The toil is pleasant, the reward is sure ;
Blessèd are those who to the end endure ;
How full their joy, how deep their rest shall be,
O Lord, with Thee !

776

S.M.

MONTGOMERY.

*In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening
withhold not thy hand.—Eccl. xi. 6.*

- 1 SOW in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thine hand ;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broad-cast it o'er the land.
- 2 Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock,
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.
- 3 The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here nor there,
O'er hill and dale, by plots 'tis found ;
Go forth, then, everywhere.
- 4 Thou know'st not which may thrive,
The late or early sown ;
Grace keeps the precious germs alive,
When and wherever strown.
- 5 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

EXHORTATIONS TO CHRISTIAN WORK.

6 Thou canst not toil in vain ;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garner in the sky.

7 Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God shall come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry, Harvest home !

7 6s. Double.

DUFFIELD.*

Who will stand up for me ?—Psalm xciv. 16.

1 **S**TAND up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross ;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss ;
From victory unto victory
His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus ;
The trumpet-call obey ;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day ;
Ye that are men, now serve Him,
Against unnumbered foes ;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus ;
Stand in His strength alone ;
The arm of flesh will fail you ;
Ye dare not trust your own ;
Put on the gospel armour,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls or danger,
Be never wanting there.

CHRISTIAN DUTY :

- 4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus ;
The strife will not be long ;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song ;
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be ;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.
-

CONSECRATION TO CHRISTIAN WORK.

778

L.M.

T. H. GILL.

*Let this mind be in you, which was also in
Christ Jesus.*—Philippians ii. 5.

- 1 **A**ND didst Thou, Lord, our sorrows take ?
And didst Thou, Lord, our burdens bear ?
Didst Thou for love of us forsake
Those glorious heights, that heavenly air ?
- 2 Oh, could our weakness move Thy might ?
Our misery make us sought of Thee ?
Our gloom allure Thy glory bright ?
Our sins win down Thy purity ?
- 3 We who so tenderly were sought,
Shall we not joyful seekers be,
And to Thy feet divinely brought,
Help weaker souls, dear Lord, to Thee ?
- 4 Celestial Seeker, send us forth !
Almighty Lover, teach us love !
When shall we yearn to help our earth,
As yearned the Holy One above ?

CONSECRATION TO CHRISTIAN WORK.

779 C.M. Six lines. T. T. LYNCH.
If any man serve Me, him will my Father
honour.—John xii. 26.

- 1 **D**ISMISS me not Thy service, Lord,
 But train me for Thy will ;
 For even I, in fields so broad,
 Some duties may fulfil ;
 And I will ask for no reward,
 Except to serve Thee still.
- 2 How many serve, how many more
 May to the service come !
 To tend the vines, the grapes to store,
 Thou dost appoint for some ;
 Thou hast Thy young men at the war,
 Thy little ones at home.
- 3 All works are good, and each is best
 As most it pleases Thee ;
 Each worker pleases when the rest
 He serves in charity ;
 And neither man nor work unblest,
 Wilt Thou permit to be.
- 4 Our Master all the work hath done
 He asks of us to-day ;
 Sharing His service, every one
 Share too His Sonship may ;
 Lord, I would serve and be a son ;
 Dismiss me not, I pray.

780 7 6s. Double. [J. S. B. MONSELL.]
Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that
He will send forth labourers into His harvest.
 Matthew ix. 38.

- 1 **L**ORD of the living harvest,
 That whitens o'er the plain,
 Where angels soon shall gather
 Their sheaves of golden grain ;

CHRISTIAN DUTY :

Accept these hands to labour,
These hearts to trust and love,
And deign with them to hasten
Thy kingdom from above.

- 2 As labourers in Thy vineyard,
Send us out, Christ, to be
Content to bear the burden
Of weary days for Thee ;
We ask no other wages,
When Thou shalt call us home,
But to have shared the travail
Which makes Thy kingdom come.

- 3 Be with us, God the Father,
Be with us, God the Son,
And God the Holy Spirit,
O blessed Three in One !
Make us a Royal Priesthood,
Thee rightly to adore,
And fill us with Thy fulness,
Now and for evermore.

781 L.M. [N. L. FROTHINGHAM.]
What shall I do, Lord?—Acts xxii. 10.

- 1 THOU Lord of hosts, whose guiding hand
Hath brought us here before Thy face,
Our spirits wait for Thy command,
Our silent hearts implore Thy peace.
- 2 Those spirits lay their noblest powers,
As offerings, on Thy holy shrine ;
Thine was the strength that nourished ours ;
The soldiers of the cross are Thine.
- 3 And now with hymn and prayer we stand,
To give our strength to Thee, great God !
We would redeem Thy holy land,
That land which sin so long has trod.

CONSECRATION TO CHRISTIAN WORK.

- 4 Send us where'er Thou wilt, O Lord !
Through rugged toil and wearying fight ;
Thy conquering love shall be our sword,
And faith in Thee our truest might.
- 5 Send down Thy constant aid, we pray ;
Be Thy pure angels with us still !
Thy truth shall be our firmest stay ;
Our only rest, to do Thy will.

782 S.M. H. BONAR, *after* EPHRAEM SYRUS.
We are unprofitable servants.—Luke xvii. 10.

1 MAKE use of me, my God !
Let me not be forgot—
A broken vessel cast aside,
One whom thou needest not.

2 I am Thy creature, Lord ;
And made by hands divine ;
And I am part, however mean,
Of this great world of Thine.

3 Thou usest all Thy works,
The weakest things that be ;
Each has a service of its own,
For all things wait on Thee.

4 All things do serve Thee here,
All creatures great and small ;
Make use of me, of me, my God,
The meanest of them all.

783 S.M. Double. C. WESLEY.*
Glorify God.—1 Corinthians vi. 20.

1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify ;
A soul from death and hell to save,
And fit it for the sky ;

CHRISTIAN DUTY :

- To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil ;
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.
- 2 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live ;
And, oh ! Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give !
Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.
-

BLESSEDNESS OF CHRISTIAN WORK.

784 L.M. T. H. GIL
Freely ye have received, freely give.
Matt. x. 8.

- 1 **D**EAR Lord ! Thy light Thou dost not hide
Thy glory will not stay at home :
With us Thy glory may abide ;
Thy precious things to us may come.
- 2 But they are given us not to hoard ;
Thy light may not be all our own ;
Thou meanest not Thy glory, Lord,
To cheer one dwelling-place alone.
- 3 Thou lightest souls to beam around ;
Thou settest them to shine on high ;
Thy children in Thy work abound
And still their Father glorify.

BLESSEDNESS OF CHRISTIAN WORK.

- 4 O sweet the Father's smile to win !
What joy, dear Lord, to shine with Thee,
Thy precious things to welcome in
And entertain Thy radiancy !
- 5 But O more sweet for Thee to shine,
To pass Thy smile, Thy blessing on,
To bear about the light divine,
And shine as the dear Saviour shone !
- 6 Father ! still shine on us from heaven,
And make us for Thy glory shine ;
We would not keep one gift ungiven,
We would not hide one beam of Thine.

785

C.M. Double.

SPITTA,

tr. H. L. LUTHER

*If any man serve Me, let him follow Me, and
where I am, there shall also My servant be.—
John xii. 26.*

- 1 **H**OW blessed from the bonds of sin,
And earthly fetters free,
In singleness of heart and aim,
Thy servant, Lord, to be !
The hardest toil to undertake
With joy at Thy command,
The meanest office to receive
With meekness at Thy hand.
- 2 With willing heart and longing eyes,
To watch before Thy gate,
Ready to run the weary race,
To bear the heavy weight ;
No voice of thunder to expect,
But follow calm and still,
For love can easily divine
The One Beloved's will.

CHRISTIAN DUTY.

- 3 Thus may I serve Thee, gracious Lord !
Thus ever Thine alone,
My soul and body given to Thee,
The purchase Thou hast won.
Through evil or through good report,
Still keeping by Thy side,
By life or death, in this poor flesh,
Let Christ be magnified.
- 4 How happily the working days
In this dear service fly,
How rapidly the closing hour,
The time of rest draws nigh !
When all the faithful gather home,
A joyful company,
And ever where the Master is,
Shall His blest servants be.

786 C.M. H. BON
*Unto me who am less than the least of
saints, is this grace given.—Ep. iii. 8.*

- 1 **W**E thank Thee, Lord, for using us,
For Thee to work and speak ;
However trembling is the hand,
The voice however weak.
- 2 We thank Thee, Lord, that some true rays
Of Thine from us have shone
Into a world so dark as ours,
However faint and wan.
- 3 For those to whom, through us, Thou hast
Some heavenly guidance given ;
For some, it may be, saved from death,
And some brought nearer heaven.
- 4 For solace ministered perchance
In days of grief and pain ;
For peace to troubled weary souls
Not spoken all in vain.

HUMAN LIFE : ITS FRAILTY.

- 5 Lord, keep us still the same, as in
Remembered days of old ;
Oh keep us fervent still in love,
'Mid many waxing cold.
- 6 Help us, O Christ, to grasp each truth,
With hand as firm and true
As when we clasped it first to heart,
A treasure fresh and new.
- 7 Thy name to name, Thyself to own,
With voice unfaltering,
And face as bold and unashamed,
As in our Christian spring.
-

H U M A N L I F E :
ITS FRAILTY.

787 C.M. WATTS.*
*My breath is corrupt, my days are extinct,
the graves are ready for me.—Job xvii. 1.*

- 1 OUR life is ever on the wing,
And death is ever nigh ;
The moment when our lives begin
We all begin to die.
- 2 Yet, mighty God, our fleeting days
Thy lasting favours share ;
Yet with the bounties of Thy grace
Thou load'st the rolling year.
- 3 'Tis sovereign mercy finds us food,
And we are clothed with love ;
While grace stands pointing out the road
That leads our souls above.

HUMAN LIFE :

- 4 Thy goodness runs an endless round ;
All glory to the Lord !
Thy mercy never knows a bound,
And be Thy name adored.
- 5 Thus we begin the lasting song ;
And when we close our eyes,
Let the next age Thy praise prolong,
Till time and nature dies.

788

C.M.

WATTS

Remember how short my time is.

Psalm lxxxix. 47.

- 1 **O**UR wasting lives grow shorter still,
As months and days increase ;
And every beating pulse we tell,
Leaves but the number less.
- 2 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave ;
Whate'er we do, whate'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.
- 3 Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
To push us to the tomb,
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.
- 4 Good God ! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things !
The eternal states of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings.
- 5 Infinite joy or awful woe
Attends on every breath ;
And yet how unconcerned we go
Upon the brink of death !
- 6 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road ;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

ITS FRAILTY.

789 L.M. WATTS.
*Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with
thy might.*—Eccles. ix. 10.

- 1 **L**IFE is the hour that God has given
To escape from hell and fly to heaven ;
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.
- 2 The living know that they must die,
But all the dead forgotten lie ;
Their memory and their sense are gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.
- 3 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might pursue ;
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith nor hope beneath the ground.
- 4 There are no acts of pardon passed
In the cold grave to which we haste ;
But darkness, death, and long despair
Reign in eternal silence there.

790 L.M. WATTS.*
*Whose foundation is in the dust, which are
crushed before the moth.*—Job iv. 19.

- 1 **S**HALL the weak race of flesh and blood
Contend with their Creator, God ?
Shall mortal men presume to be
More holy, wise, or just than He ?
- 2 Behold, He puts His trust in none
Of all the spirits round His throne ;
Their nature, when compared with His,
Is neither holy, just, nor wise.
- 3 But how much meaner things are they
Who spring from dust, and dwell in clay !
Touched by the finger of Thy wrath,
We faint and perish, like the moth.

HUMAN LIFE :

- 4 From night to day, from day to night,
We die by thousands in Thy sight ;
Buried in dust whole nations lie
Like a forgotten vanity.
- 5 Almighty Power, to Thee we bow ;
How frail are we, how glorious Thou !
No more the sons of earth shall dare
With the eternal God compare.

791 886, 886. C. WESLEY
There is but a step between me and death.
1 Samuel xx. 3.

- 1 **L**O ! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Secure, insensible ;
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.
- 2 O God, mine inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress ;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.
- 3 Before me place, in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When Thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at Thy bar ;
And tell me Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom ?
- 4 Be this my one great business here,
With serious industry and fear,
Eternal bliss to ensure ;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all Thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

ITS FRAILITY

- 5 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive;
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with Thee above;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

792 C.M. ADDISON.*
Prepare to meet thy God.—Amos iv. 12.

- 1 **W**HEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
O! how shall I appear?
- 2 If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought;
- 3 But never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to secure,
Who knows Thine only Son has died
To make her pardon sure.

793 L.M. STEELE.
Lord, make me to know...how frail I am.
Psalm xxxix. 4.

- 1 **A**Lmighty Maker of my frame,
Teach me the measure of my days;
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And spend the remnant to Thy praise.
- 2 My days are shorter than a span;
A little point my life appears;
How frail, at best, is dying man!
How vain are all his hopes and fears!
- 3 Vain his ambition, noise, and show;
Vain are the cares which rack his mind;
He heaps up treasures mixed with woe;
He dies, and leaves them all behind.

HUMAN LIFE :

- 4 O be a nobler portion mine !
My God, I bow before Thy throne ;
Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,
And fix my hopes on Thee alone.

794 S.M. C. WESLEY.*
Man giveth up the ghost, and where is he ?
Job xiv. 10.

- 1 **A**ND am I born to die ?
To lay this body down ?
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown ?
- 2 Waked by the trumpet's sound,
I from my grave shall rise,
And see the Judge with glory crowned,
And see the flaming skies.
- 3 Who can resolve the doubt
That tears my anxious breast ?
Shall I be with the lost cast out ?
Or numbered with the blest ?
- 4 O Thou, that wouldst not have
One wretched sinner die ;
Who diedst Thyself, my soul to save
From hopeless misery :
- 5 Show me the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe ;
That when Thou comest on Thy throne,
I may with joy appear.
- 6 Thou art Thyself the Way ;
Thyself in me reveal :
So shall I spend my life's short day
Obedient to Thy will.
- 7 So shall I love my God,
Because He first loved me,
And praise Thee in Thy bright abode,
To all eternity.

95

S.M.

DODDRIDGE.

Whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow,—Jas. iv. 14.

- I**

ITS VICISSITUDES.

796

8 4, 8 4, 8 4.

A. A. PROCTOR.●

I form the light, and create darkness.

Is. xlv. 7.

- 1 **O** GOD, we thank Thee, who hast made
The earth so bright ;
So full of splendour and of joy,
Beauty and light ;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right.
- 2 We thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made
Joy to abound ;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round ;
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.
- 3 We thank Thee more, that all our joy
Is touched with pain ;
That shadows fall on brightest hours,
That thorns remain ;
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.
- 4 For Thou who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys, tender and true,
Yet all with wings,
So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things.

ITS VICISSITUDES.

- 5 We thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept
 'The best in store ;
We have enough, yet not too much
 To long for more ;
A yearning for a deeper peace
 Not known before.
- 6 We thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,
 Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
 A perfect rest—
Nor ever shall, until they lean
 On Jesus' breast

797 C.M. Double. W. H. BURLEIGH.
*Blessed are they that mourn : for they shall be
 comforted.*—Matt. v. 4.

- 1 **O** DEEM not that earth's crowning bliss
Is found in joy alone ;
For sorrow, bitter though it be,
 Hath blessings all its own ;
From lips divine, like healing balm,
 To hearts oppressed and torn,
This heavenly consolation fell—
 Blessèd are they that mourn !
- 2 As blossoms smitten by the rain,
 Their sweetest odours yield,
As where the ploughshare deepest strikes,
 Rich harvests crown the field ;
So to the hopes by sorrow crushed,
 A nobler faith succeeds ;
And life, by trial furrowed, bears
 The fruit of loving deeds.
- 3 Who never mourned, hath never known
 What treasures grief reveals,
The sympathies that humanise,
 The tenderness that heals,

HUMAN LIFE.

The power to look within the veil,
And learn the heavenly lore,
The key-word to life's mysteries,
So dark to us before.

- 4 How rich, and sweet, and full of strength,
Our human spirits are,
Baptised into the sanctities
Of suffering and of prayer !
Supernal wisdom, love divine,
Breathed through the lips which said—
Oh, blessed are the souls that mourn,
They shall be comforted.

D E A T H .

798 L.M. MRS BARBAULD¹
Let me die the death of the righteous.
Numb. xxiii. 10.

- 1 **H**OW blest the righteous when he dies !
When sinks a weary soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves the expiring breast !
- 2 So fades a summer cloud away ;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er ;
So gently shuts the eye of day ;
So dies a wave along the shore.
- 3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys ;
Nothing disturbs that peace profound,
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

DEATH.

- 4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell !
How bright the unchanging morn appears !
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell !
- 5 Life's labour done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies ;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
How blest the righteous when he dies !

799

S.M. FROM THE FRENCH,
tr. G. W. BETHUNE.

Our friend Lazarus sleepeth.—John xi. 11.

- 1 I T is not death to die,
To leave this weary road,
And, 'midst the brotherhood on high,
To be at home with God.
- 2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.
- 3 It is not death to bear
The wrench that sets us free
From dungeon chains, to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.
- 4 It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise, on strong exulting wing,
To live among the just.
- 5 Jesus, Thou Prince of life !
Thy chosen cannot die ;
Like Thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with Thee on high.

DEATH.

800 87, 87, 887. [HERMAN.]
*My flesh and my heart faileth : but God is the
strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.*
Psalm lxxiii. 26.

- 1 **W**HEN my appointed hour is come,
 'To pass from earth for ever,
 Lord Jesus, guide me to my home
 Across death's gloomy river ;
 My soul I yield into Thy hand,
 As on life's margin lone I stand :
 Thou wilt from harm defend her.
- 2 In number more than sands on shore
 Of ocean are my errors,
 And they afflict and pain me sore,
 Still death hath lost its terrors ;
 For Jesus, Lord ! I think of Thee,
 Thy wounds, Thy death, endured for me :
 Herein is found my comfort.
- 3 Since I a humble member am
 Of thine own body, neither
 Grim death nor pain can rend in twain,
 What thus is joined together.
 So, if I die, I die to Thee,
 An endless life hast Thou for me
 By Thine own death procurèd.
- 4 I shall not in the grave remain,
 Since Thou death's bond hast severed ;
 By hope of Thee to rise again,
 From fear of death delivered.
 I'll come to Thee, where'er Thou art,
 Live with Thee—from Thee never part •
 Therefore to die is rapture.

DEATH.

- 5 And so to Jesus Christ I go,
My longing arms extending ;
So fall asleep in slumber deep,
Slumber that knows no ending,
Till Jesus Christ, God's only Son,
Opens the gates of bliss—leads on
To heaven, to life eternal !

301 6, 6, 4. Double. HEMANS.
Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit.
Luke xxiii. 46.

- 1 **L**OWLY and solemn be
Thy children's cry to Thee,
Father divine ;
A hymn of suppliant breath,
Owning that life and death
Alike are Thine.
- 2 O Father, in that hour,
When earth all succouring power
Shall disavow,
When spear and shield and crown
In faintness are cast down ;
Sustain us, Thou !
- 3 By Him who bowed to take
The death-cup for our sake,
The thorn, the rod ;
From whom the last dismay
Was not to pass away :
Aid us, O God.
- 4 Tremblers beside the grave,
We call on Thee to save,
Father divine !
Hear, hear our suppliant breath,
Keep us, in life and death,
Thine, only Thine.

Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me.—Psalm xxiii. 4.

- 1 **F**ATHER, when Thy child is dying,
On the bed of anguish lying,
Then my every want supplying,
To me Thy love display.
- 2 Let me willingly surrender
Life to Thee, its gracious Lender.
Can I find a friend more tender?
Why should I wish to stay?
- 3 Ere my soul her bonds has broken,
Grant some bright and cheering token,
That for me the word is spoken—
Thy sins are washed away.
- 4 When each well-known face concealing
Death's dark shade o'er all is stealing,
Then Thy gracious smile revealing,
Unfold eternal day.
- 5 When the lips are mute which blessed me,
And withdrawn the hand that pressed me,
Then let sweeter sounds arrest me,
Calling my soul away.
- 6 When in silent awe suspended,
They who long my couch have tended,
Weeping, wish that all were ended,
O hear them when they pray.
- 7 When my soul no path discovering,
O'er my lifeless form is hovering,
Then with wings of mercy covering,
Be Thou Thyself my

DEATH.

803 C.M. WATTS.
*Them also that sleep in Jesus will God bring
 with Him.—1 Thess iv. 14.*

- 1 GREAT God, I own Thy sentence just ;
 And nature must decay :
 I yield my body to the dust,
 To dwell with fellow-clay.
- 2 Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,
 And trample on the tombs :
 My Jesus, my Redeemer lives,
 My God, my Saviour comes.
- 3 The mighty Conqueror shall appear,
 High on a royal seat ;
 And Death, the last of all His foes,
 Lie vanquished at His feet.

804 7s. Double. TOPLADY.*
*Though I walk through the valley of the
 shadow of death I will fear no evil.—Ps. xxiii. 4.*

- 1 DEATHLESS principle ! arise ;
 Soar, thou native of the skies ;
 Pearl of price, by Jesus bought,
 To His glorious likeness wrought,
 Go, to shine before His throne ;
 Deck His mediatorial crown ;
 Go, His triumphs to adorn ;
 Made for God, to God return.
- 2 Lo ! He beckons from on high,
 Fearless to His presence fly ;
 Thine the merit of His blood,
 Thine the righteousness of God :
 Angels joyful to attend,
 Hovering round thy pillow bend ;
 Wait to catch the signal given,
 And escort thee quick to heaven.

. DEATH.

- 3 Shudder not to pass the stream ;
Venture all thy care on Him—
Him whose dying love and power
Stilled its tossing, hushed its roar :
Quiet is the restless wave,
Gentle as a summer's eve ;
Not one object of His care
Ever suffered shipwreck there.
- 4 See the haven full in view ;
Love divine shall bear thee through,
Trust to that propitious gale ;
Weigh thy anchor, spread thy sail.
Saints in glory, perfect made,
Wait thy passage through the shade ;
Ardent for thy coming o'er,
See ! they throng the blissful shore.
- 5 Mount, their transports to improve ;
Join the longing choir above ;
Swiftly to their wish be given ;
Kindle higher joy in heaven.
Such the prospects that arise
To the dying Christian's eyes ;
Such the glorious vista, Faith
Opens through the shades of death.

805 *O grave, where is thy victory ?—1 Cor. x¹*

- 1 **V**ITAL spark of heavenly flame ;
Quit, O quit this mortal frame ;
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
O the pain, the bliss of dying !
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

DEATH.

- 2 Hark ! they whisper ; angels say—
Sister spirit, come away.
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?
- 3 The world recedes ; it disappears ;
Heaven opens on mine eyes ; mine ears
With sounds seraphic ring !
Lend, lend your wings ; I mount, I fly ;
O Grave ! where is thy victory ?
O Death ! where is thy sting ?

806 L.M. WATTS.
Absent from the body, and...present with the
Lord.—2 Cor. v. 8.

- 1 **A**BSENT from flesh ! O blissful thought !
What joys unknown this moment brings ;
Freed from the mischiefs sin hath wrought,
From pains and fears, and all their springs.
- 2 Absent from flesh ! illustrious day,
Surprising scene, triumphant stroke,
That rends the prison of my clay,
And I can feel my fetters broke.
- 3 Absent from flesh ! then rise, my soul,
Where feet nor wings could ever climb ;
Beyond the heavens, where planets roll,
Measuring the cares and joys of time.
- 4 I go where God and glory shine ;
His presence makes eternal day ;
My all that's mortal I resign,
For angels wait and point my way.

DEATH.

807 C.M. WATTS.
Devout men carried Stephen to his burial, and made great lamentation over him.—Acts viii. 2.

- 1 **M**UST friends and kindred droop and die,
And helpers be withdrawn ?
While sorrow with a weeping eye
Counts up our comforts gone ?
- 2 Be Thou our comfort, mighty God !
Our helper and our friend ;
Nor leave us in this dangerous road
Till all our trials end.
- 3 O may our feet pursue the way
Our pious fathers led,
With love and holy zeal obey
The counsels of the dead.
- 4 Let us be weaned from all below,
Let hope our grief expel,
While death invites our souls to go
Where our best kindred dwell.

808 C.M. WATTS.
The dead that die in the Lord.—Rev. xiv. 13.

- 1 **H**EAR what the voice from heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead ;
Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.
- 2 They die in Jesus and are blest ;
How kind their slumbers are !
From sufferings and from sins released,
And freed from every snare.
- 3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord ;
The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

DEATH.

809

7s. Eight lines.

C. WESLEY.*

*That ye sorrow not, even as others which have
no hope.—1 Thess. iv. 13.*

- 1 **B**LESSING, honour, thanks, and praise,
Pay we, gracious God, to Thee ;
Thou, in Thine abundant grace,
Givest us the victory.
True and faithful to Thy word,
Thou hast glorified Thy Son,
Jesus Christ, our dying Lord,
He for us the fight hath won.
- 2 **L**o ! the prisoner is released,
Lightened of his fleshly load ;
Where the weary are at rest,
He is gathered into God !
Lo ! the pain of life is past,
All his warfare now is o'er ;
Death and hell behind are cast,
Grief and suffering are no more.
- 3 **Y**es, the Christian's course is run,
Ended is the glorious strife ;
Fought the fight, the work is done,
Death is swallowed up of life !
Borne by angels on their wings,
Far from earth the spirit flies,
Finds his God, exults and sings,
Triumphing in Paradise.
- 4 **J**oin we then, with one accord,
In the new, the joyful song :
Absent from our loving Lord
We shall not continue long :
We shall quit the house of clay,
We a better lot shall share ;
*We shall see the realms of day,
Meet our happy brother there.*

DEATH.

- 5 We will not bewail our dead,
Fondly of their loss complain ;
Brother, friend, by Jesus freed,
Death to thee, to us, is gain ;
Thou art entered into joy ;
Why should we thy triumph mourn ;
We in songs our lives employ,
Till we all to God return.

810 C.M. WATTS.
Fallen asleep in Christ.—1 Cor. xv. 18.

- 1 WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at Death's alarms ?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to His arms.

- 2 Are we not tending upward, too,
As fast as time can move ?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow
To keep us from our Love.

- 3 The graves of all His saints He blest,
And softened every bed ;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head ?

- 4 Thence He arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way ;
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.

- 5 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise ;
Awake, ye nations under ground ;
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

DEATH.

11 7, 6 Double. [GERHARD.]
*They...platted a crown of thorns, and put it
on His head.—Matthew xxvii. 29.*

1 O SACRED head, once wounded,
With grief and pain weighed down,
How scornfully surrounded
With thorns, Thine only crown !
How pale art 'Thou with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn !
How does that visage languish,
Which once was bright as morn !

2 O Lord of life and glory,
What bliss till now was Thine !
I read the wondrous story,
I joy to call 'Thee mine.
'Thy grief and 'Thy compassion
Were all for sinners' gain ;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain.

3 What language shall I borrow
To praise 'Thee, heavenly Friend ;
For this 'Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end ?
Lord, make me 'Thine for ever,
Nor let me faithless prove ;
O let me never, never
Abuse such dying love !

4 Be near me, Lord, when dying ;
O show 'Thy cross to me ;
And, for my succour flying,
Come, Lord, to set me free ;
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move ;
For He who dies believing
Dies safely through Thy love.

DEATH

812 8s. Double. C. WESLEY.
*I would hasten my escape from the windy
storm and tempest.— Ps. lv. 8.*

- 1 **R**EJOICE for a brother deceased;
Our loss is his infinite gain;
A soul out of prison released,
And free from its bodily chain.
With songs let us follow his flight,
And mount with his spirit above,
Escaped to the mansions of light,
And lodged in the Eden of love.
- 2 Our brother the haven hath gained,
Outflying the tempest and wind;
His rest he hath sooner obtained,
And left his companions behind.
Still tossed on a sea of distress,
Hard toiling to make the blest shore,
Where all is assurance and peace,
And sorrow and sin are no more.
- 3 There all the glad company meet,
Who sailed with the Saviour beneath;
With shouting each other they greet,
And triumph o'er trouble and death.
The voyage of life's at an end;
The mortal affliction is past;
'The age that in heaven they spend
For ever and ever shall last.

[FUNERAL HYMNS.]

813 L.M. WATTS.
Sown in dishonour... raised in glory.
1 Cor. xv. 43.

- 1 **U**NVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb!
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room
Awhile to slumber in the dust.

FUNERAL HYMNS.

- 2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
Invades thy bounds ; no mortal woes
Can reach the forms that slumber here ;
And angels watch their soft repose.
- 3 So Jesus slept : God's dying Son
Passed through the grave, and blest the bed ;
Rest here, dear saint, till from His throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade :
- 4 Break from His throne, illustrious morn !
Attend, O earth, His sovereign word ;
Restore thy trust, a glorious form :
He must ascend to meet his Lord.

814 S. M. H. BONAR.
*The grave is mine house : I have made my bed
in the darkness.—Job xvii. 13.—The clods of
the valley shall be sweet unto him.—Job xxi. 33.*

- 1 **L**IE down, frail body, here,
Earth has no fairer bed,
No gentler pillow to afford :
Come rest thy home-sick head.
- 2 A sky without a cloud,
A sea without a wave,
These are but shadows of thy rest
In this thy peaceful grave.
- 3 Rest for the toiling hand,
Rest for the thought-worn brow,
Rest for the weary way-sore feet,
Rest from all labour now.
- 4 Rest for the fevered brain,
Rest for the throbbing eye ;
Through these parched lips of thine no more
Shall pass the moan or sigh.

DEATH.

- 5 Soon shall the trump of God
 Give out the welcome sound
 That shakes thy silent chamber-walls,
 And breaks the turf-sealed ground.
- 6 'Twas sown in weakness here ;
 'Twill then be raised in power ;
 That which was sown an earthly seed,
 Shall rise a heavenly flower.

815 1 3, 1 1, 1 3, 1 2. Irregular. **HEBER.**
 Not as others which have no hope.
 1 Thess. iv 13.

- 1 **T**HOU art gone to the grave ! but we will
 not deplore thee,
 Though sorrows and darkness encompass the
 tomb ;
 The Saviour has passed through its portal before
 thee,
 And the lamp of His love is thy guide through
 the gloom.
- 2 Thou art gone to the grave ! we no longer behold
 thee,
 Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy
 side ;
 But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold
 thee,
 And sinners may die, for the Sinless has died.
- 3 'Thou art gone to the grave ! and, its mansion
 forsaking,
 Perhaps thy weak spirit in fear lingered long ;
 But the sunshine of Paradise beamed on thy
 waking,
 And the sound which thou heard'st was the
 seraphim's song.

FUNERAL HYMNS.

- 4 Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not
deplere thee,
Whose God was thy Ransom, thy Guardian, and
Guide.
He gave thee, He took Thee, and He will
restore Thee;
And death has no sting, for the Saviour has died.

816 L.M. Six lines. S. F. ADAMS.
*The angel of the Lord descended from heaven,
and came and rolled back the stone from the door,
and sat upon it.—Matthew xxviii. 2.*

- 1 THE mourners came at break of day
Unto the garden sepulchre,
With saddened hearts to weep and pray
For Him, the loved one, buried there.
What radiant light dispels the gloom?
An angel sits beside the tomb.
- 2 The earth doth mourn her treasures lost,
All sepulchred beneath the snow,
When wintry winds and chilling frost
Have laid her summer glories low;
The spring returns, the flowerets bloom,
An angel sits beside the tomb.
- 3 Then mourn we not, belovèd dead,
E'en while we come to weep and pray;
The happy spirit hath but fled
To brighter realms of heavenly day!
Immortal hope dispels the gloom,
An angel sits beside the tomb.

817 10, 6 10, 4.
Prov. xi. 8.
The righteous is delivered out of trouble.

- 1 THOU God of love, beneath Thy sheltering
wings
We leave our holy dead,
To rest in hope! From this world's sufferings
Their souls have fled!

DEATH.

2 Oh! when our souls are burdened with the
weight

Of life, and all its woes,
Let us remember them, and calmly wait
For our life's close!

[BURIAL AT SEA.]

818 86, 888, 6. H. BONAR.
The sea gave up the dead which were in it.
Rev. xx. 13.

1 **D**EEP down, beneath the unresting surge,
There is a peaceful tomb;
Storm raves above, calm reigns below,
Safe, safe from ocean's wreck and woe;
Safe from its tide's unceasing flow,
The peaceful find a home.

2 Who dies in Christ the Lord dies well,
Though on the lonely main;
As soft the pillow of the deep,
As tranquil the uncurtained sleep,
As on the couch where fond ones weep;
And they shall rise again.

3 The cold sea's coldest hidden depths
Shall hear the trump of God;
Death's reign on sea and land is o'er;
God's treasured ones he must restore;
God's buried gems he holds no more,
Beneath or wave or clod.

4 O'er this loved clay God sets His watch;
The angels guard him well;
Till summoned by the trumpet loud,
Like star emerging from the cloud,
Or blossom from its sheltering shroud,
He leaves his ocean cell.

FUNERAL HYMNS.

- 5 O Jesu Christ ! O risen Lord !
Let life, not death prevail ;
Make haste, great Conqueror, make haste ;
Call up the dead of ages past ,
Gather Thy precious gems at last,
From ocean's deepest vale. Amen.

[BURIAL AT SEA.]

- 19 L.M.
And the sea gave up the dead which were in it.
Rev. xx. 13.

- 1 WE give his body to the surge,
In certain hope, with prayer and dirge,
We little reck the wild waves' swell,
Or depths where monstrous creatures dwell.
- 2 We lay his body but to sleep,
Where Jesus' feet have calmed the deep ;
Where waves have hearkened to His word :
The Son of Man is ocean's Lord.
- 3 The billows, as they toss and reel,
Will ring for him a Sabbath-peal ;
Until the glorious Sunday glow,
And waken all who rest below.
- 4 Then earth's deep graves will quake with
dread,
The sea give up her prisoned dead,
Once more obedient to His word,
The Son of Man is ocean's Lord.
- 5 Through Thee, O Lord, the Son of Man,
Our brother shall arise again ;
And bursting from the sable brine
With resurrection-splendour shine.
- 6 All praise be Thine, O risen Lord,
From death to endless life restored ;
*All praise to God the Father be,
And Holy Ghost eternally.*

THE RESURRECTION.

820 L.M. Six lines. [ROWLAND HILL]¹⁰
I am He that liveth and was dead.—Rev. i. 18

1 **W**E sing His love, who once was slain,
Who soon o'er death revived again,
That all His saints through Him might have
Eternal conquests o'er the grave.

Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we
Shall rise to immortality.

2 The saints who now in Jesus sleep,
His own almighty power shall keep,
Till dawns the bright illustrious day,
When death itself shall die away.

Soon shall, &c.

3 How loud shall our glad voices sing,
When Christ His risen saints shall bring
From beds of dust and silent clay,
To realms of everlasting day!

Soon shall, &c.

When Jesus we in glory meet,
Our utmost joys shall be complete :
When landed on that heavenly shore,
Death and the curse shall be no more.

Soon shall, &c.

5 Hasten, dear Lord, the glorious day,
And this delightful scene display,
When all Thy saints from death shall rise,
Raptured in bliss beyond the skies.

Soon shall, &c.

THE RESURRECTION.

821

C.M.

WATTS.*

*Hath begotten us again to a lively hope by the
resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead.*

1 Pet. i. 3.

- 1 **B**LESSED be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord ;
Be His abounding mercy prais'd,
His majesty adored.
- 2 When from the dead He raised His Son,
And called Him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.
- 3 What though our inbred sins require
Our flesh to see the dust ;
Yet as the Lord our Saviour rose,
So all His followers must.
- 4 There's an inheritance divine
Reserved against that day ;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefiled,
And cannot fade away.
- 5 We by the power of God are kept
Till the salvation come ;
We walk by faith, as strangers here,
Till Christ shall call us home.

822

C.M. Double.

[WATTS AND CAMERON].

Death is swallowed up in victory.

1 Cor. xv. 54.

- 1 **W**HEN the last trumpet's awful voice
This rending earth shall shake ;
When opening graves shall yield their charge,
And dust to life awake :
Those bodies that corrupted fell
Shall uncorrupted rise ;
*And mortal forms shall spring to life
Immortal in the skies.*

THE RESURRECTION.

- 2 Behold ! what holy prophets sang
Is now at last fulfilled,
That Death should yield his ancient reign,
And, vanquished, quit the field.
Let Faith exalt her joyful voice,
And thus begin to sing :
O Grave ! where is thy triumph now ?
And where, O Death ! thy sting ?
 - 3 Thy sting was death, and conscious guilt,
'Twas this that armed thy dart ;
The law gave sin its strength and force,
To pierce the sinner's heart ;
But God, whose name be ever blest,
Disarms that foe we dread,
And makes us more than conquerors
Through Christ our living Head.
 - 4 Then steadfast let us still remain,
Though dangers rise around,
And in the work prescribed by God
Yet more and more abound.
Assured that though we labour now,
We labour not in vain ;
But through the grace of heaven's great Lord
The eternal crown shall gain.
-

J U D G M E N T .

87, 87, 47. OLIVER *and* J. WESLEY.
old, He cometh with clouds.—Rev. i. 7.

He comes with clouds descending,
ce for favoured sinners slain ;
nd thousand saints attending
the triumph of His train :
Hallelujah !
comes, and comes to reign.

ve shall then behold Him,
d in dreadful majesty ;
ho set at nought and sold Him,
d and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
the true Messiah see.

land, sea, and mountain,
n and earth shall flee away ;
hate Him must, confounded,
the summons of that day :—
ome to judgment,
to judgment, come away !

emption, long expected,
solemn pomp, appear ;
aints, by man rejected,
hall meet Him in the air :
Hallelujah !
day of God appear.

JUDGMENT.

- 5 Yea, Amen ; let all adore Thee,
 High on Thine eternal throne :
 Saviour, take the power and glory,
 Make Thy righteous sentence known.
 O come quickly,
 Claim the kingdom for Thine own.

824 L.M. HEB
*When the Lord Jesus shall be revealed fr
 heaven with His mighty angels.—2 Thess. i. 7.*

- 1 THE Lord will come ! the earth shall qual
 The hills shall their fixed seat forsake ;
 And, withering from the vault of night,
 'The stars shall pale their feeble light.
- 2 'The Lord will come ! but not the same
 As once in lowliness He came ;
 A silent Lamb before His foes,
 A weary man, and full of woes.
- 3 The Lord will come ! a dreadful form,
 With rainbow wreath and robes of storm ;
 On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
 Appointed Judge of all mankind.
- 4 Can this be He, who wont to stray
 A pilgrim on the world's highway,
 By power oppressed, and mocked by pride,
 O God, is this the Crucified ?
- 5 While sinners in despair shall call,
 Rocks hide us ; mountains on us fall !
 'The saints, victorious o'er the tomb,
 Shall sing for joy, 'The Lord is come !

825 S.M.
*Then shall appear the sign of the Son of
 in heaven.—Matt. xxiv. 30.*

- 1 THE Son of Man shall come,
 With angel hosts around,
 'Mid darkening sun and falling stars,
 And trumpet's solemn sound.

JUDGMENT.

- 2 Awake, ye slumbering souls,
It is no time for rest :
He comes, as comes the lightning flash,
Shining from east to west.
- 3 Thy servants, Lord, prepare
For that tremendous day,
Fill every heart with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray.
- 4 Help us to wait the hour,
In toil and holy fear,
When manifested with Thy saints,
Thou shalt again appear.
- 5 Then when the wailing earth
Thy sign in heaven shall see ;
Thou shalt send forth Thine angel band,
To gather us to Thee.

826 115. Irregular. MILMAN.
*And I saw a great white throne, . . . and I saw
the dead, small and great, stand before God.*
Rev. xx. 11, 12.

- 1 **T**HE chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll on fire,
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of
His ire :
Self-moving it drives on its pathway of cloud,
And the heavens with the burden of Godhead are
bowed.
- 2 The glory! the glory! by myriads are poured
The hosts of the angels, to wait on their Lord,
And the glorified saints and the martyrs are there,
And all who the palm-wreaths of victory wear !
- 3 Thetrumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard:
Lo the depths of the stone-covered charnels are
stirred :
From the sea, from the land, from the south and
the north,
The vast generations of man are come forth.

JUDGMENT.

- 4 The Judgment! the Judgment! the thrones are
all set,
Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders are
met!
All flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on His word!

827

886, 886.

[SELINA COUNTESS
OF HUNTINGDON.]

The sheep on His right hand.—Matt. xxv. 33.

- 1 **W**HEN Thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come
To fetch Thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a sinner, Lord, as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at Thy right hand?
- 2 I love to meet among them now,
Before Thy gracious feet to bow,
Though vilest of them all;
But can I bear the piercing thought,
What! if my name should be left out,
When Thou for them shalt call?
- 3 Prevent it, Saviour, by Thy grace:
Be 'Thou my only hiding-place,
In this the accepted day.
Thy pardoning voice, O let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear;
Nor let me fall, I pray.
- 4 Among Thy saints let me be found,
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,
And see Thy smiling face;
Then with what rapture shall I sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of ~~sovereign~~ grace.



JUDGMENT.

3 87, 87, 47. NEWTON.
3 *The judgment of the great day.—Jude 6.*

1 **D**AY of judgment, day of wonders :
1 Hark ! the trumpet's awful sound.
1 Louder than a thousand thunders,
1 Shakes the vast creation round ;
1 How the summons
1 Will the sinner's heart confound.

2 See the Judge our nature wearing,
2 Clothed in majesty divine ;
2 Ye who long for His appearing,
2 Then shall say,—This God is mine !
2 Gracious Saviour,
2 Own me in that day for Thine.

3 At His call the dead awaken,
3 Rise to life from earth and sea ;
3 All the powers of nature shaken
3 By His look prepare to flee ;
3 Careless sinner,
3 What will then become of thee ?

4 But to those who have confessed,
4 Loved and served the Lord below,
4 He will say,—Come near, ye blessed.
4 See the kingdom I bestow :
4 You for ever
4 Shall My love and glory know.

9 87, 87, 887. RINGWALD AND
9 COLLYER. *
9 *and I saw a great white throne, and Him that*
9 *sat on it.—Rev. xx. 11.*

GREAT God, what do I see and hear ?
G The end of things created ;
G Behold the Judge of man appear,
G On clouds of glory seated ;

JUDGMENT.

The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
The dead which they contained before ;
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.

- 2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding :
Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding :
No gloomy fears their souls dismay :
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet Him.

- 3 Great God, what do I see and hear ?
The end of things created :
Behold the Judge of man appear,
On clouds of glory seated !
Low at His cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet Him.

830

L.M. SIR WALTER SCOTT
The Day of Wrath.—Rom. ii. 5.

- 1 **T**HAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away ;
What power shall be the sinner's stay ?
How shall he meet that dreadful day ?
- 2 When, shrivelling like a parchéd scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll :
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead.
- 3 Oh ! on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

JUDGMENT.

831 C M. MILMAN.
*As therefore the tares are gathered and burned
in the fire, so shall it be in the end of this
world.*—Matthew xiii. 40.

- 1 THE angel comes, he comes to reap
The harvest of the Lord ;
O'er all the earth, with fatal sweep,
Wide waves his flaming sword.
- 2 And who are they, in sheaves to bide
The fire of vengeance bound ?
The tares, whose rank luxuriant pride
Choked the fair crop around.
- 3 And who are they, reserved in store,
God's treasure-house to fill ?
The wheat a hundredfold that bore,
Amid surrounding ill.
- 4 O King of mercy ! grant us power,
Thy fiery wrath to flee ;
In Thy destroying angel's hour,
Oh, gather us to Thee !

832 C.M. WATTS.
Psalm l.

- 1 THE Lord the Judge, before His throne,
Bids the whole earth draw nigh,
The nations near the rising sun,
And near the western sky.
- 2 Throned on a cloud our God shall come,
Bright flames prepare His way ;
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm,
Lead on the dreadful day.
- 3 Heaven from above His call shall hear,
Attending angels come,
And earth and hell shall know and fear
His justice, and their doom.

JUDGMENT.

833 S.M. Double. C. WESLEY
Judge of quick and dead.—Acts x. 42.

- 1 **T**HOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe,
With holy joy or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear ;
Our cautioned souls prepare
For that tremendous day,
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray.
- 2 'To pray, and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown ;
When, robed in majesty and power,
Thou shalt from heaven come down,
The immortal Son of Man,
To judge the human race,
With all Thy Father's dazzling train,
With all Thy glorious grace.
- 3 O may we thus be found
Obedient to Thy word ;
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord !
O may we thus ensure
A lot among the blest ;
And watch a moment to secure
An everlasting rest !

834 777. THOMAS OF CELANO
The great day of His wrath is come.
Revelation vi. 17.

- 1 **D**AY of wrath ! that awful day,
Shall the bannered cross display,
Earth in ashes melt away.
- 2 When the trumpet's thrilling tone,
Through the tombs of ages gone,
Summons all before the throne :

JUDGMENT.

- 3 Then the volume shall be spread,
And the writing shall be read,
Which shall judge the quick and dead.
- 4 Judge of justice ! Thee I pray,
Wash Thou all my sins away,
Ere that awful reckoning day.
- 5 Nought of Thee my prayers can claim,
Save in Thy free mercy's name ;
Shield me from the dreadful flame.
- 6 King of dreadful majesty,
Saving souls in mercy free,
Fount of pity, save Thou me.
- 7 Weary seeking me wast Thou,
And for me in death didst bow,
Be Thy toils availing now !
- 8 When the lost, to silence driven,
To devouring flames are given,
Call me with the blest to heaven.
- 9 Day of sorrow, day of fear,
When the risen dead draw near,
At the judgment to appear :
- 10 Lord all-pitying ! Jesus blest !
Grant me Thine eternal rest !

35

777. THOMAS OF CELANO.
tr. by H. ALFORD.

*The heavens being on fire shall be dissolved, and the
elements shall melt with fervent heat.*

2 Peter iii. 12.

- 1 DAY of anger ! that dread day
Shall the sign in heaven display,
And the earth in ashes lay.
- 2 Oh, what trembling shall appear,
When His coming shall be near,
Who shall all things strictly clear !

JUDGMENT.

- 3 When the trumpet shall command,
Through the tombs of every land,
All before the throne to stand !
- 4 When the Judge is on His throne,
All that's hidden shall be shown,
Nought unpunished or unknown !
- 5 What shall I before Him say ?
How shall I be safe that day,
When the righteous scarcely may ?
- 6 King of awful majesty,
Saving sinners graciously,
Fount of mercy, save Thou me !
- 7 Thou didst toil my soul to gain ;
Didst redeem me with Thy pain !
Be such labour not in vain !
- 8 All unworthy is my prayer ;
Make my soul Thy mercy's care,
And from fire eternal spare !
- 9 Lord, Thine ear in mercy bow !
Broken is my heart, and low ;
Guard of my last end be Thou !
- 10 In that day, that mournful day,
When to judgment wakes our clay,
Show me mercy, Lord ! I pray.

836

777,6.

E. O.

*And hath given Him authority to execute
judgment also, because He is the Son of Man.
John v. 27.*

- 1 **I**N that dim and awful day,
When this world shall pass away,
Where shall be the sinner's stay ?
In Thee, O Christ, I trust !

JUDGMENT.

- 2** Not alone I then shall stand,
Trembling 'mid the uncertain band,
Who shall watch Thy dread right hand !
In Thee, O Christ, I trust !
- 3** Not alone, but one with Thee ;
In Thy true humanity,
Saviour, shall my portion be.
In Thee, O Christ, I trust !
- 4** I should fear my soul to cast
On that shadowy realm so vast,
Held I not Thy manhood fast.
In Thee, O Christ, I trust !
- 5** Thine, by angel-hosts adored,
Thine, the all-creating Word ;
Thine, the Church's Head and Lord.
In Thee, O Christ, I trust !
- 6** At that awful judgment-tide,
Rock of ages, let me hide
Deep within Thy wounded side.
In Thee, O Christ, I trust. Amen.

HEAVEN.

837

6686, 47.

H. BONAR.

There remaineth therefore a rest.—Heb. iv. 9.

- 1 **T**HIS is the day of toil
Beneath earth's sultry noon ;
This is the day of service true ;
But the rest cometh soon.

Hallelujah !

There remains a rest for us.

- 2 Spend and be spent would we,
While lasteth time's brief day ;
No turning back in coward fear,
No lingering by the way.

Hallelujah !

There remains a rest for us.

- 3 Onward we press in haste,
Upward our journey still ;
Ours is the path the Master trod,
Through good report and ill.

Hallelujah !

There remains a rest for us.

- 4 We have forsaken all,
Jesus, to follow Thee ;
We counted well the cost, O Lord ;
We pay it cheerfully.

Hallelujah !

There remains a rest for us.

- 5 The way may rougher grow,
The weariness increase ;
We gird our loins and hasten on ;
The end, the end is peace.

Hallelujah !

There remains a rest for us.

HEAVEN.

838

L.M. Six lines.

C. WESLEY.*

A leader and commander to the people.

Isaiah lv. 4.

- 1 **L**EADER of faithful souls, and Guide
Of all who travel to the sky,
Come, and with us, even us, abide,
Who would on Thee alone rely ;
On Thee alone our spirits stay,
While held in life's uneven way.
- 2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
This earth, we know, is not our place ;
We hasten through this vale of woe,
And, restless to behold Thy face,
Swift to our heavenly country move,
Our everlasting home above.
- 3 We've no abiding city here,
But seek a city out of sight ;
Thither our steady course we steer,
Aspiring to the plains of light—
Jerusalem, the saints' abode,
Whose Founder is the living God.
- 4 Through Thee, who all our sins hast borne,
Freely and graciously forgiven,
With songs to Zion we return,
Contending for our native heaven ;
That palace of our glorious King,
We find it nearer while we sing.
- 5 Raised by the breath of love divine,
We tread the way the saints have trod ;
The church of the first-born to join,
We travel to the mount of God !
With joy upon our heads arise,
And meet our Captain in the skies.

HEAVEN.

839

C.M.

WATTS.

*Let not your heart be troubled.....I go to
prepare a place for you.—John xiv. 1, 2.*

- 1 **W**HEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

840

L.M.

WATTS.*

*Willing rather to be absent from the body, and
to be present with the Lord.—2 Cor. v. 8.*

- 1 **D**O flesh and nature dread to die,
And timorous thoughts our minds enslave?
But grace can raise our hopes on high,
And quell the terrors of the grave.
- 2 What! shall we run to gain the crown,
Yet grieve to think the goal so near?
Afraid to have our labours done,
And finish this perpetual war?
- 3 Do we not dwell in clouds below,
And little know the God we love?
Why should we like this twilight so,
When all is noon in worlds above?

HEAVEN

- 4 There shall we see Him face to face ;
There shall we know the great Unknown ;
There Jesus, with His glorious grace,
Shines in full light amidst the throne.
- 5 When we put off this fleshly load,
We're from a thousand mischiefs free ;
For ever present with our God,
Where we have wished and longed to be.
- 6 'Tis best—'tis infinitely best,
To go where tempters cannot come ;
Where saints and angels, ever blest,
Dwell, and enjoy their heavenly home.
- 7 O for a vision of my God,
To drive my fears of death away,
And help me through this darksome road
To realms of everlasting day.

841

C.M.

WATTS.

Then shall I know even as I am known.

I Corinthians xiii. 12.

- 1 FATHER, I long, I faint to see
The place of Thine abode ;
I'd leave Thine earthly courts, and flee
Up to Thy seat, my God ?
- 2 Here I behold Thy distant face,
And 'tis a pleasing sight ;
But to abide in Thine embrace
Is infinite delight.
- 3 I'd part with all the joys of sense
To gaze upon Thy throne ;
Pleasure springs fresh for ever thence,
Unspeakable, unknown.
- 4 There all the heavenly hosts are seen,
In shining ranks they move,
And drink immortal vigour in,
With wonder and with love.

HEAVEN.

- 5 Then at Thy feet, with awful fear,
The adoring armies fall ;
With joy they shrink to nothing there,
Before the eternal " All."
- 6 The more Thy glories strike mine eyes,
The humbler I shall lie ;
Thus, while I sink, my joys shall rise
Unmeasurably high.

842

I IS.
Psalm lv.

H. F. LYTE.

- 1 **O** HAD I, my Saviour, the wings of a dove,
How soon would I soar to Thy presence
above !
How soon would I fly where the weary have rest ;
And hide all my cares in Thy sheltering breast !
- 2 I flutter, I struggle, and pant to get free ;
I feel me a captive while banished from Thee ;
A pilgrim and stranger, the desert I roam,
And look on to heaven, and long to be home.
- 3 Ah ! there the wild tempest for ever shall cease,
No billows shall ruffle that haven of peace ;
Temptation and trouble alike shall depart,
All tears from the eye, and all sin from the heart.
- 4 Soon, soon may this Eden of promise be mine ;
Rise, bright sun of glory, no more to decline ;
Thy light, yet unrisen, the wilderness cheers ;
Oh, what will it be when the fulness appears ?

843

S.M. Double. MONTGOMERY.*
Lay hold on eternal life.—1 Tim. vi. 19.

- 1 **O** WHERE shall rest be found—
Rest for the weary soul ?
'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

HEAVEN.

The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh ;
'Tis not the whole of life, to live,
Nor all of death to die.

- 2 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love.
There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath ;
O what appalling horrors hang
Around the second death !
- 3 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from Thy face,
And evermore undone.
Here would we end our quest ;
Alone are found in Thee
The life of perfect love—the rest
Of immortality.

44 Irregular. CAREY.
The time of my departure is at hand.
2 Timothy iv. 6.

- 1 ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er ;
I am nearer home to-day
Than I have ever been before.
- 2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be,
Nearer the great white throne ;
Nearer the jasper sea ;
- 3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down ;
Nearer leaving the cross ;
Nearer gaining the crown,

HEAVEN.

- 4 But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the dim and unknown stream
That leads at last to the light.
- 5 Saviour, perfect my trust,
Strengthen the might of my faith ;
Let me feel as I would when I stand
On the rock of the shore of death—
- 6 Feel as I would when my feet
Are slipping o'er the brink ;
For it may be I'm nearer home,
Nearer now than I think.

845 65. Sixteen lines. Irregular. J. S. B. MONSELI
So shall we ever be with the Lord.
1 Thessalonians iv. 17.

- 1 SOON and for ever
Such promise our trust,
Though ashes to ashes,
And dust unto dust ;
Soon and for ever
Our union shall be
Made perfect, our glorious
Redeemer, in Thee.
When the sins and the sorrows
Of time shall be o'er,
Its pangs and its partings
Remembered no more ;
Where life cannot fail, and where
Death cannot sever,
Christians with Christ shall be
Soon and for ever.
- 2 Soon and for ever,
The breaking of day
Shall drive all the night-clouds
Of sorrow away ;

HEAVEN.

Soon and for ever
We'll see as we're seen,
And learn the deep meaning
Of things that have been.
When fightings without us,
And fears from within,
Shall weary no more in
The warfare of sin ;
Where fears, and where tears, and where
Death shall be never,
Christians with Christ shall be,
Soon and for ever.

3 Soon and for ever
The work shall be done,
The warfare accomplished,
The victory won ;
Soon and for ever
The soldier lays down
His sword for a harp, and
His cross for a crown.
Then droop not in sorrow,
Despond not in fear,
A glorious to-morrow
Is brightening and near ;
When (blessed reward of each
Faithful endeavour)
Christians with Christ shall be,
Soon and for ever.

6 C.M. EDWARD WHITE.
Our conversation is in heaven.—Phil. iii. 20.

'TIS but a veil that hangs between
The saint and things divine ;
And beams of glory oft are seen
Amidst its folds to shine.

HEAVEN.

- 2 Those rays on hearts of darkness fall,
And chase the gloom within ;
With hope they waken to the call,
And burst the chains of sin.
- 3 And hourly doth this veil unfold
Some waiting saint to bless,
Whom Jesus summons to behold
His face in righteousness.
- 4 The angels bear them, one by one,
To join the rapturous throng,
Which round about the burning throne
Awakes the conqueror's song.
- 5 Those holy sounds we hear not now,
But soon the day will rise,
When, without veil, we too shall bow,
Amid those upper skies.

847 C.M. MRS. STEELE.⁹
The land that is very far off.—Is. xxxiii. 17.

- 1 FAR from these narrow scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.
- 2 Fair, distant land ! could mortal eyes
But half its joys explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more !
- 3 No cloud those blissful regions know,
Realms ever bright and fair !
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.
- 4 Oh, may the heavenly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith and strong desire
Bear every thought above.

HEAVEN.

- 5 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
For Thy bright courts on high ;
Then bid our spirits rise and join
The chorus of the sky.

48 S.M. MONTGOMERY.*
So shall we be for ever with the Lord.
1 Thessalonians iv. 17

- 1 **F**OR ever with the Lord !
Amen, so let it be.
Life from the dead is in that word ;
'Tis immortality.
- 2 Here, in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam ;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.
- 3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near !
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear.
- 4 My thirsty spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.
- 5 Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my rapture dies ;
My soul is sorely tossed between
Rough seas and stormy skies.
- 6 Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease,
While brightly o'er my gladdened heart
Expands the bow of peace.
- 7 Beneath its glowing arch,
Along the hallowed ground,
*I see cherubic armies march,
A camp of fire around.*

HEAVEN.

- 8 I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven
Earth's Babel tongues o'erpower.
- 9 Then, then, I feel that He,
Remembered or forgot,
The Lord, is never far from me,
Though I perceive Him not.

849

6666, 88.

C. WESLEY.

*Now is our salvation nearer than when we
believed.*—Romans xiii. 11.

- 1 **N**EARER, and nearer still,
We to our country come ;
To that celestial hill,
The weary pilgrim's home.
The new Jerusalem above,
The seat of everlasting love.
- 2 The ransomed sons of God,
We've ceased to weep and mourn,
And to our high abode
With songs of praise return ;
From strength to strength we still proceed,
With crowns of joy upon our head.
- 3 The peace and joy of faith
Each moment may we feel ;
Redeemed from sin and wrath,
From earth, and death, and hell,
We to our Father's house repair,
To meet our elder Brother there.
- 4 Our Brother, Saviour, Head,
Our all in all is He ;
We in His steps will tread,
And soon His face shall see ;
Shall see Him with our glorious friends,
And then in heaven our journey ends.

HEAVEN.

850

6s. Double.

SIR H. W. BAKER

In my Father's house are many mansions.

John xiv. 2.

- 1 **T**HERE is a blessed home
Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow flow ;
Where faith is lost in sight,
And patient hope is crowned,
And everlasting light
Its glory throws around.
- 2 There is a land of peace,
Good angels know it well ;
Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell ;
Around its glorious throne,
Ten thousand saints adore
Christ, with the Father One
And Spirit evermore.
- 3 O joy all joys beyond,
To see the Lamb who died,
And count each sacred wound
In hands, and feet, and side ;
To give to Him the praise
Of every triumph won,
And sing through endless days,
The great things He hath done.
- 4 Look up, ye saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe ;
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love,
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above.

HEAVEN.

851

S.M. Double.

H. BONAR.

What is your life? It is even a vapour.

James iv. 14.

- 1 **A** FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come ;
And we shall be with those that rest,
Asleep within the tomb.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day ;
Oh ! wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.
- 2 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore ;
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day ;
Oh ! wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away !
- 3 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day ;
Oh ! wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away ;
- 4 A few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way ;
And we shall reach the endless rest,
The eternal Sabbath day.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day ;
Oh ! wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away !

HEAVEN.

- 5 'Tis but a little while,
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live ; who lives
That we with Him may reign.
* Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day ;
Oh ! wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away !

352

C.M.

WATTS.

A house not made with hands.
2 Corinthians v. 1.

- 1 **T**HERE is a house not made with hands,
Eternal and on high ;
And here my spirit waiting stands,
Till God shall bid it fly.
- 2 Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolved and fall ;
Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heavenly Father's call.
- 3 'Tis He, by His almighty grace
That forms thee fit for heaven ,
And, as an earnest of the place,
Has His own Spirit given.
- 4 We walk by faith of joys to come ;
Faith lives upon His word ;
But, while the body is our home,
We're absent from the Lord.
- 5 'Tis pleasant to believe Thy grace,
But we had rather see ;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with Thee.

HEAVEN.

853

C.M.

WATTS.

The Lord showed Him all the land.

Deuteronomy xxxiv. 1.

- 1 **T**HERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers ;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green,
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea ;
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
- 5 O, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbecclouded eyes !
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

854

8 6 8 8, 6.

W. B. TAPPAN.

To you who are troubled, rest.—2 Thess. i. 7.

- 1 **T**HERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given ;
There is a tear for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast ;
'Tis found above—in heaven.

HEAVEN.

- 2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven,
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—but heaven.
- 3 There faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
To brighter prospects given ;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene—in heaven.
- 4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given ;
There rays divine disperse the gloom,
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven !

855

7 6s. Double.

T. H. GILL.

Behold, I make all things new. Rev. xxi. 5.

The New Jerusalem, which, without your admired link of succession, descends from heaven.—MILTON.

- 1 EMBRACE your full salvation,
Ye saints, no longer sigh ;
Let the old tribulation
In the new glory die.
O'er each old sin victorious,
Your holy city view,
Jerusalem the glorious,
Jerusalem the New !
- 2 Those happy courts supernal
Each ancient foe forbid ;
Amidst the flowers eternal
The old serpent lies not hid ;
No bird of night may venture
Those pearly portals through ;
No evil beast may enter
Jerusalem the New !

HEAVEN.

- 3 O city, sevenfold glorious,
Where sin may never come,
Where wrong is ne'er victorious,
Glad saints, enjoy your home.
Your foes are crushed beneath you,
Your hearts no more condemn ;
Ye bring no darkness with you
To New Jerusalem !
- 4 Hark ! what a glad song streameth
The blissful city through ;
How that new song beseemeth
Jerusalem the New !
Still of new joy it telleth,
That everlasting hymn ;
Still new the song that swelleth
Through New Jerusalem !
- 5 Lord, with what fresh fruition
Thy people on Thee gaze !
More glorious grows the vision,
More rapturous swells the praise.
New love, new bliss Thou wakest,
As beams Thy face on them ;
Yes, all things new 'Thou makest
In New Jerusalem !
- 6 Right from God's throne descendeth
That city new and bright;
No earthly splendour blendeth
Its dimness with that light.
New gleams the pavement golden,
New flasheth each rich gem ;
There glimmers nothing olden
In New Jerusalem !
- 7 No temple witness beareth
Where God Himself doth shine ;
No priestly pomp impaireth
The Majesty Divine.

HEAVEN.

The Lord His people guideth,
Their Monarch beams on them;
The King of kings abideth
In New Jerusalem !

8 No more beneath the oppressor
Ye fear, and faint, and groan;
Your tender Intercessor
Smiles on the eternal throne.
No spoiler may devour you,
No unjust judge condemn;
'The righteous King rules o'er you
In New Jerusalem !

9 'There is no grief, no crying;
Each burden down ye lay;
There is no pain, no dying;
Old things have passed away.
Within the shining city
No eye with tears is dim;
'There is no place for pity
In New Jerusalem !

856 8s. Double. C. WESLEY.
To be with Christ...is far better.—Philipp. i. 23.

1 A H ! who upon earth can conceive
The bliss that in heaven they share ?
And who this dark world would not leave,
And cheerfully die to be there ?
Where Christ is the light and the sun,
And we by reflection shall shine,
With Him everlastingly one,
And bright in effulgence divine.

2 'Tis good at Thy word to be here ;
'Tis better in Thee to be gone,
And see Thee in glory appear,
And rise to a share in Thy throne.

HEAVEN.

All tears will be wiped from our eyes
When Thee we behold in the cloud,
And echo the joys of the skies,
And shout to the trumpet of God.

857 ^{64, 64, 666, 4.} [T. R. TAYLOR.]
We are strangers before Thee, and sojourners
as were all our fathers.—1 Chronicles xxix. 15.

- 1 I'M but a stranger here ;
Heaven is my home ;
Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is my home ;
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand,
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home.
- 2 What though the tempests rage,
Heaven is my home ;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home ;
And time's wild wintry blast
Soon will be overpast ;
I shall reach home at last ;
Heaven is my home.
- 3 There at my Saviour's side,
Heaven is my home,
I shall be glorified ;
Heaven is my home ;
There with the good and blest,
Those I loved most and best,
I shall for ever rest ;
Heaven is my home.
- 4 Therefore I'll murmur not ;
Heaven is my home ;
Whate'er my future lot,
Heaven is my home ;

HEAVEN.

For I shall surely stand,
There at my Lord's right hand ;
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home.

858

8s. Double.

C. WESLEY.*

The holy city, New Jerusalem.—Rev. xxi 2.

- 1 **A**WAY with our sorrow and fear,
We soon shall recover our home ;
The city of saints shall appear,
The day of eternity come ;
From earth we shall quickly remove,
And mount to our native abode,
The house of our Father above,
The palace of angels and God.
- 2 Our mourning is all at an end,
When raised by the life-giving word,
We see the new city descend,
Adorned as a bride for her Lord ;
The city so holy and clean,
No sorrow can breathe in the air ;
No gloom of affliction or sin,
No shadow of evil is there.
- 3 By faith we already behold
That lovely Jerusalem here ;
Her walls are of jasper and gold,
As crystal her buildings are clear.
Immovably founded in grace,
She stands, as she ever hath stood,
And brightly her Builder displays,
And flames with the glory of God.
- 4 No need of the sun in that day,
Which never is followed by night,
Where the glories of Jesus display
A pure and a permanent light ;

HEAVEN.

The Lamb is their Light and their Sun,
And, lo ! by reflection they shine,
With Jesus ineffably one,
And bright in effulgence divine !

- 5 The saints in His presence receive
Their great and eternal reward ;
In Jesus, in heaven, they live ;
They reign in the smile of their Lord.
The flame of angelical love
Is kindled at Jesus's face ;
And all the enjoyment above
Consists in the rapturous gaze.

859

87. Double.

*Thou shalt remember that thou wast a bond-
man in Egypt, and the Lord thy God
redeemed thee thence.—Deut. xxiv. 18.*

- 1 **W**HEN we reach the land of glory,
Through a pilgrimage of years,
Shall we e'er forget the story
Of our mortal griefs and fears?
Shall we e'er forget the sadness,
And the clouds that hung so dim,
When our hearts are filled with gladness,
And our tears are dried by Him?
- 2 Shall the memory be banished,
Of His kindness and His care,
When the wants and woes are vanished
Which He loved to soothe and share?
All the way by which He led us,
All the grievings that He bore,
All the patient love He taught us,
Shall we think of them no more?

HEAVEN.

3 Yes, we ever shall remember
How He quickened us from death,
How He fanned the dying ember,
With His Spirit's glowing breath ;
We shall read the tender meaning
Of the sorrows and alarms,
As we trod the desert, leaning
On His everlasting arms.

4 And His rest will be the dearer,
As we think on weary ways ;
And His light will seem the clearer,
As we muse on cloudy days ;
Oh ! 'twill be a glorious morrow
To a dark and stormy day !
We shall recollect our sorrow
As the streams that pass away.

60 6666,88. JOSEPH OF THE STUDIUM, *fr.* NEALE.
Saved, yet so as by fire.—I Cor. iii. 15.

1 **S**AFE home, safe home in port !
Rent cordage, shattered deck,
Torn sails, provisions short,
And only not a wreck ;

But, oh ! the joy upon the shore,
To tell our voyage and perils o'er !

2 The prize, the prize secure !
The wrestler nearly fell ;
Bare all he could endure,
And bare not always well.

But he may smile at troubles gone
Who sets the victor-garland on.

3 No more the foe can harm,
No more of leaguered camp,
And cry of night-alarm,
And need of ready lamp.

*And yet how nearly he had failed ;
How nearly had the foe prevailed !*

HEAVEN.

- 4 The lamb is in the fold,
In perfect safety penned ;
The lion once had hold,
And thought to make an end.
But One came by with wounded side,
And for the sheep the Shepherd died.
- 5 The exile is at home ;
Oh ! nights and days of tears !
Oh ! longings not to roam !
Oh ! sins, and doubts, and fears !
But now has come the glorious day
When God has wiped all tears away !

861 L.M. WATI
I beseech Thee, show me Thy glory.
Exodus xxxiii. 18.

- 1 **D**ESCEND from heaven, immortal Dove,
Stoop down, and take us on Thy wing
And mount and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things :
- 2 Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
Up where eternal ages roll,
Fain would my soul take wing and fly
Above the world and sin's control.
- 3 O for a clear and rapturous sight,
Of our Almighty Father's throne !
There sits our Saviour, crowned with light,
Clothed in a body like our own.
- 4 Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and powers before Him fall ;
The Godhead shining through the man,
Sheds down mild glories on them all.
- 5 O what amazing joys they feel,
While to their golden harps they sing,
Do His commands with heavenly zeal,
And spread the triumphs of their King !

HEAVEN.

- 6 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That I shall mount to dwell above,
And stand and bow amongst them there,
And view Thy face, and sing, and love?

862 C.M. WATTS.*
*Thou hast made him exceeding glad with
Thy countenance.—Psalm xxi. 6.*

- 1 FROM Thee, my God, my joys shall rise,
And run eternal rounds,
Beyond the limits of the skies,
And all created bounds.
- 2 The holy triumphs of my soul
Shall death itself outbrave ;
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave.
3. There, where my blessèd Saviour reigns,
In heaven's unmeasured space,
I'll spend a long eternity
In pleasure and in praise.
- 4 Millions of years my raptured eyes
Shall o'er Thy wonders rove ;
And endless ages I'll adore
The glories of Thy love.

863 886, 886. C. WESLEY.*
*They do it to obtain a corruptible crown, but
we an incorruptible.—1 Cor. ix. 25.*

- 1 BEYOND the bounds of time and space,
We'll travel to that heavenly place,
The saints' secure abode ;
On faith's strong eagle-pinions rise,
And force our passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

HEAVEN.

- 2 We suffer with our Master here,
We shall before His face appear,
And by His side sit down ;
To patient faith the prize is sure ;
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.
- 3 Thrice blessèd, bliss-inspiring hope !
It lifts the fainting spirit up ;
It brings to life the dead :
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And we in joy ascend at last,
Triumphant with our Head.
- 4 The glories of the Deity
We soon with open face shall see ;
The beatific sight
Shall fill heaven's sounding courts with prais
And wide diffuse the golden blaze
Of everlasting light.

864 887, 887, 888. [NICOLA
The throne of God and of the Lamb shall
in it.—Revelation xxii. 3.

- 1 **B**EHOLD ! how glorious is yon sky !
Lo ! there the righteous never die,
But dwell in peace for ever ;
Then who would wear this earthly clay,
When bid to cast life's chains away,
And win Thy gracious favour ?
Holy, Holy, oh ! forgive us ;
And receive us, Heavenly Father,
When around Thy throne we gather.

HEAVEN.

- 2 Confiding in Thy sacred word,
Our Saviour is our hope, O Lord,
The guiding star before us ;
Our Shepherd, leading us the way,
If from Thy paths our footsteps stray,
To Thee He will restore us ;
Holy, Holy, ever hear us,
And receive us, while we gather
Round Thy throne, Almighty Father !

65 4, 4, and ten lines 6s. H. BONAR.
*Whilst we are at home in the body we are
absent from the Lord.—2 Cor. v. 6.*

- 1 B RETHREN, arise,
Let us go hence ;
This is not our abode ;
Too far, too far from God !
The angels dwell not here ;
There falls not on the ear
The everlasting song,
From the celestial throng.
'Tis discord here alone,
Earth's melody is gone ;
Her harp lies broken now,
Her praise has ceased to flow.
- 2 Brethren, arise,
Let us go hence.
The New Jerusalem,
Like a resplendent gem,
Sends down its heavenly light,
Attracting our dull sight.
I see the bright ones wait
At each fair pearly gate ;
I hear their voices call ;
I see the jasper wall,
The clear, translucent gold,
The glory all untold !

HEAVEN.

3 Brethren, arise,
Let us go hence.
What are earth's joys and gems?
What are its diadems?
Our crowns are waiting us
Within our Father's house.
Our friends above the skies
Are bidding us arise;
Our Lord, He calls away
To scenes of sweeter day
Than this sad earth can know.
Let us arise and go!

866

86, 86. 6666.

FABER.*

A new heaven and a new earth.—Rev. xxi. 1.

1 O PARADISE, O Paradise,
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land
Where they that loved are blest?
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light;
All rapture through and through
In God's most holy sight.

2 O Paradise, O Paradise,
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light;
All rapture through and through
In God's most holy sight.

3 O Paradise, O Paradise,
'Tis weary waiting here,
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near;

HEAVEN.

Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light ;
All rapture through and through
In God's most holy sight.

- 4 O Paradise, O Paradise,
I want to sin no more ;
I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore ;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light ;
All rapture through and through
In God's most holy sight.

- 5 O Paradise, O Paradise,
I greatly long to see
The special place, my dearest Lord
In love prepares for me ;
Where loving hearts and true
Stand ever in the light ;
All rapture through and through
In God's most holy sight.

- 6 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
O keep me in Thy love,
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above ;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light ;
All rapture through and through
In God's most holy sight.

867 666,64. H. BONAR.
*There remaineth, therefore, a rest to the people
of God.*—Hebrews iv. 9.

- 1 FROM this bleak hill of storms,
To yon warm, sunny heights,
Where love for ever shines,
Pass over to thy rest,
The rest of God !

HEAVEN.

- 2 From hunger and from thirst,
From toil and weariness,
From shadows and from dreams,
Pass over to thy rest,
The rest of God !
- 3 From tides, and winds, and waves,
From shipwrecks of the deep,
From parted anchors here,
Pass over to thy rest,
The rest of God !
- 4 From weakness and from pain,
From trembling and from strife,
From watchings and from fears,
Pass over to thy rest,
The rest of God !
- 5 From falsehoods of the age,
From broken ties and hearts,
From suns gone down at noon,
Pass over to thy rest,
The rest of God !
- 6 From this unanchored world,
Whose morrow none can tell,
From all things restless here,
Pass over to thy rest,
The rest of God !

868

S.M.

I go to prepare a place for you.—John xiv. 2

- 1 I HAVE a home above,
From sin and sorrow free ;
A mansion which eternal love
Designed and formed for me.
- 2 My Father's gracious hand
Has built this sweet abode ;
From everlasting it was planned,
My dwelling-place with God.

HEAVEN.

- 3 My Saviour's precious blood
Has made my title sure ;
He passed through death's dark raging flood,
To make my rest secure.
- 4 The Comforter is come,
The earnest has been given,
He leads me onward to the home
Reserved for me in heaven.
- 5 Bright angels guard my way ;
His ministers of power,
Encamping round me night and day,
Preserve in danger's hour.
- 6 Loved ones are gone before,
Whose pilgrim days are done :
I soon shall greet them on that shore,
Where partings are unknown !
- 7 But more than all I long
His glories to behold,
Whose smile fills all that radiant throng
With ecstasy untold.
- 8 That bright, yet tender smile
My sweetest welcome there,
Shall cheer me through the " little while "
I tarry for Him here.
- 9 Thy love, Thou precious Lord,
My joy and strength shall be ;
Till Thou shalt speak the gladdening word
That bids me rise to Thee.
- 10 And then, through endless days,
Where all Thy glories shine,
In happier, holier strains I'll praise
The grace that made me Thine.

HEAVEN.

869 8s. [E. MILLS.]
It doth not yet appear what we shall be.
 1 John iii. 2.

- 1 **W**E speak of the realms of the blessed,
 That country so bright and so fair ;
 And oft are its glories confessed,—
 But what must it be to be there ?
- 2 We speak of its pathways of gold,
 Its walls decked with jewels so rare,
 Its wonders and pleasures untold ;
 But what must it be to be there ?
- 3 We speak of its freedom from sin,
 From sorrow, temptation, and care,
 From trials, without and within ;
 But what must it be to be there ?
- 4 We speak of its service of love,
 The robes which the glorified wear,
 The Church of the first-born above ;
 But what must it be to be there ?
- 5 Do Thou, Lord, 'midst pleasure or woe,
 For heaven our spirits prepare,
 And shortly we also shall know,
 And feel what it is to be there.

870 C.M. C. F. ALEXANDER.
The things which are seen are temporal ; but
the things which are not seen are eternal.
 2 Cor. iv. 18.

- 1 **T**HE roseate hues of early dawn,
 The brightness of the day,
 The crimson of the sunset sky,
 How fast they fade away !
 O for the pearly gates of heaven !
 O for the golden floor !
 O for the Sun of Righteousness
 That setteth nevermore !

HEAVEN.

- 2 The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint !
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint !
O for a heart that never sins !
O for a soul washed white !
O for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day nor night !
- 3 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher ;
But there are perfectness, and peace,
Beyond our best desire.
O by Thy love, and anguish, Lord !
And by Thy life laid down !
Grant that we fall not from Thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown.

871

L.M. Six lines.

MRS. F. (LEIFCHILD'S COLLECTION.)

Having a desire to depart.—Philipp. i. 23.

- 1 **I** THIRST of those far streams to drink,
Those waters of delight that flow
Where seraphim around the brink
Bend, imaged in the depths below ;
That sea of glass, as crystal clear,
And radiant with the glory near.
- 2 How can I bear to wait below,
And think of that fair land above ?
To hear those waters' gentle flow,
Far off, to see the home I love ;
Oh, for one moment there to stand,
One glance upon that heavenly land !
- 3 Yet there are moments when I seem
To view as near the country bright ;
But like a brief, a glorious dream,
A fleeting vision of the night,
It passes, and I look around
Upon this disenchanted ground.

HEAVEN.

- 4 And can it even yet be mine !
To call the scenes of heaven my own ?
Shall I not in its beauty pine ?
Shrink from the splendour of my throne ?
Saviour, who won that home for me,
Prepare me for Thy heaven and Thee.

872 11 10 11 10, 5 4 5 6. F. W. FABER.®
An innumerable company of angels.

Hebrews xii. 22.

- 1 **H**ARK ! hark, my soul ! angelic songs are
 swelling
 O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat
 shore ;
Angelic songs to sinful men are telling
 Of that new life when sin shall be no more !
 Angels of Jesus,
 Angels of light,
 Singing to welcome
 The pilgrims of the night !
- 2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
 Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come !
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
 Celestial music tells us of our home.
 Angels of Jesus,
 Angels of light,
 Singing to welcome
 The pilgrims of the night !
- 3 Courage, my soul ! faith's moonbeams softly
 glisten
 Upon the waves of life's most troubled sea ;
And it will cheer thy drooping heart to listen
 To those brave songs which angels mean for
 thee.
 Angels of Jesus,
 Angels of light,
 Singing to welcome
 The pilgrims of the night.

HEAVEN.

- 4 Rest comes at length ; though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past ;
All journeys end in welcomes to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.

Angels of Jesus,
Angels of light,
Singing to welcome
The pilgrims of the night.

873

6686, 7786, 8786. Irregular.

J. S. HOPKINSON, JUN.

*And the foundations of the wall of the city were
garnished with all manner of precious stones.*
Revelation xxi. 19.

- 1 JERUSALEM, my home,
I see thy walls arise ;
Thy jasper clear and sardine stone
Flash radiance through the skies ;
In clouds of heaven descending
With angel-train attending,
Thy gates of glistening pearl unfold
On streets of glassy gold.
No sun is there, no day or night ;
But of sevenfold splendours bright,
Thy temple is the light of light,
Jerusalem, my home.
- 2 Jerusalem, my home,
Where saints in triumph sing,
While, tuned in tones of golden harps,
Heaven's boundless arches ring.
No more in tears and sighing
Our weak hosannas dying ;
But hallelujah's loud and high
Roll thundering through the sky.

HEAVEN.

One chorus thrills their countless throngs:
Ten thousand times ten thousand tongues,
Fill them with overwhelming songs,
Jerusalem, my home.

- 3 Jerusalem, my home,
Where saints in glory reign,
Thy haven safe, oh! when shall I,
Poor storm-tost pilgrim, gain?
At distance dark and dreary,
With sin and sorrow weary,
For thee I toil, for thee I pray,
For thee I long away.
And, lo! mine eyes shall see thee, too;
Oh, rend in twain, thou veil of blue,
And let the golden city through—
Jerusalem, my home!

874 6666, 4444. SAMUEL CROSSMAN.●
*Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun
in the kingdom of their Father.—Matt. xiii. 43.*

- 1 JERUSALEM on high
My song and city is,
My home whene'er I die,
The centre of my bliss.
Oh happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
And see Thy face?
- 2 There dwells my Lord, my King,
Judged here unfit to live;
There angels to Him sing,
And lowly homage give.
Oh happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
And see Thy face?

HEAVEN.

- 3 The patriarchs of old,
There from their travels cease ;
The prophets there behold
Their longed-for Prince of Peace.
Oh happy place !
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
And see Thy face ?
- 4 The Lamb's apostles there
I might with joy behold,
The harpers I might hear
Harping on harps of gold.
Oh happy place !
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
And see Thy face ?
- 5 The bleeding martyrs, they
Within those courts are found,
Clothèd in pure array,
Their scars with glory crowned.
Oh happy place !
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
And see Thy face ?
- 6 Ah me ! ah me that I
On earth so long delay !
No place like this on high !
Thither, Lord ! guide my way.
Oh happy place !
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
And see Thy face ?

HEAVEN.

875 C.M.
That great city, the holy Jerusalem.
Rev. xxi. 10.

- 1 JERUSALEM, my happy home ;
Name ever dear to me :
When shall my labours have an end
In joy and peace and thee ?
- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold ?
- 3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know ;
Blest seats, through rude and stormy scenes,
I onward press to you.
- 4 Why should I shrink from pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay ?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view
And realms of endless day.
- 5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
Around my Saviour stand ;
And soon my friends in Christ below,
Will join the glorious band.
- 6 Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee ;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

876 7, 6s. Double. THOMAS DAVIS.
*Blessed are they that do His commandments,
that they may . . . enter in through the gates
into the city.*—Rev. xxii. 14.

- 1 O PARADISE eternal !
What bliss to enter thee,
And once within thy portals,
Secure for ever be !

HEAVEN

- 2 In thee no sin nor sorrow,
No pain nor death is known ;
But pure glad life, enduring
As heaven's benignant throne.
- 3 There all around shall love us,
And we return their love ;
One band of happy spirits,
One family above.
- 4 So songs shall rise for ever,
While all creation fair,
Still more and more revealèd,
Shall wake fresh praises there.
- 5 O Paradise eternal,
What joys in thee are known !
O God of mercy, guide us,
Till all be felt our own.

877 10, 8, 10, 10, 10, 10, 10, 6. Irregular. H. BONAR.
*Who... hath translated us into the kingdom of
His dear Son.*—Col. i. 13.

- 1 SURELY, yon heaven, where angels see God's
face,
Is not so distant as we deem
From this low earth ! 'Tis but a little space,
The narrow crossing of a slender stream ;
'Tis but a veil, which winds might blow aside :
Yes, these are all that us of earth divide,
From the bright dwelling of the glorified,
The Land of which I dream.
- 2 These ocean waves, in their unmeasured sweep,
Are brighter, bluer than they seem ;
True image here of the celestial deep,
Fed from the fulness of the unfailing stream,
Heaven's glassy sea of everlasting rest,
With not a breath to stir its silent breast,
The sea that laves the land where all are blest,
The Land of which I dream !

4 This life of ours, these lingering years
 Are briefer, swifter than they seem ;
 A little while, and the great second bi
 Of time shall come, the prophet
 theme !
 Then He, the King, the Judge at la
 come,
 And for this desert, where we sadly
 Shall give the kingdom for our endless
 The Land of which I dream !

878 ^{887, 887.}
*The tabernacle of God is with men a
 dwell with them.*—Rev. xxi. 3.

1 **W**HERE the glory brightly dwel
 Where the new song sweetly
 And the discord never comes ;
 Where life's stream is ever laving,

HEAVEN.

- 3 Blessing, honour, without measure,
Heavenly riches, earthly treasure,
Lay we at His blessed feet.
Poor the praise that now we render,
Loud shall be our voices yonder,
When before His throne we meet.

879 C.M. H. BONAR.
A new heaven and a new earth.—Rev. xxi. 1

- 1 **T**HAT city with the jewelled crest,
Like some new-lighted sun ;
A blaze of burning amethyst,
Ten thousand orbs in one.
- 2 That is the city of the saints,
Where we so soon shall stand,
When we shall strike these desert-tents,
And quit this desert-sand.
- 3 These are the everlasting hills,
With summits bathed in day ;
The slopes down which the living rills,
Soft-lapsing, take their way.
- 4 Fair vision ! how thy distant gleam
Brightens time's saddest hue ;
Far fairer than the fairest dream,
And yet so strangely true.
- 5 Then welcome toil, and care, and pain !
And welcome sorrow too !
All toil is rest, all grief is gain,
With such a prize in view.
- 6 Come crown and throne, come robe and palm !
Burst forth glad stream of peace !
Come, holy city of the Lamb !
Rise, Sun of Righteousness !

HEAVEN.

- 7 When shall the clouds that veil thy rays
For ever be withdrawn?
Why dost thou tarry, day of days?
When shall thy gladness dawn?

880 7, 6s. Double. BERNARD OF CLUGNY
And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem
Rev. xxi. 2.

- 1 **T**O thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to my breast,
And medicine in my sickness,
And love and life and rest.
- 2 O one, O only mansion,
O paradise of joy,
Where tears are ever banished,
And joys have no alloy!
Thy ageless walls are radiant
With precious stones unpriced;
The saints build up its fabric;
The corner-stone is Christ.
- 3 I know not—O, I know not
What social joys are there,
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare!
And when I fain would sing them,
My spirit fails and faints,
And vainly tries to image
The assembly of the saints.
- 4 Midst power that knows no limit,
And wisdom without bound,
The beatific vision
Shall gladden saints around:

HEAVEN.

- There God, my King and portion,
In fulness of His grace,
Shall we behold for ever,
And worship face to face:
- 5 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song ;
And bright with many an angel,
And many a martyr throng.
The Prince is ever in them,
The light is aye serene ;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.
- 6 There is the throne of David ;
And there, from toil released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast :
And they, beneath their Leader,
Who conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.
- 7 Jerusalem, the glorious,
The joy of the elect,
O ! dear and future vision
That eager hearts expect,
E'en now by faith I see thee,
E'en now thy walls discern,
To thee my thoughts are kindled,
And strive and pant and yearn.
- 8 And, now, we fight the battle,
And, then, we wear the crown
Of full, and everlasting,
And passionless renown.
O land that seest no sorrow !
O state that knowst no strife !
O princely bowers ! O land of flowers !
O realm and home of life !

HEAVEN.

881 76, 86. Double. H. ALF
*A great multitude, which no man
 number.—Revelation vii. 9.*

1 **T**EN thousand times ten thousand,
 In sparkling raiment bright,
 The armies of the ransomed saints
 Throng up the steeps of light ;
 'Tis finished, all is finished,
 Their fight with death and sin ;
 Fling open wide the golden gates,
 And let the victors in.

2 What rush of hallelujahs
 Fills all the earth and sky !
 What ringing of a thousand harps
 Bespeaks the triumph nigh !
 O day, for which creation
 And all its tribes were made !
 O joy, for all its former woes
 A thousandfold repaid !

3 O then what raptured greetings
 On Canaan's happy shore ;
 What knitting severed friendships up,
 Where partings are no more !
 Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
 That brimmed with tears of late ;
 Orphans no longer fatherless,
 Nor widows desolate.

882 87, 87, 77. [SCHENK, tr. S. E. C
*These are they which have come out of g
 tribulation.—Revelation vii. 14.*

1 **W**HO are these, like stars appearing,
 These before God's throne who stand
 Each a golden crown is wearing ;
 Who are all this glorious band ?
 Hallelujah ! hark ! they sing ;
 Praising loud their heavenly King.

HEAVEN.

- 2 These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honour long ;
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng ;
These who well the fight sustained,
Triumph by the Lamb have gained.
- 3 These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they glorified ;
Now, their painful conflict o'er,
God has bid them weep no more.
- 4 These, the Almighty contemplating,
Did, as priests, before Him stand,
Soul and body always waiting,
Day and night, at His command ;
Now, in God's most holy place,
Blest they stand before His face.

883

L.M.

WATTS.

What are these which are arrayed in white robes ?—Revelation vii. 13.

- 1 **W**HAT happy men, or angels these,
That all their robes are spotless white ?
Whence did this glorious troop arrive
At the pure realms of heavenly light ?
- 2 From torturing racks and burning fires,
And seas of their own blood they came :
But nobler blood has washed their robes,
Flowing from Christ, the dying Lamb.
- 3 Now they approach the Almighty throne,
With loud hosannas night and day ;
*Sweet anthems to the great Three-One
Measure their blessed eternity.*

HEAVEN.

- 4 No more shall hunger pain their souls,
He bids their parching thirst be gone,
And spreads the shadow of His wings
To screen them from the scorching sun.
- 5 The Lamb that fills the middle throne
Shall shed around His milder beams ;
There shall they feast on His rich love,
And drink full joys from living streams.
- 6 Thus shall their mighty bliss renew,
Through the vast round of endless years ;
And the soft hand of sovereign grace
Heals all their wounds and wipes their tears.

884 ^{7s.} *The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne* shall feed them.—Revelation vii. 17. C. WESLEY.

- 1 **W**HAT are these arrayed in white,
Brighter than the noonday sun ?
Foremost of the sons of light,
Nearest the eternal throne ?
- 2 These are they that bore the cross,
Nobly for their Master stood ;
Sufferers in His righteous cause,
Followers of the dying God.
- 3 Out of great distress they came,
Washed their robes by faith below,
In the blood of yonder Lamb,
Blood that washes white as snow.
- 4 Therefore are they next the throne,
Serve their Maker day and night ;
God resides among His own,
God doth in His saints delight.

HEAVEN

- 5 More than conquerors at last,
Here they find their trials o'er ;
They have all their sufferings past,
Hunger now and thirst no more.
- 6 He that on the throne doth reign,
Them the Lamb shall always feed,
With the tree of life sustain,
To the living fountains lead.
- 7 He shall all their sorrows chase,
All their wants at once remove,
Wipe the tears from every face,
Fill up every soul with love.

885

C.M.

WATTS.

These are they who came out of great tribulation.—Revelation vii. 14.

- 1 **G**IVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.
- 2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears ;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.
- 3 I ask them whence their victory came ;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death.
- 4 They marked the footsteps that He trod,
(His zeal inspired their breast ;)
And following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.
- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For His own pattern given,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

HEAVEN.

886 7s. Double. MONTGOMERY,
Whence came they ?—Revelation vii. 13.

- 1 **W**HAT are these, in bright array,
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar, night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song ?
Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
Blessing, honour, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
New dominion every hour.
- 2 These through fiery trials trod ;
These from great affliction came ;
Now before the throne of God,
Sealed with His almighty name,
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Through their dear Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.
- 3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed ;
Them, the Lamb amidst the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead.
Joy and gladness banish sighs ;
Perfect love dispels all fears ;
And for ever from their eyes,
God shall wipe away the tears.

887 C.M. WATTS, *alt.* by CAMERON.*
What are these which are arrayed in white robes ?—Revelation vii. 13.

- 1 **H**OW bright these spirits shine !
Whence all this array ?
How came they to
Of everlasting d

HEAVEN.

- 2 Lo! these are they from sufferings great,
Who came to realms of light,
And in the blood of Christ have washed
Those robes which shine so bright.
- 3 Now, with triumphal palms, they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love amidst
The glories of the sky.
- 4 His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every voice to sing ;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad hosannas ring.
- 5 Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor sun with scorching ray ;
God is their sun, whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.
- 6 The Lamb that dwells amidst the throne
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.
- 7 In pastures green He'll lead His flock,
Where living streams appear ;
And from their eyes His gentle love
Will wipe off every tear.

888 ^{7s.} ^{MONTGOMERY.}
*Clothed with white robes, and palms in their
hands.—Revelation vii. 9.*

- 1 **P**ALMS of glory, raiment bright,
Crowns that never fade away ;
Gird and deck the saints in light,
Priests, and kings, and conquerors they.

HEAVEN.

- 2 Yet the conquerors bring their palms
To the Lamb amidst the throne,
And proclaim, in joyful psalms,
Victory through His cross alone.
- 3 Kings for harps their crowns resign,
Crying, as they strike the chords,
Take the kingdom, it is Thine,
King of kings, and Lord of lords !
- 4 Round the altar priests confess,
If their robes are white as snow,
'Twas the Saviour's righteousness,
And His blood that made them so.
- 5 Who were these ? On earth they dwelt,
Sinners once of Adam's race,
Guilt and fear and suffering felt,
But were saved by sovereign grace.
- 6 They were mortal, too, like us ;
Ah ! when we like them must die,
May our souls, translated thus,
Triumph, reign, and shine on high.

889 87, 87, 77. KELLY.
I see the heavens opened, and the Son of Man
standing on the right hand of God.—Acts. vii. 56.

- 1 SEE that glory, how resplendent !
Brighter far than fancy paints ;
There in majesty transcendent,
Jesus reigns, the King of saints.
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.
- 2 Joyful crowds, His throne surrounding,
Sing with rapture of His love ;
Through the heavens His praises sounding,
Filling all the courts above.
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.

HEAVEN.

- 3 Go, and share His people's glory ;
'Midst the ransomed crowd appear ;
'Thine a joyful, wondrous story,
One that angels love to hear.
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.

90 C.M. Double. P. J. BAILEY.®
The tabernacle of God is with men.
Revelation xxi. 3.

- 1 **I**S heaven a clime where diamond dew
Glitter on fadeless flowers,
And mirth and music ring aloud
From amaranthine bowers ?
Is heaven a place where pearly streams
Glide over silver sand ;
A rest of high luxurious ease,
In a strange gorgeous land ?
- 2 Saviour, the life Thy death hath bought
Is all from sense refined ;
The pure ethereal blessedness
Of the eternal mind :
For we shall all be one with Thee,
In Thy dear likeness shine ;
Partake Thy wondrous nature, Lord,
And be ourselves divine.
- 3 Heirs of our God, in heaven we take
Possession of our own ;
We shall receive the infinite,
We shall ascend the throne :
And never to created thing
Shall our high love be given,
For God Himself shall be our joy,
And God Himself our heaven.

HEAVEN.

891 8 7s. Double. C. WORDSWORTH.
*Therefore are they before the throne of God and
serve Him day and night.—Rev. vii. 15.*

1 **H**ARK ! the sound of holy voices, chanting
at the crystal sea,
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Lord, to
Thee ;

Multitude which none can number, like the stars
in glory stand,

Clothed in white apparel, holding palms of
victory in their hand.

2 Patriarch, and holy Prophet, who prepared the
way for Christ,

King, Apostle, Saint, and Martyr, Confessor,
Evangelist,

Saintly maiden, godly matron, widows who
have watched to prayer,

Joined in holy concert, singing to the Lord of
all, are there.

3 They have come from tribulation, and have
washed their robes in blood ;

Washed them in the Blood of Jesus ; tried they
were, and firm they stood ;

Mocked, imprisoned, stoned, tormented, sawn
asunder, slain with sword,

They have conquered Death and Satan ; by the
might of Christ the Lord.

4 Marching with Thy cross their banner, they have
triumphed, following

Thee, the Captain of Salvation, Thee their
Saviour and their King ;

Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered ; gladly,
Lord, with Thee they died ;

And by Death to Life Immortal, they were born
and glorified.



HEAVEN

- 5 Now they reign in heavenly glory, now they walk
in golden light ;
Now they drink as from a river, holy bliss and
infinite ;
Love and peace they taste for ever ; and all
truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision of the Blessed Trinity.
- 6 God of God, the One-begotten, Light of Light,
Emmanuel,
In whose Body joined together all the Saints for
ever dwell ;
Pour upon us of Thy fulness, that we may for
evermore
God the Father, God the Son, and God the
Holy Ghost adore.—Amen.
-

THE CHURCH :
MEETINGS FOR PRAYER.

892

S.M.

NEWTON.

The throne of grace.—Heb. iv. 16.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the throne of grace,
The promise calls me near :
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.
- 2 That rich atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round I see,
Provides for those who come to God,
An all-prevailing plea.
- 3 My soul, ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold ;
Since His own blood for thee He spilt,
What else can He withhold ?
- 4 Beyond thine utmost wants,
His love and power can bless :
To those who seek His face He grants
More than they can express.
- 5 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and Thy love :
I ask to serve Thee here below,
And reign with Thee above.
- 6 Teach me to live by faith,
Conform my will to Thine,
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

MEETINGS FOR PRAYER.

893 C.M. [CARLISLE.]
I prayed...and made my confession.—Dan. ix. 4.

- 1 **L**ORD, when we bend before Thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.
- 2 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign ;
Let not a thought our bosoms share,
Which is not wholly Thine.
- 3 Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies ;
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still,
That grants it or denies.

894 C.M. MONTGOMERY.*
Lord, teach us to pray.—Luke xi. 1.

- 1 **L**ORD, teach us how to pray aright,
With reverence and with fear :
Though dust and ashes in Thy sight,
We may, we must draw near.
- 2 God of all grace, we come to Thee,
With broken, contrite hearts,
Give, what Thine eye delights to see,
Truth in the inward parts.
- 3 Give deep humility ; the sense
Of godly sorrow give ;
A strong, desiring confidence
To hear Thy voice and live ;
- 4 Faith in the only sacrifice
That can for sin atone ;
To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes,
On Christ, on Christ alone ;
- 5 *Patience to watch and wait and weep,
Though mercy long delay ;*

THE CHURCH:

Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
And trust Thee, though Thou slay.

- 6 Give these,—and then 'Thy will be done :
Thus strengthened with all might
We, by Thy Spirit, through Thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

895 S.M. [JOHN BULMER.]
*Isaac went out to meditate in the field at the
even-tide.*—Genesis xxiv. 63.

- 1 **N**OW from the world withdrawn,
For intercourse with Thee,
May each, O Lord, before Thy throne,
From earthly cares be free.
- 2 Our strength may we renew,
And lift our hearts above,
That, while life's journey we pursue,
We still may walk in love.
- 3 Then, in our latter end,
When death shall close our eyes,
Thy mercy will our souls attend,
And bear them to the skies.

896 7s. Six Lines.
The preparations of the heart...from the Lord
Prov. xvi. 1.

- 1 **H**OLY Lord, our hearts prepare
For the solemn hour of prayer ;
Grant that, while we bend the knee,
All our thoughts may turn to Thee ;
Let Thy presence here be found,
Breathing peace and joy around.
- 2 While we gather round Thy throne,
Make 'Thy power and glory known ;
As Thy children may we call
On our Father, Lord of all,

MEETINGS FOR PRAYER.

And with holy love and fear,
At Thy foostool now appear.

- 3 Teach us while we breathe our woes,
On Thy promise to repose ;
All Thy power and love to trace,
In the Saviour's work of grace ;
Let us all in faith depend
On a gracious God and Friend.

897 ^{7s.} *Ask what I shall give Thee.*—1 Kings iii. 5. NEWTON.

- 1 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare ;
Jesus loves to answer prayer ;
He Himself has bid thee pray ;
Therefore will not say thee, Nay.
- 2 Thou art coming to a King ;
Large petitions with thee bring ;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.
- 3 With my burden I begin :—
Lord, remove this load of sin ;
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt ;
- 4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest ;
Take possession of my breast ;
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.
- 5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer ;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end :
- 6 Show me what I have to do :
Every hour my strength renew,
Let me live a life of faith :
Let me die Thy people's death.

THE SAINTS OF PAST GENERATIONS.

898 87, 87, 88, 7. T. H. GILL.
*Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all
generations.— Ps. xc. 1.*

- 1 **W**E come unto our fathers' God :
 Their Rock is our Salvation :
 The Eternal Arms, their dear abode,
 We make our habitation :
 We bring Thee, Lord, the praise they brought;
 We seek Thee as Thy saints have sought
 In every generation.
- 2 The fire divine, their steps that led,
 Still goeth bright before us ;
 The Heavenly Shield around them spread,
 Is still high holden o'er us :
 The grace those sinners that subdued,
 The strength those weaklings that renewed,
 Doth vanquish, doth restore us.
- 3 The cleaving sins that brought them low
 Are still our souls oppressing ;
 The tears that from their eyes did flow
 Fall fast, our shame confessing ;
 As with Thee, Lord, prevailed their cry,
 So our strong prayer ascends on high,
 And bringeth down Thy blessing.
- 4 Their joy unto their Lord we bring ;
 Their song to us descendeth :
 The Spirit who in them did sing
 To us His music lendeth.
 His song in them, in us, is one ;
 We raise it high, we send it on—
 The song that never endeth.

THE SAINTS OF PAST GENERATIONS.

- 5 Ye saints to come take up the strain—
The same sweet theme endeavour !
Unbroken be the golden chain !
Keep on the song for ever !
Safe in the same dear dwelling-place,
Rich with the same eternal grace,
Bless the same boundless Giver !

899

S.M.

MANT.

By it the elders obtained a good report.
Heb. xi. 2.

- 1 **F**OR all Thy saints, O Lord,
Who strove in Thee to live,
Who followed Thee, obeyed, adored,
Our grateful hymn receive.
- 2 For all thy saints, O Lord,
Accept our thankful cry ;
Who counted Thee their great reward,
And strove in Thee to die.
- 3 They all in life and death,
With Thee, their Lord in view,
Learned from Thy Holy Spirit's breath
To suffer and to do.
- 4 For this Thy name we bless,
And humbly beg that we
May follow them in holiness,
And live and die in Thee.

900

L.M.

H. W. EDDIS.

*Them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring
with Him.—1 Thess. iv. 14.*

- 1 **F**ATHER, Thy holy name be blest,
For all Thy saints who are at rest,
The dead in Christ we may not weep,
Our brethren are not dead but sleep.

THE CHURCH

- 2 In one communion we adore,
With worthies who have gone before,
With saints whose earthly course is run,
With soldiers who have fought and won.
- 3 Prophets, and kings, and men of might,
The warriors of the Christian fight,
The noble martyr-host who stood
Resisting, fearless, unto blood.
- 4 We call to memory ancient days,
That witness our Redeemer's praise ;
And, though our love be cold and faint,
We glory in the name of saint.

901 7, 6s. [SARAH FARMER.]
So in Christ shall all be made alive.
1 Cor. xv. 22.

- 1 **W**HAT though thy sons be sleeping,
Beneath the earth's cold sod ;
Yet cease thy wail and weeping,
Church of the Living God.
- 2 What though on earth thou drinkest
The cup of shame and grief ;
'Tis nearer than thou thinkest,
The hour of thy relief.
- 3 Thy Lord on high hath risen,
The firstborn from the dead ;
And soon from death's dark prison
The captives shall be led.
- 4 Then hush thy tones of sadness,
Thy sackcloth cast aside ;
Prepare to meet with gladness
Him raised and glorified.

THE SAINTS OF PAST GENERATIONS,

902

886, 886.

JOSIAH CONDER.

Whose faith follow.—Heb. xiii. 7.

1 O GOD, in whom the happy dead
Yet live, united to their Head,
Their Lord and ours the same ;
For all Thy saints to memory dear,
Departed in Thy faith and fear,
We bless Thy holy name.

2 By the same grace upheld, may we
So follow those who followed Thee,
As with them to partake
The free reward of heavenly bliss :
O, gracious Father, grant us this,
For our Redeemer's sake.—Amen.

903

7 6s. Double.

S. WOLCOTT.*

*I have considered the days of old, the years of
ancient times—Ps. lxxvii. 5.*

1 TO us have distant ages
Bequeathed their noblest thought ;
For us have holy sages
God's hidden wisdom sought,
The truth of ancient teachers
Is precious to us still,
The words of ancient sages
With sacred memory still

2 Not dear their lives were
The martyrs' blood and tears
Their spirits in heaven
The path of life and death
Sublime their holy souls
Its fruits we see
Their faith and love
Their triumph and the

THE CHURCH :

- 3 Bright are their deeds in story !
We hail, with homage due,
The imperishable glory
Of the brave, the good, the true ;
In love their names enshrining,
We take the blessing given ;
Our lives, with theirs entwining,
We give to truth and heaven.

904

C.M.
Psalm xliv.

- 1 GREAT God of hosts, our ears have heard,
Our fathers oft have told,
What wonders Thou hast done for them—
Thy glorious deeds of old.
- 2 Not by their might was safety wrought,
Nor victory by their sword ;
But Thou didst guard the chosen race,
Who Thy great name adored.
- 3 Great God of hosts ! their God, and ours ;
Our only Lord and King ;
Let that right arm which fought for them
To us salvation bring.
- 4 To Thee the glory we'll ascribe
By whom the conquest came,
And in triumphant songs of praise,
Will celebrate Thy name.

905

C.M.
Psalm lxxviii.

WA

- 1 LET children hear the mighty deeds
Which God performed of old,
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.

ITS UNITY.

He bids us make His glories known,
His works of power and grace ;
And we'll convey His wonders down
Through every rising race.

Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs ;
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.

Thus they shall learn in God alone
Their hope securely stands ;
That they may ne'er forget His works,
But practise His commands.

I T S U N I T Y .

C.M. T. H. GILL,
The household of God. —Eph. ii. 19.

DEATH has no bidding to divide
The souls that dwell in 'Thee :
Yes, all who in the Lord abide
Are of one family.

They mingle still their songs, their prayers ;
Thy people, Lord, are one,
Thy people in the vale of tears,
Thy people near the throne.

Midst cherubim and seraphim
They mind their Lord's affairs ;
O ! if we bring our work to Him,
Our work is one with theirs.

THE CHURCH :

- 4 O! if we love the Lord they love
Our hearts to theirs are knit ;
The home below, the home above,
By the same light is lit.
- 5 Yet here their rapture may not burn,
Their peace may not prevail ;
Thy household here doth sometimes mourn,
Doth sometimes faint and fail.
- 6 O, unmixed sweetness of their song !
O, fulness of their love !
Lord ! hallow us to join ere long
Thy family above.

907

C.M.
One body.—Eph. ii. 16.

C. WESLEY.

- 1 **H**APPY the souls to Jesus joined,
And saved by grace alone :
Walking in all His ways they find
Their heaven on earth begun.
- 2 The church triumphant in Thy love—
Their mighty joys we know :
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.
- 3 Thee, in Thy glorious realm they praise,
And bow before Thy throne :
We, in the kingdom of Thy grace—
The kingdoms are but one.
- 4 The holy to the holiest leads,
From thence our spirits rise ;
And he that in Thy statutes treads
Shall meet Thee in the skies.

ITS UNITY.

908 L.M. Double.
Ye are come...to the Church of the firstborn.
Heb. xii. 22, 23.

- 1 ONE is the family of love,
In earth below and heaven above,
Part waging battle sharp and sore,
And part at rest for evermore.
The church on earth has still to fight
Against the devil and his might :
The church in heaven with war has done,
Yet these two churches are but one.
- 2 For they who love their Saviour here,
And die in God's true faith and fear,
Shall join the glorious church on high,
And dwell with Christ eternally ;
Where shineth everlasting day,
And sin and sorrow flee away,
Where no more tears can come, nor pain,
And with their God in bliss they reign.
- 3 We praise Thee, Lord, for those Thy grace
Has brought unto that blessed place ;
O, teach us so to live that we
May follow them, as they did Thee.
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
From men and from the heavenly host,
Be honour, glory, blessing, praise
Henceforth through never-ending days.

109 C.M. WATTS.
Ye are come unto Mount Zion.—Heb. xii. 22.

- 1 NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke ;
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke :

THE CHURCH :

- 2 But we are come to Sion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare His will,
And spread His love abroad.
- 3 Behold the innumerable host
Of angels clothed in light !
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turned to sight
- 4 Behold the blessed assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heaven !
And God, the Judge of all, declares
Their vilest sins forgiven.
- 5 The saints on earth, and all the dead,
But one communion make ;
All join in Christ, their living head.
And of His grace partake.
- 6 In such society as this
My weary soul would rest :
The man that dwells where Jesus is
Must be for ever blest.

910

C.M. Double.

C. WESLEY.*

The whole family in heaven and earth.

Ephesians iii. 15.

- 1 COME, let us join our friends above,
Who have obtained the prize ;
And on the eagle-wings of love,
To joys celestial rise.
Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
With those to glory gone ;
For all the servants of our King,
On earth and heaven, are one.
- 2 One family, we dwell in Him ;
One church, above, beneath ;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

ITS UNITY.

One army of the living God,
To His command we bow ;
Part of His host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

- 3 Ten thousand to their endless home
This solemn moment fly ;
And we are to the margin come,
And we expect to die.
E'en now by faith we join our hands
With those that went before ;
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore.
- 4 Our spirits, too, shall quickly join,
Like theirs with glory crowned,
And shout to see our Captain's sign,
To hear His trumpet sound.
Be Thou, O God, our constant guide,
And when the word is given,
Then, Lord of hosts, the waves divide,
And land us all in heaven.

911 87s. Double.
Compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses.—Hebrews xii. 1.

- 1 **T**HEY are evermore around us,
Though unseen to mortal sight,
In the golden hour of sunshine,
And in sorrows' starless night ;
Deepening earth's most sacred pleasures
With the peace of sin forgiven,
Whispering to the lonely mourner
Of the painless joys of heaven.
- 2 Lovingly they come to help us,
When our faith is cold and weak,
Guiding us along the pathway
To the blessed home we seek ;

THE CHURCH :

In our hearts we hear their voices,
Breathing sympathy and love,
Echoes of the spirit language
In the sinless world above.

- 3 They are with us in the conflict,
With their words of hope and cheer,
When the foe of our salvation
And his armed hosts draw near ;
And a greater One is with us,
And we shrink not from the strife,
While the Lord of angels leads us
On the battle-field of life.

912 6686, 8687. Irregular. G. RAWSON.
The general assembly and church of the first-born.—Hebrews xii. 23.

- 1 **S**TAND up before your God,
O multitude so bright !
Saints, martyrs, and confessors all,
In your dazzling robes of white.
The church below would join you now,
And her sad soul would raise,
From earthly tears and gloomy fears,
In a glorious act of praise.
- 2 You, in the rest of God,
We by His holy will,
As parts of His great armament,
On distant service still !
A weary band, in foreign land,
Long exile we may see ;
But faith can rise to yon fair skies,
For awhile with you to be.
- 3 You, in the light of God,
Safe hushed from all alarm ;
Out of the wild and surging waves
You have passed into the calm.

ITS UNITY.

No sinful stain, no grief, no pain,
Can ever mar your hymn ;
But fears of death, they clog our breath,
And the mists around are dim.

- 4 So stand before your God,
In beautiful array ;
Sound your uplifted trumpets loud,
In the triumphant way.
Your fight is done ; your victory won !
Yours is the morning star !
The sea of glass gleams as ye pass,
And we hear your notes afar.
- 5 Salvation to our God,
And to the Lamb once slain !
We answer to your chorus high,
Worthy the Lamb ! again.
For us to God, by His own blood,
Hath He redeemed from woe.
We hope to sing with soaring wing,
And to unveiled glory go.

113

S.M.

BEDDOME.*

Where there is neither Greek nor Jew.

Colossians iii. 11.

- 1 **A**MONG the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found ;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With common blessings crown'd.
- 2 Let envy and illwill
Be banished far away ;
And all in Christian bonds unite,
Who the same Lord obey.
- 3 Thus will the church below,
Resemble that above ;
Where no discordant sound
But all is peace and love.

THE CHURCH :

914 L.M. JOSIAH COND
*The Head, from which all the body, ... has
 nourishment ministered, ... increaseth with
 increase of God.*—Colossians ii. 19.

- 1 **H** EAD of the church, our risen Lord,
 Who by Thy Spirit dost preside
 O'er the whole body ; by whose word
 They all are ruled and sanctified :
- 2 Our prayers and intercessions hear
 For all Thy family at large,
 That each in his appointed sphere,
 His proper service may discharge.
- 3 So, through the grace derived from Thee,
 In whom all fulness dwells above,
 May Thy whole church united be,
 And edify itself in love.

915 L.M. Double.
One Lord, one faith, one baptism.—Eph. iv

- 1 **L** ORD, cause Thy face on us to shine ;
 Give us Thy peace, and seal us Thine
 Teach us to prize the means of grace,
 And love Thine earthly dwelling-place.
 May we, in truth, our sins confess,
 Worship the Lord in holiness ;
 And all Thy power and glory see,
 Within Thy hallowed sanctuary.
- 2 O King of Salem, Prince of peace,
 Bid strife among Thy subjects cease ;
 One is our faith, and one our Lord,
 One body, spirit, hope, reward ;
 One God and Father of us all,
 On whom Thy church and people call ;
 O may we one communion be ;
 One with each other, one in Thee.

ITS PATIENCE AND CONFLICT.

- 3 Bless all whose voice salvation brings.
Who minister in holy things ;
Our bishops and our deacons bless,
Clothe them with zeal and righteousness ;
Let many in the judgment day,
Turned from the error of their way,
Their hope, their joy, their crown appear ;
Save those who preach and those who hear.
-

ITS PATIENCE AND CONFLICT.

16 S.M. Double. [DAVIES]
*Ye have need of patience, that after ye have
done the will of God ye might receive the promise*
Hebrews x. 36.

- 1 FAR down the ages now,
Much of her journey done,
The pilgrim church pursues her way
Until her crown be won.
The story of the past
Comes up before her view ;
How well it seems to suit her still,
Old, and yet ever new !
- 2 It is the oft-told tale
Of sin and weariness,
Of grace and love yet flowing down
To pardon and to bless.
No wider is the gate,
No broader is the way ;
No smoother is the ancient path
That leads to life and day.

THE CHURCH :

- 3 No sweeter is the cup,
Nor less our lot of ill ;
'Twas tribulation ages since ;
'Tis tribulation still.
No slacker grows the fight,
No feebler is the foe,
Nor less the need of armour tried,
Of shield and spear and bow.
- 4 Thus onward still we press
Through evil and through good ;
Through pain and poverty and want,
Through peril and through blood.
Still faithful to our God,
And to our Captain true,
We follow where He leads the way,
The kingdom in our view.

917 65. Twelve lines. S. BARING GO
We wrestle...against principalities and for
Ephesians vi. 12.

- 1 ONWARD, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.
Christ, the Royal Master,
Leads against the foe ;
Forward, into battle,
See His banners go.
Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.
- 2 At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee ;
On then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory.

ITS PATIENCE AND CONFLICT.

- Hell's foundations quiver,
At the shout of praise ;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.
Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus,
Going on before.
- 3 Like a mighty army,
Moves the church of God ;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod ;
We are not divided,
All one body we ;
One in hope, in doctrine,
One in charity.
Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus,
Going on before.
- 4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane ;
But the church of Jesus
Constant will remain ;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that church prevail ;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war ;
With the cross of Jesus,
Going on before.
- 5 Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng ;
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song ;

THE CHURCH :

Glory, laud, and honour
Unto Christ the King,
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.
Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war ;
With the cross of Jesus,
Going on before.

918 87. Six lines. ANCIENT LATIN HY
And again they said, Alleluia.—Rev. xi

- 1 HALLELUJAH ! song of gladness,
Song of everlasting joy ;
Hallelujah ! song the sweetest
That can angel-hosts employ ;
Hymning in God's holy presence,
Their high praise eternally.
- 2 Hallelujah ! church victorious,
Thou mayest lift this joyful strain ;
Hallelujah ! songs of triumph
Well befit the ransomed train ;
We our song must raise with sadness,
While in exile we remain.
- 3 Hallelujah ! strains of gladness
Suit not souls with anguish torn ;
Hallelujah ! notes of sadness
Best befit our state forlorn ;
For, in this dark world of sorrow,
We with tears our sin must mourn.
- 4 But our earnest supplication,
Holy God, we raise to Thee ;
Bring us to Thy blissful presence,
Make us all Thy joys to see ;
'Then we'll sing our hallelujah,
Sing to all eternity.

ITS SECURITY AND BLESSEDNESS.

19 7 6s. Double. C. WORDSWORTH.
Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner-
stone.—Ep. ii. 20.

1 **T**HOU hast a temple founded,
 Thy church, on 'Thee, the Rock :
By faith securely grounded,
 She stands the tempest's shock :
Her stones are all united
 By the cement of love :
Her spire of hope is lighted
 By sunbeams from above.

2 The Cross is on her portal,
 Which with 'Thy blood baptized,
Invites to joys immortal
 The world evangelized :
'Thy grace is ever flowing
 Throughout that temple bright,
A temple ever growing
 In heavenly life and light.

3 Lord, make us by Thy merit,
 There lively stones to be :
Compacted by Thy Spirit
 In bonds of unity :
Jewels to deck for ever
 'The mural diadem
Which crowns the crystal river
 Of new Jerusalem.

THE CHURCH :

920

S.M.
Psalm lxxxvii.

H. 1

- 1 **T**HE church of God below,
Is like His church above ;
Safe shielded from her every foe,
By heavenly power and love.
- 2 On high and holy ground
Her deep foundations rest ;
And God within her courts is found
An omnipresent Guest.
- 3 God loves her sacred gates,
Her solemn praise and prayer ;
And he that humbly on Him waits
Shall surely find Him there.
- 4 The church of God below
Shall yet more honoured be ;
The nations to her side shall flow,
The world her glories see.
- 5 O blest and favoured men
That in her courts are born ;
Their life but sets to rise again,
In heaven's eternal morn !

921

C M.
Psalm xlviii.

HARRIET A

- 1 **W**ITH stately towers and bulwarks st
Unrivalled and alone,
Loved theme of many a sacred song,
God's holy city shone.
- 2 Thus fair was Zion's chosen seat,
The glory of all lands ;
Yet fairer, and in strength complete,
The Christian temple stands.

ITS SECURITY AND BLESSEDNESS.

- 3 The faithful of each clime and age
This glorious church compose—
Built on a rock—with idle rage
The threatening tempest blows.
- 4 In vain may hostile bands alarm,
For God is her defence :
How weak, how powerless each arm,
Against Omnipotence.

922 8 7s. Double.
*Upon this rock I will build my church, and the
gates of hell shall not prevail against it.*
Matt. xvi. 18.

- 1 WHO is she that stands triumphant,
Rock in strength, upon the Rock,
Like some city crowned with turrets,
Braving storm and earthquake shock ?
Who is she her arms extending,
Blessing thus a world restored :
All the anthems of creation
Lifting to creation's Lord ?
- 2 Empires rise and sink like billows,
Vanish, and are seen no more ;
Glorious as the star of morning
She o'erlooks the wild uproar.
Hers the household all embracing ;
Hers the vine that shadows earth :
Blest thy children, mighty mother ;
Safe the stranger at thy hearth.

923 8 7s. *Altd. by* HARRIET AUBER.
Psalm lxxxvii.

- 1 GLORIOUS things of thee were spoken,
Zion, city of our God ;
He whose word can ne'er be broken,
Chose thee for His own abode.

THE CHURCH :

- 2 Lord Thy church is still Thy dwelling,
Still is precious in Thy sight ;
Judah's temple far excelling,
Beaming with the Gospel's light.
- 3 On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake her sure repose ?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
She can smile at all her foes.
- 4 Lo ! the just of every nation,
Though in distant climes they rove ;
Still as citizens of Zion,
Shall be registered above.

924 L. M. WAT.
Upon all the glory shall be a defence.—Is. iv.

- 1 **H**APPY the church, thou sacred place,
The seat of Thy Creator's grace ;
Thine holy courts are His abode,
Thou earthly palace of our God !
- 2 Thy walls are strength ; and at thy gates
A guard of heavenly warriors waits ;
Nor shall thy deep foundations move,
Fixed on His counsels and His love.
- 3 Thy foes in vain designs engage ;
Against His throne in vain they rage :
Like rising waves, with angry roar,
That dash and die upon the shore.
- 4 Then let our souls in Zion dwell,
Nor fear the wrath of Rome and hell :
His arms embrace this happy ground,
Like brazen bulwarks built around.
- 5 God is our shield, and God our sun ;
Swift as the fleeting moments run,
On us He sheds new beams of grace,
And we reflect His brightest praise.

ITS SECURITY AND BLESSEDNESS.

925 ^{87, 87, 47.} *The joyful sound.*—Psalm lxxxix. 15. H. F. LYTE.

- 1 **O** HOW blest the congregation,
Who the gospel know and prize !
Joyful tidings of salvation
Brought by Jesus from the skies ;
He is near them,
Knows their wants, and hears their cries.
- 2 In His name rejoicing ever,
Walking in His light and love,
And foretasting in His favour
Something here of bliss above ;
Happy people !
Who shall harm them ? what shall move ?
- 3 In His righteousness exalted,
On from strength to strength they go ;
By ten thousand ills assaulted,
Yet preserved from every foe ;
On to glory,
Safe they speed through all below.
- 4 God will keep His own anointed ;
Nought shall harm them, none condemn :
All their trials are appointed ;
All must work for good to them ;
All shall help them
To their heavenly diadem.

926 . ^{87, 87, 47.} Psalm xlv. KEBLE.

- 1 **G**OD our hope and strength abiding,
Soothes our dread, exceeding nigh :
Fear we not the world's subsiding,
Roots of mountains heaving high,
Darkly heaving
Where in ocean's heart they lie.

THE CHURCH :

- 2 Let them roar, his awful surges—
Let them boil—each dark-browed hill
Tremble, where the proud wave urges :
Here is yet one quiet rill ;
Her calm waters,
Sion's joy, flow clear and still :
- 3 Joy of God's abode, the station
Where the Eternal fixed His tent—
God is there, a strong salvation ;
On her place she towers unbent.
God will aid her
Ere the stars of morn be spent.
-

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

[FOR CHURCH MEETINGS,]

927 L.M. H. F. L.
In the midst of the church will I sing prai.
Hebrews ii. 12.

- 1 SWEET is the solemn voice that calls
The Christian to the house of prayer
I love to stand within its walls,
For Thou, O Lord, art present there.
- 2 I love to tread the hallowed courts,
Where two or three for worship meet ;
For thither Christ Himself resorts,
And makes the little band complete.
- 3 'Tis sweet to raise the common song,
To join in holy praise and love ;
And imitate the blessed throng
That mingle hearts and songs above.

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS :

- 4 Within these walls may peace abound,
May all our hearts in one agree ;
Where brethren meet, where Christ is found,
May peace and concord ever be.

928 L.M. NEWTON.*
The church...saluteth you.—1 Peter v. 13.

- 1 **K**INDRED in Christ, for His dear sake,
A hearty welcome here receive ;
May we together now partake
The joys which only He can give.
- 2 To you and us by grace 'tis given
To know the Saviour's precious name ;
And shortly we shall meet in heaven,
Our hope, our way, our end the same.
- 3 May He by whose kind care we meet,
Send His good Spirit from above ;
Make our communication sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.
- 4 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians meet together thus :
We only wish to speak of Him
Who lived and died and reigns for us.
- 5 We'll talk of all He did and said
And suffered for us here below ;
The path He marked for us to tread,
And what He's doing for us now.
- 6 Thus, as the moments pass away,
We'll love and wonder and adore :
And hasten on the glorious day,
When we shall meet to part no more.

THE CHURCH :

929 S.M. T. DY
The church of God...purchased with His
blood.—Acts xx. 28.

- 1 I LOVE Thy kingdom, Lord,
 The house of Thine abode,
 The church our blest Redeemer bought
 With His own precious blood.
- 2 I love Thy church, O God :
 Her walls before Thee stand ;
 Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
 And graven on Thy hand.
- 3 For her my tears shall fall,
 For her my prayers ascend,
 To her my cares and toils be given,—
 Till toils and cares shall end.
- 4 Beyond my highest joy,
 I prize her heavenly ways ;
 Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
 Her hymns of love and praise.
- 5 Jesus, Thou Friend divine,
 Our Saviour and our King,
 Thy hand from every snare and foe
 Shall great deliverance bring.
- 6 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
 To Zion shall be given
 The highest glories earth can yield,
 And brighter bliss of heaven.

930 C.M. WA
 Psalm xxvii.

- 1 THE Lord of glory is my light,
 And my salvation too ;
 God is my strength, nor will I fear
 What all my foes can do.



THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS :

- 2 One privilege my heart desires ;
O grant me an abode
Among the churches of Thy saints,
The temples of my God.
- 3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see Thy beauty still,
Shall hear Thy messages of love,
And there enquire Thy will.
- 4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may His children hide :
God has a strong pavilion where
He makes my soul abide.

31 S.M. FAWCETT.*
Bear ye one another's burdens.—Gal. vi. 2.

- 1 **B**LEST is the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love ;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers :
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share each other's woes,
Each other's burdens bear,
And often for each other flows
The sympathising tear.
- 4 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free,
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

932 C.M. C. WESLEY.*
We then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak.—Rom. xv. 1.

- 1 TRY us, O God, and search the ground
 Of every evil heart ;
 Whate'er of sin in us is found,
 O bid it all depart.
- 2 When to the right or left we stray,
 Pity Thy helpless sheep ;
 Bring back our feet into Thy way,
 And there Thy wanderers keep.
- 3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
 Each other's burden bear ;
 Let each his friendly aid afford,
 To soothe his brother's care.
- 4 Help us to build each other up,
 Help us ourselves to prove ;
 Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
 And perfect us in love.
- 5 Complete at length Thy work of grace,
 And take us to Thy rest,
 Among Thy saints who see Thy face,
 To be for ever blest.

933 7s. Eight lines. JOSIAH CONDER.
The Head of all principality and power.
 Col. ii. 10.

- 1 GRANT, O Saviour, to our prayers,
 G That this changeful world's affairs,
 Ordered by Thy governance,
 May so peaceably advance,
 That Thy church, with ardour due,
 May her proper work pursue,
 In all godly quietness,
 Through the Name we ever bless.

ADMISSION OF MEMBERS.

934 L.M. [BATHURST.*]
*And the Lord added to the church daily such as
should be saved.—Acts ii. 47.*

- 1 JESUS, Thy sovereign grace we bless,
That crowns Thy gospel with success ;
With joy we bow before Thy throne,
Thy glorious triumphs are our own.
- 2 Those who have now Thy truth confessed
As their own faith and hope and rest,
We, in Thy name, with love embrace
As fellow-heirs of heavenly grace.
- 3 As living members, may they share
The joys and griefs which others bear ;
And active in their stations prove,
In all the offices of love.
- 4 From all temptations them defend,
And keep them steadfast to the end ;
Ever abiding in Thy love,
Until they join the church above.

935 C.M. MONTGOMERY.
Come in, thou blessed of the Lord.
Gen. xxiv. 31.

- 1 COME in, thou blessed of the Lord ;
Stranger nor foe art thou ;
We welcome thee with warm accord,
Our friend, our brother now.
- 2 The hand of fellowship, the heart
Of love, we offer thee ;
Leaving the world, thou dost but part
From lies and vanity.

THE CHURCH :

- 3 The cup of blessing which we bless,
The heavenly bread we break,
Our Saviour's blood and righteousness,
Freely with us partake.
- 4 In weal or woe, in joy or care,
Thy portion shall be ours.
Christians their mutual burdens bear ;
They lend their mutual powers.
- 5 Come with us ; we will do thee good,
As God to us hath done ;
Stand but in Him, as those have stood,
Whose faith the victory won.
- 6 And when, by turns, we pass away,
As star by star grows dim,
May each, translated into day,
Be lost and found in Him.

936 C.M. WATT
I will be unto her a wall of fire round about
Zechariah ii. 5.

- 1 **L**IFT up the everlasting gates,
The doors wide open fling ;
Come in, ye blessed, who obey
The statutes of our King.
- 2 Here shall you taste eternal joys,
And live in perfect peace ;
You that have known the Saviour's name,
And ventured on His grace.
- 3 Trust in the Lord, for ever trust,
And banish all your fears ;
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
Eternal as His years.
- 4 Bulwarks of mighty grace defend
The city where we dwell ;
The walls of strong salvation made
Defy the assaults of hell.

ADMISSION OF MEMBERS.

937 C.M.
My son, give Me thine heart.—Prov. xxiii. 26.

- 1 MY God, accept my heart this day,
And make it always thine,
That I from Thee no more may stray,
No more from Thee decline.
- 2 Before the cross of Him who died,
Behold I prostrate fall ;
Let every sin be crucified,
And Christ be all in all.
- 3 Anoint me with Thy heavenly grace,
And seal me for Thine own,
That I may see Thy glorious face,
And worship near Thy throne.
- 4 Let every thought, and work, and word,
By Thee be ever blest ;
Then life shall be Thy service, Lord,
And death the gate of rest.

938 C.M. R. A. B.
*I commend you to God and to the word of
His grace.*—Acts xx. 32.

- 1 O CHRIST, with all Thy members one,
In us Thou sufferest still,
And with Thine own victorious might
Our fainting souls dost fill.
- 2 Make these henceforth Thy care, O Lord,
Who would Thy servants be ;
And teach them how, in days of strife,
To rest secure in Thee.
- 3 Through suffering Thou wast perfected,
And they must follow Thee
Through paths of darkness and of toil,
If they would crown'd be.

THE CHURCH :

- 4 In darkness be their guiding light,
In toil their stay and strength ;
And let them not the conflict fear,
Its soreness or its length.
- 5 For conflicts here, in heaven are crowns ;
For toil, is sweet repose ;
For pain and grief, is rapture high,
A solace for all woes.

939 C.M. R. A.
*Ye were as sheep going astray, but are now
returned unto the Shepherd and Bishop of yo
souls.—1 Peter ii. 25.*

- 1 **S**ING loud for joy, ye saints of God,
Sing loud, ye angels blest,
For once these wandered far and lone,
But now in Christ they rest.
- 2 O'er mountains bare, through deserts wild,
And darkened vales they strayed,
But on them now the Shepherd's hand
With loving power is laid.
- 3 O Saviour, keep them evermore
Within Thy happy fold ;
And may their kindled love for Thee
Never grow faint or cold.
- 4 Protect and bless while foes assail,
Give them Thy peace to know ;
Then bring them to that better land
Where living waters flow ;—
- 5 That better land where Thou dost lead
Thy flock through pastures green,
And our blest eyes shall see our Lord,
Whom now we love unseen.

ADMISSION OF MEMBERS.

940 S.M. JAMES MONTGOMERY.
Let us join ourselves to the Lord in a perpetual covenant.—Jeremiah l. 5.

- 1 COME, ye that fear the Lord,
And love Him while ye fear ;
Come, and with heart and hand record,
Your vow and covenant here.
- 2 Vow to be His alone,
Who bought you with a price ;
Now render back to God His own,
By free-will sacrifice.
- 3 Here to His altar brought,
Your covenant renew,
To be in word, and deed, and thought,
Faithful to Him and true.
- 4 And true and faithful He
To you will ever prove,
Though hills were swept into the sea,
And mountains should remove.
- 5 Then be His law our choice,
The joy of young and old,
As sheep that hear their shepherd's voice,
And follow to the fold.
- 6 So shall His staff and rod,
Conduct us and defend ;
God is a covenant-keeping God,
And loves unto the end.

941 C.M. [JAMES NEWTON.]
They commended them to the Lord, on whom they believed.—Acts xiv. 23.

- 1 LET plenteous grace descend on those
Who, hoping in Thy word,
This day have publicly declared
That Jesus is their Lord.

THE CHURCH :

- 2 With cheerful feet may they advance,
And run the Christian race ;
And, through the troubles of the way
Find all-sufficient grace.

942 C.M.
We will serve the Lord.—Joshua xxiv.

- 1 **B**EFORE Thine awful presence, Lord
Thy sinful servants bow ;
Trembling to speak the solemn word,
To frame the sacred vow.
- 2 The sins in hours of weakness wrought,
The vain things loved before,
The wanton deed and word and thought
Lord, we renounce once more.
- 3 Once more we vow the holy faith
To keep unstained and true ;
Once more we promise unto death
Thy holy will to do.
- 4 Again we gird us to the fight,
Again we face the foe,
Resolved, beneath Thy banner bright,
Where Thou shalt lead, to go.
- 5 O Father, pardon all the past ;
Give back Thy wasted grace ;
And strengthen us, while life shall last,
To run the heavenward race.
- 6 Still let Thy blessed Spirit's aid
Our strength and comfort be ;
Then, though we sometime be afraid,
We still will trust in Thee. Amen.

DISMISSAL OF MEMBERS.

943 C.M.
Our gospel came to you...in power.—1 Thess.i.5.

- 1 O GIFT of gifts ! O grace of faith !
My God, how can it be,
That Thou, who hast discerning love,
Shouldst give that gift to me !
- 2 Ah grace ! into unlikeliest hearts
It is Thy boast to come ;
The glory of Thy light to find,
In darkest spots a home.
- 3 Thy choice, O God of goodness, then,
I lovingly adore ;
O give me grace to keep Thy grace,
And grace to gain it more. Amen.

DISMISSAL OF MEMBERS.

944 L M. [H. K. WHITE.]
Farewell.—2 Cor. xiii. 11.

- 1 COME, Christian brethren, ere we part,
Join every voice and every heart,
One solemn hymn to God we raise,
The closing song of grateful praise.
- 2 Christians we here may meet no more,
But there is yet a happier shore ;
And there, released from toil and pain,
Dear brethren, we shall meet again.
- 3 And now to God, the Three in One,
Be everlasting glory done ;
Raise, raise, ye saints, the sound again,
Ye nations join the loud Amen.

THE CHURCH :

945 C.M. C. WESLEY.
Brethren, farewell.—2 Cor. xiii. 11.

- 1 **B**LEST be the dear uniting love,
That will not let us part ;
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are one in heart.
- 2 Joined in one Spirit to our Head,
Where He appoints we go ;
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And show His praise below.
- 3 O may we ever walk in Him,
And nothing know beside ;
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified.
- 4 Partakers of His heavenly grace,
The same in mind and heart ;
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death can part.
- 5 Thus let us hasten to the day
Which shall our flesh restore ;
When death shall all be done away,
And we shall part no more.

CHOICE OF OFFICERS.

946 C.M. [COLLYER.
Look ye out...men of honest report.
Acts vi. 3.

- 1 **O** JESUS, in this solemn hour,
Be with Thy people here ;
Let Thine authority and power
To rule Thy church appear.

FOR A CHURCH WITHOUT A PASTOR.

- 2 As Master, Lawgiver, and Head,
Thee only we confess ;
Upon us now Thy Spirit shed,
To sanctify and bless.
- 3 O may the choice which we have made
By Thee be ratified ;
Thy *servants'* fitness be displayed,
As *they are* further tried.
- 4 With faithfulness may *they* fulfil
The office in *their* hands,
And seek to know and do Thy will,
In all that will demands.

words italicised may be changed into the singular number.]

OR A CHURCH WITHOUT A PASTOR.

7 L.M. A.L.P. (PEOPLE'S HYMNAL.)
He gave some...pastors.—Ep. iv. 11.

ETERNAL Shepherd, God most High,
In mercy hearken as we cry,
And send us in our time of need,
A pastor wise, Thy flock to lead.

Upon him pour the Holy Ghost
With all the flame of Pentecost ;
With Peter's faith, vouchsafe him all
The love of John, the zeal of Paul.

Be his, like Thee, O Jesus meek,
To heal the bruised, to stay the weak,
And, in Thy might made brave and strong,
To war with sin, to right the wrong.

So leading where Thyself hast trod,
So guiding with Thy staff and rod,
May he Thy sheep in safety bring
To those ~~in the~~ of the King.

THE CHURCH :

- 5 And when at last, O gracious Lord,
Thou shalt bestow his full reward,
Let those whom he hath led aright
Be jewels in his crown of light. Amen.
-

THE MINISTRY.

948 S.M. C. WESLEY.^o
Pray ye the Lord of the harvest.—Matt. ix. 38.

- 1 **L**ORD of the harvest, hear
Thy needy servants' cry;
Answer Thy people's earnest prayer,
And all our wants supply.
- 2 On Thee we humbly wait;
Our wants are in Thy view;
The harvest truly, Lord, is great;
The labourers are few.
- 3 Convert and send forth more
Into Thy church abroad;
And let them speak Thy word with power,
Co-workers with their God.
- 4 O let them spread Thy name;
Their mission fully prove;
Thy universal grace proclaim,
Thine all-embracing love.

949 L.M. DODDRIDGE.
*And He gave some, apostles;...and some,
pastors and teachers.—Eph. iv. 11.*

- 1 **T**HE Saviour, when to heaven He rose
In splendid triumph o'er His foes,
Scattered His gifts on men below;
And wide His royal bounties flow.

THE MINISTRY.

- 2 Hence sprang the apostles' honoured name,
Sacred beyond heroic fame ;
In lowlier forms, to bless our eyes,
Pastors from hence, and teachers rise.
- 3 From Christ their varied gifts derive,
And, fed by Christ, their graces live ;
While, guarded by His potent hand,
'Midst all the rage of hell they stand.
- 4 So shall the bright succession run,
Through the last courses of the sun ;
While unborn churches, by their care,
Shall rise and flourish, large and fair.

950 C.M. NEWTON,
Being ensamples to the flock.—1 Pet. v. 3.

- 1 CHIEF Shepherd of Thy chosen sheep,
From death and sin set free,
May every under-shepherd keep
His eye intent on Thee.
- 2 With plenteous grace their hearts prepare,
To execute Thy will ;
Compassion, patience, love, and care,
And faithfulness and skill.
- 3 Inflame their minds with holy zeal
Thy flock to feed and teach ;
And let them live, and let them feel,
The sacred truths they preach.

951 L.M. KEBLE.●
God, that comforteth those that are cast down,
2 Cor. vii. 6.

- 1 SPIRIT of Light and Truth, to Thee,
We trust Thy servants in this hour ;
May they with open heart and free
Teach all Thy word, in all its power.

THE MINISTRY :

- 2 Where foemen watch their tents by night,
And mists hang wide o'er moor and fell,
Spirit of counsel and of might,
Their pastoral warfare guide Thou well.
- 3 And O ! when worn and tired, they sigh
With that more fearful war within,
When passion's storms are loud and high,
And brooding o'er remembered sin—
- 4 The heart dies down—O Mightiest ! then
Come, ever true ; come, ever near ;
And wake their slumbering love again,
Spirit of God's most holy fear !
- 5 Spirit of Christ ! be earnest given
That these our prayers are heard, and they
Who grasp this hour the sword of heaven
Shall feel Thee ever on their way.

952

L.M.

BEDDOMI

Endued with power from on high.

Luke xxiv. 49.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, bow Thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest prayer.
We plead for those who plead for Thee ;
Successful pleaders may they be.
- 2 Clothe Thou with energy divine
Their words, and let those words be Thine
To them Thy sacred truth reveal ;
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.
- 3 Teach them to sow the precious seed ;
Teach them Thy chosen flock to feed ;
Teach them immortal souls to gain,
A blest reward for all their pain.
- 4 Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound ;
In humble strains Thy grace implore,
Thy new-creating power adore.

ORDINATION SERVICES.

- 5 Let sinners break their heavy chains,
And souls distressed forget their pains ;
Let light through distant realms be spread,
And Zion rear her drooping head.
-

ORDINATION SERVICES.

53 L.M. [ROWLAND HILL.]
A faithful minister of Christ.—Col. i. 7.

- 1 WITH heavenly power, O Lord, defend,
Him whom we now to Thee commend ;
Thy faithful messenger secure,
And make him to the end endure.
- 2 Gird him with all-sufficient grace ;
Direct his feet in paths of peace :
Thy truth and faithfulness fulfil,
And arm him to obey Thy will.
- 3 Enlarge, inflame, and fill his heart ;
In him Thy mighty power exert,
That thousands yet unborn may praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

54 L.M. Double. C. WORDSWORTH.*
Be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus.
2 Timothy ii. 1.

- 1 COME, ever-blessèd Spirit, come,
And make Thy servant's heart Thy home ;
May he a living temple be,
Hallowed for ever, Lord, to Thee ;
Enrich that temple's holy shrine
With seven-fold gifts of grace divine ;
With wisdom, light, and knowledge bless,
Strength, counsel, fear, and godliness.

THE MINISTRY :

- 2 O Trinity in Unity,
One only God, and Persons Three ;
In Whom, through Whom, by Whom we live,
To Thee we praise and glory give ;
Oh ! grant us so to use Thy grace,
That we may see Thy glorious face,
And ever, with the heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

955 L.M. G. RAWSON.
*He that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth
fruit unto life eternal.—John iv. 36.*

- 1 REAPER, behold ! the fields are white
With the great harvest of the world !
Soldier, seek thou the thickest fight,
Thy Captain's standard is unfurled.
- 2 Wise to win souls, exhort, reprove,
And watch the flock redeemed by blood ;
Warn with thy tears, preach in deep love
The gospel of the grace of God.
- 3 Toil on in the appointed way,
The precious fruit shall soon appear ;
Work thou thy work whilst it is day !
The shadows lengthen, night is near.
- 4 And say not that thy hands are weak,
Thy heart is faint, thy soul cast down,
But press thou on the prize to seek ;
Faithful to death, secure the crown.
- 5 Soon shalt thou hear the Master's voice,
The welcome cry, Behold I come !
Within the pearly gates rejoice,
And rest thee in thy heavenly home.

RECOGNITION SERVICES.

956 L.M. H. WARE.●
The promise of the Father.—Acts i. 4.

- 1 **O** THOU, who on Thy chosen Son
Didst send Thy Spirit, like a dove,
To mark the long-expected One,
And seal the Messenger of love !
- 2 And, when the heralds of His name
Went forth His glorious truth to spread,
Didst send the tongues of living flame,
To hallow each devoted head ;
- 3 So, Lord, Thy servant now inspire
With holy unction from above ;
Give him the tongue of living fire,
Give him the temper of the dove.
- 4 Lord, hear Thy suppliant church to-day !
Accept our work, our souls possess !
'Tis ours to labour, watch, and pray ;
Be Thine to cheer, sustain, and bless.
-

RECOGNITION SERVICES.

957 L.M. MONTGOMERY.
Receive him... with all gladness.—Phil. ii. 29.

- 1 **W**E bid thee welcome in the name
Of Jesus, our exalted Head !
Come as a servant ; so He came ;
And we receive thee in His stead.
- 2 Come as a shepherd ; guard and keep
This fold from hell and earth and sin ;
Nourish the lambs, and feed the sheep ;
The wounded heal, the lost bring in.
- 715

THE MINISTRY :

- 3 Come as a watchman ; take thy stand
Upon thy tower amidst the sky ;
And when the sword comes on the land,
Call us to fight, or warn to fly.
- 4 Come as an angel, hence to guide
A band of pilgrims on their way ;
That safely walking at thy side,
We fail not, faint not, turn nor stray.
- 5 Come as a teacher sent from God,
Charged His whole counsel to declare ;
Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod,
While we uphold thy hands with prayer.
- 6 Come as a messenger of peace,
Filled with the Spirit, fired with love ;
Live to behold our large increase,
And die to meet us all above.

MEETINGS OF MINISTERS.

958 L.M. F. D. HUNTINGTON.
They were all filled with the Holy Ghost.
Acts ii. 4.

- 1 **O** THOU in whose eternal name
Went forth the apostles' ardent host ;
Baptise us with the hallowed flame
That fell from heaven at Pentecost.
- 2 The fearless faith that cries repent !
Thy servants' earnest message fill ;
By Thee the living word was sent,
Thy presence make it living still.
- 3 And while Thy people bend and pray
Towards Thy benignant throne of light,
Give answer in the dawning day
Of freedom, mercy, truth, and right.

MEETINGS OF MINISTERS.

- 4 Immortal truth ! it lives in Thee ;
Our hope shall lean on Thee alone !
Thy Christ be all our liberty,
And all our strength and will Thy own !
- 5 Father, whose heavenly kingdom lies
In every meek believing breast,
Reveal before Thy children's eyes
That kingdom's coming, and its rest !
- 6 Give Thy Son's heralds, from above,
The anointing of Thy Spirit's breath ;
The faith that worked in Christ by love,
The trust that triumphed in His death.

59 886, 886.
Cloven tongues like as of fire.—Acts ii. 3.

- 1 COME, Holy Ghost, Thy grace inspire !
Who from the Son as from the Sire
Dost equally proceed ;
Within our hearts divinely glow,
Our lips with eloquence endow,
And strengthen us in need.
- 2 Thou to the lowly dost display
The beautiful and perfect way
Of justice and of peace ;
Avoiding every stubborn heart,
Thou to the simple dost impart
True wisdom's rich increase.
- 3 Teach us to aim at heaven's high prize,
And for its glory to despise
The world and all below.
Cleanse us from sin ; direct us right ;
Illuminate us with Thy light ;
Thy peace on us bestow.

THE MINISTRY :

4 And as Thou didst in days of old
On the first shepherds of the fold
In tongues of flame descend,
Now also on its pastors shine,
And flood with fire of grace divine
The world from end to end.

5 So unto Thee, who with the Son
And Father art for ever One,
The Lord of earth and heaven,
Be, through eternal length of days,
All honour, glory, blessing, praise,
And adoration given !

960 C.M. DODDRIDGE.
For they watch for your souls.—Heb. xiii. 17.

1 **L**ET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take the alarm they give ;
Now let them from the mouth of God,
Their solemn charge receive.

2 'Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands ;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hands.

3 All to the great tribunal haste,
The account to render there ;
And shouldst Thou strictly mark our faults,
Lord, how should we appear ?

4 May they, that Jesus whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see !
And watch Thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for Thee.

961 L.M. MONTGOMERY.*
As they that must give account.—Heb. xiii. 17.

1 **P**OUR out Thy Spirit from on high ;
Lord, Thine assembled servants bless ;
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe us all with righteousness.

MEETINGS OF MINISTERS.

- 2 Wisdom and zeal and faith impart,
Firmness with meekness from above,
To bear Thy people on our heart,
And love the souls whom Thou dost love ;
- 3 To watch and pray and never faint ;
By day and night strict guard to keep ;
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Nourish Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep.
- 4 Then, when our work is finished here,
In humble hope our charge resign,
When the chief Shepherd shall appear,
O God, may they and we be Thine.

962 C.M. KEBLE.*
*Master, we have toiled all the night, and have
taken nothing.—Luke v. 5.*

- 1 **T**HE livelong night we've toiled in vain,
But, at Thy gracious word,
We will let down the net again ;
Do Thou Thy will, O Lord.
- 2 So, day by day, and week by week,
In sad and weary thought
They muse, whom God hath set to seek
The souls His Christ hath bought.
- 3 At morn we look, and nought is there,
Sad dawn of cheerless day ;
Who then from pining and despair
The sickening heart can stay ?
- 4 There is a stay, and we are strong ;
Our Master is at hand
To cheer our solitary song,
And guide us to the strand ;

THE MINISTRY :

- 5 In His own time ; but yet awhile
Our bark at sea must ride ;
Cast after cast, by force or guile,
All waters must be tried.
- 6 Should e'er Thy wonder-working grace
Triumph by our weak arm,
Let not our sinful fancy trace
Aught human in the charm.
- 7 To our own nets ne'er bow we down ;
Lest on the eternal shore
The angels, while our draught they own,
Reject us evermore.
- 8 Or if, for our unworthiness,
Toil, prayer, and watching fail,
In disappointment Thou canst bless,
So love at heart prevail.

963

L.M. Six lines.

C. WESLEY

Woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel.

I Corinthians ix. 16.

- 1 **G**IVE me the faith which can remove
And sink the mountain to a plain ;
Give me the childlike praying love,
Which longs to build Thy house again ;
Thy love, let it my heart o'erpower,
Let it my ransomed soul devour.
- 2 I would the precious time redeem,
And longer live for this alone ;
To spend and to be spent for them
Who have not yet my Saviour known ;
Fully on these my mission prove,
And only breathe, to breathe Thy love.

DEATH OF A MINISTER.

- 3 My talents, gifts, and graces, Lord,
Into Thy blessed hands receive ;
And let me live to preach Thy word,
And let me to Thy glory live ;
My every sacred moment spend
In publishing the sinner's Friend.
- 4 Enlarge, inflame, and fill my heart
With boundless charity divine ;
So shall I all my strength exert,
And love them with a zeal like Thine :
And lead them to Thine open side,
The sheep for whom their Shepherd died.
-

DEATH OF A MINISTER.

164 S.M. MONTGOMERY.
They...rest from their labours.—Rev. xiv. 13.

- 1 **R**EST from thy labour, rest,
Soul of the just, set free !
Blest be thy memory, and blest
Thy bright example be.
- 2 Now, toil and conflict o'er,
Go, take with saints thy place :
But go as each has gone before,
A sinner saved by grace.
- 3 Lord Christ, into Thy hands
Our pastor we resign ;
And now we wait Thine own commands,
We were not his, but Thine.
- 4 Thou art Thy Church's Head,
And when the members die,
Thou raisest others in their stead ;
To Thee we lift our eye.

THE MINISTRY.

- 5 On Thee our hopes depend ;
We gather round our Rock :
Send whom Thou wilt ; but condescend
Thyself to feed Thy flock.

965 C.M. DODDRIDGE
Lo, I am with you alway.—Matt. xxviii. 20.

- 1 **W**HAT though the arm of conquering death
Does God's own house invade ;
What though the prophet and the priest
Be numbered with the dead ;
2 ' Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged and the young,
The watchful eye in darkness closed,
And mute the instructive tongue ;
3 The eternal Shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart ;
His eye still guides us, and His voice
Still animates our heart.
4 Lo, I am with you, saith the Lord,
My church shall safe abide ;
For I will ne'er forsake My own,
Whose souls in Me confide.
5 Through every scene of life and death,
This promise is our trust ;
And this shall be our children's song,
When we are cold in dust.
-

THE CHRISTIAN ORDINANCES: BAPTISM OF CHILDREN.

966 78, 78, 88. [SCHMOLK.]
Suffer the little children to come unto Me.
Mark x. 14.

- 1 BLESSED Lord, thy servants see
Offering here obedience willing;
Lo we bring this child to Thee—
Thus Thine own command fulfilling.
'Tis Thine own assurance given;
Such are of Thy holy heaven.
- 2 Prince of Peace, Thy peace bestow;
Shepherd, to Thy sheepfold take it;
Way of Life, its pathway show;
Head, Thy living member make it;
Vine abundant, life providing,
Keep this branch in Thee abiding.
- 3 Now upon Thy heart it lies;
Lo! we give Thee our heart's treasure.
Heavenward lead our prayers and sighs;
Pour Thy blessing without measure.
Write the name we now have given—
Write it in the Book of Heaven.

967 6, 10, 10, 10. H. BONAR.
His children are blessed after him.—Prov. xx. 7.

- 1 FATHER, our children keep!
We know not what is coming on the
earth;
Beneath the shadow of Thy heavenly wing,
O keep them, keep them, Thou who gav'st them
birth.

THE CHRISTIAN ORDINANCES :

- 2 Father draw nearer us !
Draw firmer round us Thy protecting arm ;
Oh clasp our children closer to Thy side,
Uninjured in the day of earth's alarm.
- 3 Them in Thy chambers hide !
Oh hide them and preserve them calm and safe,
When sin abounds, and error flows abroad,
And Satan tempts, and human passions chafe.
- 4 Oh keep them undefiled !
Unspotted from a tempting world of sin ;
That, clothed in white, through the bright city-
gates,
They may with us in triumph enter in.

968 8 7s. Double. W. A. MUHLENBERG.
*He shall gather the lambs...and carry them
in His bosom.—Isaiah xl. 11.*

- 1 SAVIOUR, who Thy flock art feeding
With the Shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs Thy bosom share ;
Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in Thy gracious arm ;
There, we know, Thy word believing,
Only there, secure from harm !
- 2 Never, from Thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey ;
Let Thy tenderness so loving,
Keep them all life's dangerous way ;
Then, within Thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place ;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace !

THE BAPTISM OF CHILDREN.

969 C.M. [C. WESLEY.]
The angel...bless the lads.—Gen. xlviii. 16.

- 1 THE great redeeming Angel, Thee,
O Jesus, we confess ;
Do Thou our great Deliverer be,
And all our offspring bless.
- 2 Early discipled to the Lord,
May they be taught of Thee ;
And, made to know and trust Thy word,
Wise to salvation be.
- 3 Thou who hast borne our sins away,
Our children's sins remove ;
And bring them through their evil day,
To sing Thy praise above.
- 4 Partakers of our nature, make
Partakers of Thy grace ;
And then the heirs of glory take
To dwell before Thy face.

970 C.M. [T. BECK.]
Baptized into His death.—Rom. vi. 3.

- 1 JESUS, we lift our souls to Thee,
Thy Holy Spirit breathe ;
And let these little infants be
Baptized into Thy death.
- 2 O let Thine unction on them rest,
Thy grace their souls renew ;
And write within their tender breast,
Thy name and nature too.
- 3 Thy faithful servants let them prove.
Begirt with truth divine ;
Be sharers in Thy dying love,
And followers of Thine.

THE CHRISTIAN ORDINANCES :

- 4 Lord, plant us all into Thy death,
That we Thy life may prove,
Partakers of Thy cross beneath,
And of Thy crown above.

971

C M. Double.

JOSIAH CONDE

I will pour my Spirit upon thy seed.

Isa. xliv. 3.

- 1 **O** THOU whose covenant is sure
To all who fear Thy name ;
Whose mercies age on age endure,
Eternally the same ;
Thou art our fathers' God ; we plead
That title ; we are Thine ;
Pour down 'Thy Spirit on our seed,
And sanctify our line.
- 2 In Thee our fathers put their trust ;
Thy ways they humbly trod ;
Honoured and sacred is their dust,
And still they live to God.
Heirs to their faith, their hopes, their prayers,
We the same path pursue ;
Entail the blessing to our heirs,
Lord, show Thy promise true.

972

C.M.

DODDRIDGE

Suffer the little children to come.—Mark x. 14

- 1 **S**EE, Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
With all-engaging charms ;
Hark ! how He calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in His arms.
- 2 Permit them to approach—He cries—
Nor scorn their humble name ;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came.

THE BAPTISM OF ADULTS.

- 3 Invited by the voice divine,
We bring them, Lord, to Thee ;
Joyful that we ourselves are Thine ;
Thine let our offspring be.
- 4 If orphans they are left behind,
Thy guardian care we trust ;
That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,
If weeping o'er their dust.

BAPTISM OF ADULTS.

[*See also Hymns for Admission of Members.*]

973 C.M. DODDRIDGE.
Buried with Him by baptism into death.
Rom. vi. 4.

- 1 BAPTIZED into our Saviour's death,
Our souls to sin must die ;
With Christ our Lord we live anew,
With Christ ascend on high.
- 2 There, at His Father's hand He sits,
Enthroned divinely fair ;
Yet owns Himself our brother still,
And our forerunner there.
- 3 O that our souls from earth could rise
On wings of faith and love !
Above, our choicest treasure lies—
Lord, set our hearts above.

974 S.M. [BAPTIST W. NOEL.]
Yield yourselves unto God.—Rom. vi. 13.

- 1 DEVOTED unto Thee
By the baptismal sign,
We own that, from the curse set free,
We are for ever Thine.

THE CHRISTIAN ORDINANCES :

- 2 Come in Thy might and love,
Break all resistance down ;
All sloth and unbelief remove,
And make our hearts Thy throne.
- 3 Our whole salvation Thou !
Make us Thine own abode ;
Baptize us in Thy Spirit now,
Our Father and our God !
- 4 This day, O Lord, this hour,
Fill us with love divine ;
Put forth Thy sanctifying power,
And make us wholly Thine.

975

C M.

We also should walk in newness of life.

Rom. vi. 4.

- 1 **D**EATH to the world we here avow,
Death to each fleshly lust ;
Newness of life our portion now,
A risen Lord our trust.
- 2 And we, O Lord, who now partake
Of Thine eternal life,
With every sin, for Thy dear sake,
Would be at constant strife.
- 3 Baptized into the Father's name,
We'd walk as sons of God ;
Baptized in Thine, with joy we claim,
The merits of Thy blood.
- 4 Baptized into the Holy Ghost,
We'd prove His mighty power ;
And making Thee our only boast,
Obey Thee hour by hour.

THE BAPTISM OF ADULTS.

976 C.M. [BAPTIST W. NOEL.]
*He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost, and
with fire.—Matt. iii. 11.*

- 1 LORD, Thou hast promised to baptize
Those in the Holy Ghost,
Whose faith on Thee alone relies,
Thy cross their only boast.
- 2 Baptize us in Thy Spirit, Lord,
And in that promised fire,
Which may to us all zeal afford
All gratitude inspire.
- 3 Upon us may Thy Spirit place,
As armour for our road,
Faith, hope, and love, with every grace,
The panoply of God !
- 4 So may we, in temptation's hour,
Ourselves the victory win,
And rescue others from the power
Of Satan and of sin.
- 5 So may we constant gladness feel,
Love God, our Father, more,
And serve, with undecaying zeal,
Thyself, whom we adore.
- 6 So may we go from strength to strength,
And daily grow in grace,
Till in Thine image raised at length,
We see Thee face to face.

977 7 6s. Double. J. G. DECK.
Buried with Him in baptism.—Col. ii. 12.

- 1 AROUND Thy grave, Lord Jesus,
Thine empty grave, we stand,
With hearts all full of praises,
To keep Thy blessed command ;

THE CHRISTIAN ORDINANCES :

By faith our souls rejoicing,
To trace Thy path of love
Through death's dark angry billows,
Up to the throne above.

- 2 Lord Jesus, we remember
The travail of Thy soul,
When in Thy love's deep pity
The waves did o'er Thee roll :
Baptized in death's cold waters,
For us Thy blood was shed ;
For us the Lord of Glory
Was numbered with the dead.
- 3 O Lord, Thou now art risen,
Thy travail all is o'er,
For sin Thou once hast suffered,
Thou liv'st to die no more ;
Sin, death, and hell are vanquished
By Thee, Thy church's Head ;
And lo ! we share Thy triumphs,
Thou First-born from the dead.
- 4 Into Thy death baptizèd,
We own with Thee we died ;
With Thee, our Life, are risen,
And in Thee glorified ;
From sin, the world, and Satan,
We're ransom'd by Thy blood,
And now would walk as strangers
Alive with Thee to God.
-



THE LORD'S SUPPER.

978 C.M. WATTS.●
Having spoiled principalities and powers.
Colossians ii. 15.

- 1 COME, let us lift our voices high,
High as our joys arise,
And join the songs above the sky,
Where pleasure never dies.
- 2 Jesus, the Lord, that fought and bled,
And conquered when He fell;
That rose, and at His chariot wheels
Dragged all the powers of hell;
- 3 Jesus, our God, invites us here
To this triumphal feast,
And brings immortal blessings down
For each redeemed guest.
- 4 Victorious Lord! what can we pay
For favours so divine?
We would devote our hearts away
To be for ever Thine.
- 5 We give Thee, Lord, our highest praise,
The tribute of our tongues;
But themes so infinite as these
Exceed our noblest songs.

979 888, 4. G. RAWSON.
Ye do shew the Lord's death till He come.
1 Corinthians xi. 26.

- 1 BY Christ redeemed, in Christ restored,
We keep the memory adored,
And shew the death of our dear Lord
Until He come!

THE CHRISTIAN ORDINANCES :

- 2 His body, broken in our stead,
Is here, in this memorial bread ;
And so our feeble love is fed
Until He come !
- 3 His fearful drops of agony,
His life-blood, shed for us, we see ;
The wine shall tell the mystery,
Until He come !
- 4 And thus that dark betrayal night
With the last advent, we unite,
By one bright chain of loving rite,
Until He come !
- 5 Until the trump of God be heard,
Until the ancient graves be stirred ;
And, with the great commanding word,
The Lord shall come !
- 6 O blessed hope ! with this elate
Let not our hearts be desolate,
But, strong in faith and patience, wait
Until He come !

980

7 6, 7 6, 7 7, 7 6. C. WESL
Jesus took bread and blessed it.
Matthew xxvi. 26.

- 1 JESUS, Master of the feast !
The feast itself Thou art ;
Now receive Thy meanest guest,
And comfort every heart ;
Give us living bread to eat,
Manna that from heaven comes down,
See us waiting at Thy feet,
And make Thy favour known.
- 2 In this barren wilderness
Thou hast a table spread,
Richly filled with every grace
Our fainting souls can need ;



THE LORD'S SUPPER.

Still sustain us by Thy love ;
Still Thy servants' strength repair,
Till we reach Thy courts above,
And feast for ever there.

81 L.M. KEBLE.*
When I saw Him, I fell at His feet as dead.
Revelation i. 17.

- 1 **O** GOD of mercy, God of might,
How should weak sinners bear the sight,
If, as Thy power is surely here,
Thine open glory should appear ?
- 2 For now Thy people are allowed
To scale the mount and pierce the cloud ;
And faith may feed her eager view
With wonders Sinai never knew.
- 3 Fresh from the atoning sacrifice
The world's Redeemer bleeding lies,
That man, His foe, for whom He bled,
May take Him for his daily bread.
- 4 Oh ! agony of wavering thought,
When sinners first so near are brought:
It is my Maker—dare I stay ?
My Saviour—dare I turn away ?
- 5 O Saviour ! calm our troubled fears !
O Saviour ! gather up our tears ;
And let us in this solemn hour
Behold Thy glory, feel Thy power.

182 L.M. DODDRIDGE.*
The table of the Lord.—Malachi. i. 12.

- 1 **M**Y God, and is Thy table spread ?
And does Thy cup with love o'erflow ?
Thither be all Thy children led,
And let them all its sweetness know.

[REDACTED]

- 983 S.M. MRS. CHARLES.^o
*Before whose eyes Jesus Christ hath been
 evidently set forth.—Galatians iii. 1.*

- 794

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 3 Thine was the bitter price,
Ours is the free gift given ;
'Thine was the blood of sacrifice,
Ours is the wine of heaven.
- 4 For Thee the burning thirst,
The shame, the mortal strife,
'The broken heart, the pierced side ;
'To us the Bread of Life.
- 5 Here we would rest midway,
As on a sacred height ;
'That darkest and that brightest day
Meeting before our sight ;
- 6 From that dark depth of woes
Thy love for us hath trod,
Up to the heights of blest repose,
'Thy love prepares with God ;
- 7 Till, from self's chains released,
One sight alone we see,
Still at the cross, as at the feast,
Behold Thee, only Thee !

984 87s Double. [HEWETT.]
Ye do shew the Lord's death till He come.
1 Corinthians xi. 26.

- 1 I N the name of God the Father,
In the name of God the Son,
In the name of God the Spirit,
One in Three and Three in One,
In the name which highest angels,
Speak not ere they veil their face,
Crying, Holy ! holy ! holy !
Come we to this sacred place.
- 2 Here in figure represented,
See the passion once again ;
Here behold the Lamb most holy,
As for our redemption slain ;

THE CHRISTIAN ORDINANCES :

Here the Saviour's body broken,
Here the blood which Jesus shed,
Mystic food of life eternal,
See for our refreshment spread.

- 3 Here shall highest praise be offered ;
Here shall meekest prayers be poured ;
Here with body, soul, and spirit,
God Incarnate be adored.
Holy Jesus, for Thy coming
May Thy love our hearts prepare ;
Thine we fain would have them wholly,
Enter, Lord, and tarry there.

985

7s. Six lines.

H. ALFORD.

The bread which we break, is it not the communion of the body of Christ ?—1 Cor. x. 16.

- 1 **L**O ! the feast is spread to-day,
Jesus summons, come away !
From the vanity of life,
From the sounds of mirth or strife,
To the feast by Jesus given,
Come, and taste the bread of heaven.
- 2 Blessèd are the lips that taste
Our Redeemer's marriage feast ;
Blessèd, who on Him shall feed,
Bread of life, and drink indeed ;
Blessèd, for their thirst is o'er ;
They shall never hunger more.
- 3 Make Him once again your choice,
Hear to-day His calling voice ;
Servants, do your Master's will ;
Bidden guests, His table fill ;
Come, before His wrath shall fall,
Ye shall never enter there !

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

186

7s. Double.

C. WESLEY.

The marriage of the Lamb is come.

Revelation xix. 7.

1 COME, and let us sweetly join,
Christ to praise in hymns divine !
Give we all with one accord,
Glory to our common Lord ;
Hands, and hearts, and voices raise ;
Sing as in the ancient days ;
Antedate the joys above ;
Celebrate the feast of love.

2 Jesus, we Thy promise claim ;
We are met in 'Thy great name ;
In the midst do 'Thou appear,
Manifest Thy presence here ;
Sanctify us, Lord, and bless ;
Breathe Thy Spirit, give Thy peace ;
Thou Thyself within us move ;
Make our feast a feast of love.

3 Make us all in Thee complete ;
Make us all for glory meet ;
Meet t' appear before Thy sight,
Partners with the saints in light.
Call, O call us each by name
To the marriage of the Lamb ;
Let us lean upon Thy breast ;
Love be there our endless feast.

37

L.M.

MRS. CHARLES.

He is risen.—Matt. xxviii. 6.

1 AROUND a table, not a tomb,
He willed our gathering-place to be ;
When going to prepare our home,
Our Saviour said—Remember Me.

THE CHRISTIAN ORDINANCES :

- 2 We kneel around no sculptured stone,
Marking the place where Jesus lay ;
Empty the tomb, the angels gone,
The stone for ever rolled away.
- 3 Nay ! sculptured stones are for the dead !
Thy three dark days of death are o'er ;
Thou art the Life, our living Head,
Our living Light for evermore !
- 4 Of no fond relics, sadly dear,
O Master ! are Thine own possess ;
The crown of thorns, the cross, the spear,
The purple robe, the seamless vest.
- 5 Nay relics are for those who mourn
The memory of an absent friend ;
Not absent Thou, nor we forlorn !
"With you each day until the end !"
- 6 Thus round Thy table, not Thy tomb,
We keep Thy sacred feast with Thee ;
Until within the Father's home
Our endless gathering-place shall be.

988

C.M.

MONTGOMERY.

This do in remembrance of Me.

Luke xxii. 19.

- 1 ACCORDING to Thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord ;
I will remember Thee.
- 2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be ;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.
- 3 Gethsemane can I forget ?
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee ?

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God. my sacrifice,
I must remember Thee :
- 5 Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me ;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.
- 6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Then, Lord, remember me.

989 C.M. WATTS.*
*When the doors were shut...came Jesus and
stood in the midst.— John xx. 19.*

- 1 **H**OW sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores !
- 2 While all our hearts and all our tongues
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cries, in grateful songs—
Lord, why was I a guest ?
- 3 Why was I made to hear Thy voice,
And enter while there's room ;
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come ?
- 4 'Twas the same love that spread the feast
That sweetly forced us in ;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.
- 5 Pity the nations, O our God !
Constrain the earth to come ;
Send Thy victorious word abroad,
Bring all Thy children home.

THE CHRISTIAN ORDINANCES :

990 87s. Six lines. AQUINAS.
*How shall we, that are dead to sin, live any
longer therein?—Rom. vi. 2.*

- 1 SING, my tongue, the Saviour's glory,
Of His cross the mystery sing ;
Lift on high the wondrous trophy,
Tell the triumph of the King :
He, the world's Redeemer, conquers
Death, through death now vanquishing.
- 2 Born for us, and for us given ;
Son of man, like us below,
He, as Man with men, abiding
Dwells, the seed of life to sow ;
He, our heavy griefs partaking,
Thus fulfils His life of woe.
- 3 Word made flesh ! His word life-giving,
Gives His flesh our meat to be,
Bids us drink His blood, believing,
Through His death, we life shall see.
Blessed they who thus receiving
Are from death and sin set free.
- 4 Low in adoration bending,
Now our hearts our God revere ;
Faith, her aid to sight is lending,
Though unseen the Lord is near ;
Ancient types and shadows ending,
Christ our paschal Lamb is here.
- 5 Praise for ever, thanks and blessing,
Thine, O gracious Father, be ;
Praise be Thine, O Christ, who bringeth
Life and immortality.
Praise be Thine, Thou quickening Spirit,
Praise through all eternity.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

1 ^{76, 76, 77, 76.} *The place... called Calvary.*—Luke xxiii. 33. C. WESLEY.*

1 LAMB of God, whose bleeding love
We thus recall to mind,
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find.
Think on us who think on Thee;
Every burdened soul release;
O! remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

2 By Thine agonizing pain
And bloody sweat we pray;
By Thy dying love to man,
Take all our sins away;
Burst our bonds, and set us free;
From iniquity release;
O! remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

3 Let Thy blood, by faith applied,
The sinner's pardon seal;
Speak us freely justified,
And all our sickness heal;
By Thy passion on the tree,
Let our griefs and troubles cease;
O! remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

2 L.M. Six Lines. C. WESLEY.
*The word is nigh thee; even in thy mouth and
in thy heart.*—Rom. x. 8.

ICTIM divine, Thy grace we claim,
While thus Thy precious death we shew!
ce offered up, a spotless Lamb,
In Thy great temple here below,
ou didst for all mankind atone,
I standest now before the throne.

THE CHRISTIAN ORDINANCES :

- 2 Thou standest in the holiest place,
 As now for guilty sinners slain ;
 The blood of sprinkling speaks, and prays,
 All-prevalent, for helpless man ;
 Thy blood is still our ransom found,
 And speaks salvation all around.
- 3 We need not now go up to heaven
 To bring the long-sought Saviour down ;
 Thou art to all already given ;
 Thou dost e'en now Thy banquet crown ;
 To every faithful soul appear,
 And shew Thy real presence here.

993

7 6s. Double.

AQUINAS *tr.*
 RAY PALMER.

*Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink
 His blood, ye have no life in you.*—John vi. 53.

- 1 **O** BREAD to pilgrims given,
 O food that angels eat ;
 O manna sent from heaven,
 For heaven-born natures meet !
 Give us, for Thee long pining,
 To eat till richly filled ;
 Till, earth's delights resigning,
 Our every wish is stilled.
- 2 O water, life-bestowing,
 Forth from the Saviour's heart,
 A fountain purely flowing,
 A fount of love Thou art !
 Oh, let us, freely tasting,
 Our burning thirst assuage !
 Thy sweetness, never wasting,
 Avails from age to age.
- 3 Jesus, this feast receiving,
 We Thee, unseen, adore ;
 Thy faithful word believing,
 We take—and doubt no more.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

Give us, Thou true and loving,
On earth to live in Thee ;
Then, death the veil removing,
Thy glorious face to see.

994 98, 98. HEBER.
I am the living bread.—John vi. 51.

1 **B**READ of the world, in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed,
By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead ;

2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed,
And be Thy feast to us the token
That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

995 C.M.
The Lord's supper.—1 Cor. xi. 20.

1 **I**N memory of the Saviour's love
We keep the sacred feast,
Where every humble contrite heart
Is made a welcome guest.

2 By faith we take the Bread of Life,
With which our souls are fed ;
The cup, in token of His blood
That was for sinners shed.

3 Under His banner thus we sing
The wonders of His love,
And thus anticipate by faith
The heavenly feast above.

996 C.M. WATTS.
We have redemption through His blood.
Eph. i. 7.

1 **H**OW condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son !
Our misery reached His heavenly mind,
And pity brought Him down.

THE CHRISTIAN ORDINANCES :

- 2 This was compassion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was His blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.
- 3 Now, though He reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great ;
Well He remembers Calvary,
Nor let His saints forget.
- 4 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we His death record ;
And with our joy for pardoned guilt,
Mourn that we pierced the Lord.

997 L.M. MONTGOMERY.
The communion of the body of Christ.
1 Cor. x., 16

- 1 COMMUNION of my Saviour's blood,
In Him to have my lot and part ;
To prove the virtue of that flood
Which burst on Calvary from His heart ;
- 2 To feed by faith on Christ my bread,
His body broken on the tree ;
To live in Him my living Head,
Who died and rose again for me ;
- 3 This be my joy and comfort here,
This pledge of future glory mine.
Jesus, in spirit now appear,
And break the bread and pour the wine.
- 4 From Thy dear hand may I receive
The tokens of Thy dying love ;
And, while I feast on earth, believe
That I shall feast with Thee above.
- 5 Ah ! there, though in the lowest place,
Thee at Thy table could I meet,
And see Thee ~~face to face,~~
For such a ~~face to face,~~ were sweet.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 6 What then will their fruition be,
Who meet in heaven with blest accord?
A moment?—No; eternity!
They are for ever with the Lord.

998 C.M. C. WESLEY.
We being many are one bread and one body.
I Cor. x. 17.

- 1 **H**OW happy are Thy servants, Lord,
Who thus remember Thee!
What tongue can tell our sweet accord,
Our perfect harmony!
- 2 Who Thy mysterious supper share,
Here at Thy table fed,
Many, and yet but one we are,
One undivided bread.
- 3 One with the living Bread divine
Which now by faith we eat,
Our hearts, and minds, and spirits join,
And all in Jesus meet.
- 4 So dear the tie where souls agree
In Jesu's dying love,
Then only can it closer be
When all are joined above.

999 C.M. C. WESLEY.
If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with me.
John xiii. 8.

- 1 **F**OR ever here my rest shall be,
Close to Thy bleeding side;
This all my hope and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died.
- 2 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin!
Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,
And cleanse, and keep me clean.

THE CHRISTIAN ORDINANCES :

- 3 Wash me, and make me thus Thine own ;
Wash me, and mine Thou art ;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.
- 4 The atonement of Thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve ;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

1000 6 ss. Double. ADA CAMBRIDGE
The life was the light of men.—John i. 4.

- 1 JESUS, great Redeemer !
Source of life divine !
In our souls for ever
Grant the light to shine !
Light of peace eternal,
Prince of Peace restore ;
Light of life immortal,
Shine for evermore !
- 2 Bread for sinners broken,
Bread of life indeed !
Manna for the hungry,
In their sorest need ;
Pledge of our salvation,
How we thirst for Thee !
Cup of heavenly blessing,
Wine of charity !
- 3 Thou, O holy Saviour,
Come and enter in ;
Cleanse away the impress
Of our dreadful sin !
Make us pure, we pray Thee,
Thou who art so pure !
Let Thy perfect image
In our heart endure.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 4 Spirit, Holy Spirit,
Aid us with Thy love ;
Give Thy gentle presence,
Ever blessèd Dove !
Father, O receive us,
Now for Jesus' sake,
Our unworthy worship
Condescend to take !

1001 10, 10, 10, 10. [C. L. FORD.]
*Now, when the even was come, He sat down
with the twelve.—Matt. xxvi. 20*

- 1 THIS is My body, which is given for you :
Do this—He said, and break—remembering
Me.
O Lamb of God, our Paschal offering true,
To us the Bread of Life each moment be.
- 2 This is My blood, for sins' remission shed—
He spake, and passed the cup of blessing
round :
So let us drink, and, on life's fulness fed,
With heavenly joy each quickening pulse shall
bound.
- 3 The hour is come ! with us in peace sit down ;
Thine own beloved, O love us to the end ;
Serve us one banquet, ere the night's dark frown
Veil from our sight the presence of our Friend.
- 4 Girded with love, still wash Thy servants' feet,
While they, submissive, wonder and adore ;
Bathed in Thy blood, our spirits every whit
Are clean—Yet cleanse our goings more and
more.
- 5 Some will betray Thee—Master, is it I ?
Leaning upon Thy love, we ask in fear—
Ourselves mistrusting, earnestly we cry
To Thee, the Strong, for strength when sin is
near.

THE CHRISTIAN ORDINANCES :

- 6 But round us fall the evening shadows dim ;
 A saddened awe pervades our darkening
 sense ;
 In solemn choir we sing the parting hymn,
 And hear Thy voice—Arise, let us go hence.

1002 L.M. WATTS.*
The wedding was furnished with guests.
 Matthew xxii. 10.

- 1 **H**OW rich are Thy provisions, Lord !
 Thy table furnished from above ;
 The fruits of life o'erspread the board,
 The cup o'erflows with heavenly love.
- 2 We are the poor, the blind, the lame,
 And help was far, and death was nigh ;
 But at the gospel-call we came,
 And every want received supply.
- 3 From the broad road that leads to hell,
 From paths of darkness and despair,
 Lord, we are come with Thee to dwell,
 Glad to enjoy Thy presence here.
- 4 What shall we render to the Son,
 That left the heaven of His abode,
 And to this wretched earth came down,
 To bring us wanderers back to God ?
- 5 It cost Him death to save our lives ;
 To buy our souls it cost His own ;
 And all the unknown joys He gives
 Were bought with agonies unknown.
- 6 Our everlasting love is due
 To Him that ransomed sinners lost ;
 And pitied rebels when He knew
 The vast love would cost.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

03 ^{84, 10 10.} *This is the bread which cometh down from* E. S.
heaven.—John vi. 50.

THOU givest us the bread of life,
Without the strife,
The weariness of heart, the toil, the care,
With which our earthly tables we prepare.

1 The world is full of deep unrest ;
But we are blest,
Who see our loving Father's table spread,
E'en in the wilderness, with daily bread.

2 Nor bread alone, but also wine,
The living Vine,
Supplies us daily from the unfailing store,
That we may never thirst or hunger more.

3 Thou lovest us, we need not fear
To draw so near ;
Thou longest all Thy weary ones to feed,
For Thou alone canst satisfy our need.

004 ^{L M.} *We will come...and make our abode with*
him.—John xiv. 23.

1 WHAT happiness can equal mine ?
I've found the object of my love ;
My Saviour and my Lord divine
Is come to me from heaven above.

2 O royal banquet, heavenly feast !
O flowing Fount of life and grace !
Where God the giver, man the guest,
Meet and unite in sweet embrace.

3 Dear Jesus, now my heart is Thine,
Oh, may it never from Thee fly ;
My God, be Thou for ever mine,
And I Thine own eternally.

THE CHRISTIAN ORDINANCES.

- 4 No more, O Satan, thee I fear ;
 O world, thy charms I now despise ;
 For Christ Himself is with me here,
 My joy, my life, my Paradise !

1005 C.M. [T. B. BROWNE]
The Lord's table.—1 Cor. x. 21.

- 1 **O** JESUS Christ, the Holy One,
 I long to be with Thee ;
 O Jesus Christ, the lowly One,
 Come and abide with me.
- 2 Now while the symbols of Thy love
 Before Thy saints are set,
 And Thou descending from above,
 Their yearning hearts hast met ;
- 3 Come, and o'ershadow with Thy power
 This lonely heart of mine,
 And feed me in this solemn hour
 With Thine own bread and wine.
- 4 My meat indeed—my drink indeed—
 Art Thou, my gracious Lord ;
 Help Thou my soul by faith to feed
 On this Thy precious word ;
- 5 Till nourished, strengthened, satisfied,
 My glad and thankful heart
 Forgets the things Thou hast denied
 In those Thou dost impart.

1006 10 10 10 10. H. BONAR.
*I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of
 the vine, until that day when I drink it new with
 you in my Father's kingdom.*—Matthew xxvi. 29.

- 1 **H**ERE, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face ;
 Here I would touch and handle things
 unseen ;
 Here grasp with firmer hand the eternal grace,
 And all my weariness upon Thee lean.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

- 2 Here I would feed upon the bread of God ;
Here drink with Thee the royal wine of heaven ;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.
- 3 This is the hour of banquet and of song,
This is the heavenly table, spread for me ;
Here let me feast, and feasting, still prolong
The brief, bright hour of fellowship with Thee.
- 4 Too soon we rise ; the symbols disappear ;
The feast, though not the love, is passed and
gone ;
The bread and wine remove, but Thou art here,
Nearer than ever, still my shield and sun.
- 5 Feast after feast thus comes and passes by ;
Yet, passing, points to the glad feast above,
Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,
The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and
love.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

1007 L.M. G. W. DOANE.*
Lift up a standard for the people.—Isa. lxii. 10.

- 1 **F**LING out the banner ! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide ;
Fling out the banner of the cross,
The cross on which the Saviour died.
- 2 Fling out the banner ! angels bend,
In anxious silence, o'er the sign ;
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonders of the love divine.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

- 3 Fling out the banner ! heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight,
And nations, crowding to be born,
Baptize their spirits in its light.
- 4 Fling out the banner ! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide ;
Our glory only in the cross ;
Our only hope the Crucified.
- 5 Fling out the banner ! wide and high,
Seaward and skyward let it shine ;
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours ;
We conquer only in that sign.

1008 7 6s. Double. HEBER.
They shall come from the east and from the west.—Luke xiii. 29.

- 1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.
- 2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Java's isle ;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile ;
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown ;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny ?

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

Salvation ! O salvation !
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story ;
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole ;
Till, o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss return to reign.

1009 L.M. MONTGOMERY.
I will pour... my Spirit upon all flesh.
Acts ii. 17.

- 1 O SPIRIT of the living God,
In all Thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.
- 2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love
To preach the reconciling word ;
Give power and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.
- 3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light ;
Confusion, order in Thy path ;
Souls without strength inspire with might ;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.
- 4 O Spirit of the Lord, prepare
All the round earth her God to meet ;
Breathe Thou abroad like morning air,
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.
- 5 Baptize the nations, far and nigh,
The triumphs of the cross record ;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call Him Lord.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

- 6 God from eternity hath willed
All flesh shall His salvation see ;
So be the Father's love fulfilled,
The Saviour's sufferings crowned thro' Thee.

1010 87, 87, 47. [W. WILLIAMS.]
The earth shall see the salvation of God.
Isa. lii. 10.

- 1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness
Look, my soul, be still and gaze ;
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace ;
Blessèd jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn.
- 2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,
Let the rude barbarian see
That divine and glorious conquest,
Once obtained on Calvary ;
Let the gospel
Loud resound from pole to pole.
- 3 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light ;
And, from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night ;
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.
- 4 May the glorious day approaching
Thine eternal love proclaim ;
And the everlasting gospel
Spread abroad Thy holy name,
O'er the borders
Of the Great Immanuel's land.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

- 5 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease ;
May thy lasting wide dominion
Multiply and still increase ;
Sway Thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around.

1011 88, 88, 66 66, 8. MONTGOMERY.
O send out Thy light and Thy truth.
Ps. xliii. 3.

- 1 **S**END out Thy light and truth, O God !
With sound of trumpet from above ;
Break not the nations with Thy rod,
But draw them as with cords of love ;
Justice and mercy meet ;
The work is well begun ;
Through every clime their feet,
Who bring glad tidings, run,
Here, as in heaven, Thy will be done.
- 2 Before Thee every idol fall ;
Rend the false prophet's veil of lies ;
The fulness of the Gentiles call,
Be Israel saved, let Jacob rise.
Thy kingdom come indeed,
Thy church with union bless,
All Scripture be her creed,
And every tongue confess
One Lord—the Lord our Righteousness.
- 3 Now, for the travail of His soul,
Messiah's peaceful reign advance ;
From sea to sea, from pole to pole,
He claims His pledged inheritance ;
O Thou most mighty ! gird
Thy sword upon Thy thigh—
That two-edged sword, Thy word
By which Thy foes shall die,
Then be new-born beneath Thine eye.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

- 4 So perish all Thine enemies ;
 Their enmity alone be slain ;
 Them, with 'Thy arm of mercy seize ;
 Breathe, and their souls shall come again ;
 So may 'Thy friends at length,
 Oft smitten, oft laid low,
 Forth, like the sun in strength,
 Conquering, to conquer go,
Till to 'Thy throne all nations flow.

1012 *The bright and morning star.*—Rev. xxii. 16. C.M. [SIR E. DENNY.]

- 1 **L**IGHT of the lonely pilgrim's heart,
 Star of the coming day !
 Arise, and with Thy morning beams,
 Chase all our griefs away.
- 2 Come, blessèd Lord ! let every shore
 And answering island sing
 The praises of 'Thy royal name,
 And own Thee as their King.
- 3 Bid the whole earth, responsive now
 To the bright world above,
 Break forth in rapturous strains of joy
 In memory of 'Thy love.
- 4 Lord, Lord ! Thy fair creation groans,
 The air, the earth, the sea,
 In unison with all our hearts,
 And calls aloud for Thee.
- 5 'Thine was the cross, with all its fruits
 Of grace and peace divine ;
 Be Thine the crown of glory now,
 The palm of victory Thine !

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

1013 664, 6664. [MARRIOTT.]
Let there be light.—Gen. i. 3.

1 **T**HOU, whose almighty word,
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray ;
And where the gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray—
Let there be light. .

2 Thou who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
O now, to all mankind,
Let there be light.

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, Holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight ;
Move on the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light.

4 Holy and blessèd Three !
Thou Glorious Trinity !
Wisdom ! Love ! Might !
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the earth far and wide,
Let there be light.

[014 S.M. TATE AND BRADY.*
Psalm lxvii.

1 **T**O bless Thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline,
And cause the brightness of Thy face
On all Thy saints to shine.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

- 2 That so Thy wondrous way
May through the world be known ;
While distant lands their tribute pay,
And Thy salvation own.
- 3 Let differing nations join,
To celebrate Thy fame ;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise Thy glorious name.
- 4 Oh, let them shout and sing
With joy and pious mirth ;
For Thou, the righteous Judge and King,
Shalt govern all the earth.
- 5 Then God upon our land
Shall constant blessings shower ;
And all the world in awe shall stand
Of His resistless power.

1015

C.M.
Psalm lxxvii.

WATTI

- 1 **S**HINE, mighty God, on Britain shine,
With beams of heavenly grace ;
Reveal Thy power through all our coasts,
And show Thy smiling face.
- 2 Amidst our isle, exalted high,
Do Thou our glory stand,
And like a wall of guardian fire,
Surround this favoured land.
- 3 When shall Thy name, from shore to shore,
Sound all the earth abroad ;
And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God ?
- 4 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Sing loud, with solemn voice ;
While British tongues exalt His praise,
And British hearts rejoice.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

- 5 He, the great Lord, the sovereign Judge,
That sits enthroned above,
Wisely commands the worlds He made
In justice and in love.
- 6 Earth shall obey her Maker's will,
And yield a full increase ;
Our God will crown His chosen isle
With fruitfulness and peace.
- 7 God, the Redeemer, scatters round
His choicest favours here ;
While the creation's utmost bound
Shall see, adore, and fear.

1016

7s. Six lines.
Psalm lxxvii.

H. F. LYTE.

- 1 **G**OD of mercy, God of grace,
Show the brightness of Thy face.
Shine upon us, Saviour, shine ;
Fill Thy church with light divine ;
And Thy saving health extend,
Unto earth's remotest end.
- 2 Let the people praise Thee, Lord ;
Be by all that live adored ;
Let the nations shout and sing
Glory to their Saviour King ;
At Thy feet their tribute pay,
And Thy holy will obey.
- 3 Let the people praise Thee, Lord,
Earth shall then her fruits afford ;
God to man His blessing give ;
Man to God devoted live ;
All below, and all above,
One in joy and light and love.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

1017

C.M.

H. F. LYTE.⁶

Psalm lxvii.

- 1 **B**E merciful to us, O God !
Upon Thy people shine ;
And spread Thy saving truth abroad,
Till all that live are Thine.
- 2 Give light and comfort to Thine own,
And let that light extend,
Till Thy prevailing name is known
To earth's remotest end.
- 3 Let all the nations praise Thee, Lord !
Let all their homage bring ;
From sea to sea be Thou adored,
Redeemer, Judge, and King !
- 4 Let all the nations praise Thee, Lord !
Then earth her fruits shall give ;
Thy blessing shall on all be poured,
And all to Thee shall live.

1018

87s. Double.

[A. C. COXE.]

So shall He sprinkle many nations.
Isaiah lii. 15.

- 1 **S**AVIOUR, sprinkle many nations,
Fruitful let Thy sorrows be,
By Thy pains and consolations
Draw the Gentiles unto Thee ;
Of Thy cross the wondrous story
Be to all the nations told ;
Let them see Thee in Thy glory,
And Thy mercy manifold.
- 2 Far and wide, though all unknowing,
Pants for Thee each mortal breast ;
Human tears for Thee are flowing,
Human hearts in Thee would rest.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

Thirsting, as for dews of even,
As the new-mown grass for rain,
Thee they seek, as God of heaven,
Thee, as Man, for sinners slain.

- 3 Saviour, lo ! the isles are waiting,
Stretched the hand, and strained the sight,
For Thy Spirit, new creating
Love's pure flame and wisdom's light ;
Give the word, and of the preacher
Speed the foot, and touch the tongue,
Till on earth by every creature
Glory to the Lamb be sung.

1019 C.M. HOBART SEYMOUR.
His dominion shall be from sea to sea,
Zech. ix. 10.

- 1 JESUS, Immortal King, arise ;
Rise and assert Thy sway ;
Till earth subdued its tribute bring,
And distant lands obey.
- 2 Ride forth, victorious Conqueror, ride,
Till all Thy foes submit ;
And all the powers of hell resign
Their trophies at Thy feet.
- 3 Send forth Thy word, and let it fly
This spacious earth around ;
Till every soul beneath the sun
Shall hear the joyful sound.
- 4 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
May Jesus be adored ;
And earth, with all her millions, shout
Hosannas to the Lord.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

1020

7s.
Psalm lxxii.

HARRIET AUBER.

- 1 **H**ASTEN, Lord, the glorious time,
When, beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the gospel's call obey.
- 2 Then shall wars and tumults cease,
Then be banished grief and pain ;
Righteousness, and joy, and peace,
Undisturbed shall ever reign.
- 3 As when soft and gentle showers
Fall upon the thirsty plain,
Springing grass and blooming flowers
Clothe the wilderness again,—
- 4 So Thy Spirit shall descend,
Softening every stony heart,
And His sweetest influence lend,
All that's lovely to impart.
- 5 Time shall sun and moon obscure,
Seas be dried, and rocks be riven,
But His reign shall still endure,
Endless as the days of heaven.
- 6 Bless we, then, our gracious Lord,
Ever praise His glorious name ;
All His mighty acts record,
All His wondrous love proclaim.

1021

C.M.

[GIBBONS.]

My name shall be great among the heathen.
Mal. i. 11.

- 1 **G**REAT God ! the nations of the earth
Are by creation Thine ;
And in Thy nature's birth,
Thy power

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

- 2 But, Lord, Thy greater love hath sent
Thy gospel to our race ;
Unveiling Thy divine intent
Of rich redeeming grace.
- 3 Soon may these gracious tidings roll
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe, and every soul,
Shall hear the joyful sound.
- 4 When, to her sable sons conveyed,
Shall Afric learn Thy word,
And vassals, long enslaved, be made
The freemen of the Lord ?
- 5 When shall the scattered wanderers meet,
That now in darkness rove,
And, gathered round Immanuel's feet,
Sing of His saving love ?
- 6 O Lord, each faithful effort own,
To spread the gospel rays ;
And rear on sin's demolished throne
The temples of Thy praise.

022 6666, 88. DODDRIDGE.
A house of prayer for all people.—Isa. lvi. 7.

- 1 GREAT Father of mankind,
We bless that wondrous grace
Which could for Gentiles find
Within Thy courts a place.
How kind the care
Our God displays,
For us to raise
A house of prayer !
- 2 Though once estrangèd far,
We now approach the throne ;
For Jesus brings us near,
And makes our cause His own ;

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

Strangers no more,
To Thee we come,
And find our home,
And rest secure.

3 To Thee our souls we join,
And love Thy sacred name ;
No more our own, but Thine,
We triumph in Thy claim ;
Our Father-king,
Thy covenant grace
Our souls embrace ;
Thy titles sing.

4 May all the nations throng
To worship in Thy house ;
And Thou attend the song,
And smile upon their vows ;
Indulgent still,
Till earth conspire
To join the choir
On Zion's hill.

1023 S.M. Double. C. WESLEY
One fold and one Shepherd.—John x. 16.

1 FATHER of boundless grace,
Thou hast in part fulfilled
Thy promise made to Adam's race,
In God Incarnate sealed :
A few from every land
At first to Salem came,
And saw the wonders of Thy hand,
And saw the tongues of flame ;

2 Yet still we wait the end,
The coming of our Lord :
The full accomplishment attend
Of Thy prophetic word.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

Thy promise deeper lies,
In unexhausted grace ;
And new-discovered worlds arise
To sing their Saviour's praise.

- 3 Beloved for Jesus' sake,
By Him redeemed of old,
All nations must come in, and make
One undivided fold ;
While gathered in by Thee,
And perfected in one,
They all, at once, Thy glory see,
In Thine eternal Son.

024 S.M. WARDLAW.
*The glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and
all flesh shall see it together.—Isa. xl. 5.*

- 1 **O** LORD our God, arise,
The cause of truth maintain ;
And wide o'er all the peopled world
Extend its blessed reign.
- 2 Thou Prince of Life, arise,
Nor let Thy glory cease ;
Far spread the conquests of Thy grace,
And bless the earth with peace.
- 3 Thou Holy Ghost, arise,
Expand Thy quickening wing,
And o'er a dark and ruined world,
Let light and order spring.
- 4 All on the earth arise,
To God the Saviour sing ;
From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,
Let echoing anthems ring.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

1025 C.M. [SIR E. DENNY.]
*And there was given Him dominion, and
 glory, and a kingdom.—Daniel vii. 14.*

- 1 **I** SLES of the deep, rejoice ! rejoice !
 Ye ransomed nations, sing
 The praises of your Lord and God,
 The triumphs of your King.
- 2 He comes, and at His mighty word,
 The clouds are fleeting past,
 And o'er the land of promise see,
 The glory breaks at last.
- 3 Oh, let His praises fill the earth,
 While all the blest above,
 In strains of loftier triumph still,
 Speak only of His love.
- 4 Sing, ye redeemed ! Before the throne,
 Ye white-robed myriads fall ;
 Sing—for the Lord of glory reigns,
 The Christ—the heir of all.

1026 S.M. WATTS.
 Psalm cxvii.

- 1 **T**HY name, Almighty Lord,
 Shall sound through distant lands ;
 Great is Thy grace, and sure Thy word ;
 Thy truth for ever stands.
- 2 Far be Thine honour spread,
 And long Thy praise endure,
 Till morning light and evening shade
 Shall be exchanged no more.

1027 C.M. WATTS.
 Psalm cxvii.

- 1 **O** ALL ye nations, praise the Lord,
 Each with a different tongue ;
 In every language learn His word,
 And let His name be sung.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

- 2 His mercy reigns through every land :
Proclaim His grace abroad :
For ever firm His truth shall stand ;
Praise ye the faithful God.

1028 L.M. MONTGOMERY
*God who commanded the light to shine out
of darkness.—2 Corinthians iv. 6.*

- 1 "LET there be light" thus spake the Word :
The Word was God ; and there was light !"
Still the creative voice is heard ;
A day is born from every night.
- 2 And every night shall turn to day,
While months, and years, and ages roll :
But we have seen a brighter ray
Dawn on the chaos of the soul.
- 3 Nor we alone : its wakening smiles
Have broke the gloom of pagan sleep ;
The Word hath reached the utmost isles ;
God's Spirit moves upon the deep.
- 4 Already from the dust of death,
Man in his Maker's image stands ;
Once more he draws immortal breath,
And stretches forth to heaven his hands.
- 5 From day to day before our eyes,
Glow and extends the work begun.
When shall the new creation rise
On every land beneath the sun ?
- 6 When, in the sabbath of His love,
Shall God amidst His labours rest ;
And, bending from His throne above,
Again pronounce His creatures blest ?
- 7 Soon the redeemed, in every clime,
Yea, all that breathe, and move, and live,
To Christ, through every age of time,
Shall kingdom, power, and glory give.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS :

1029 [FOR THE JEWS] 7 6s. H. F. LY
*Oh, that the salvation of Israel were as
out of Zion.—Psalm xiv. 7.*

- 1 **O** THAT the Lord's salvation
Were out of Zion come,
To heal His ancient nation,
To lead His outcasts home !
- 2 How long the holy city
Shall heathen feet profane ?
Return, O Lord, in pity,
Rebuild her walls again.
- 3 Let fall Thy rod of terror ;
Thy saving grace impart ;
Roll back the veil of error :
Release the fettered heart.
- 4 Let Israel home returning,
Her lost Messiah see :
Give oil of joy for mourning,
And bind Thy church to Thee.

(For additional Hymns see Hymns on *Christ's "FINAL
TRIUMPH :*" Hymns 339—355.

DEPARTURE OF MISSIONARIES.

1030 664, 6664. KELL'
Preach the gospel to every creature.
Mark xvi. 15.

- 1 **S**OUND, sound the truth abroad,
Bear ye the word of God
Through the wide world ;
Tell what our Lord has done ;

DEPARTURE OF MISSIONARIES.

Tell how the day is won,
And from his lofty throne
Satan is hurled.

- 2 When on the mighty deep,
He will your spirits keep,
Stayed on His word ;
When in a foreign land,
No other friend at hand,
Jesus will by you stand—
Jesus, your Lord.
- 3 Ye who, forsaking all,
At your loved Master's call,
Comforts resign ;
Soon will your work be done,
Soon will the prize be won,
Brighter than yonder sun,
Then shall ye shine.

31 115. GRINFIELD.
*I will be to them as a little sanctuary in the
countries where they shall come.*
Ezekiel xi. 16.

THOUGH far from *thy* [*your*] country, un-
friended, unknown,
O *servant* [*servants*] of Jesus, *thou art* [*you are*]
not alone ;
 midst heathens, His presence shall still be *thy*
 [*your*] home,
 His smile give *thee* [*you*] gladness, where'er *thou*
 shalt [*you may*] roam.

Go forth to the harvest ; 'tis white to the view ;
 That harvest how plenteous, its reapers how few !
 Go forth ; if in going the labourer grieves,
 He shall reap, he shall rest, and rejoice o'er his
 sheaves.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS :

- 3 Then go, faithful *servant* [*servants*] and think,
when distressed,
How sweet with *thy* [*your*] Lord from *thy* [*your*]
labours to rest !
Those labours, how swiftly they haste to their
close,
All vanished, forgotten, in blissful repose !

1032 11, 11, 11, 11. Irregular. G. W. BETHUNE.
That we should go to the heathen.
Galatians ii. 9.

- 1 FAREWELL to *thee*, brother ! [*you brethren*]
we meet but to part,
And sorrow is struggling with joy in each heart;
There is grief, but there's hope all its anguish to
quell ;
The Master goes with *thee* [*you*—farewel', oh !
farewell !
- 2 Farewell ! *thou art* [*you are*] leaving the home of
thy [*your*] youth,
The friends of *thy* [*your*] God, and the temples
of truth,
For the land where is heard no sweet sabbath
bell ;
Yet the Master goes with *thee* [*you*—farewell,
oh ! farewell !
- 3 Farewell ! *for thou treadest* [*you are treading*] the
path that He trod,
His God is *thy* [*your*] Father, His Father *thy*
[*your*] God ;
And if ever with doubtings, *thy* [*your*] bosom
shall swell,
Remember He's with *thee* [*you*—Farewell Oh !
farewell !

DEPARTURE OF MISSIONARIES.

- 4 Farewell ! and God speed *thee* [*you*] glad tidings
to bear,
To the desolate *isles* [*lands*] in their night of
despair ;
On the sea, on the shore, all the promises tell,
His wings shall enfold *thee* [*you*]*—Farewell ! Oh*
farewell !
- 5 Farewell ! but in spirit we often shall meet,
Though the ocean divides us, at one mercy-seat,
And above ne'er to part, but for ever to dwell
With the Master in glory—Farewell ! Oh farewell.

1033 7, 6s. Double.
Do my prophets no harm.—Psalm cv. 15.

- 1 **R**OLL on, thou mighty ocean,
And, as thy billows flow,
Bear messengers of mercy
To every land below ;
Arise, ye gales, and waft them
Safe to the destined shore ;
That man may sit in darkness
And death's black shade no more.
- 2 O Thou eternal Ruler,
Who holdest in Thy arm
The tempests of the ocean,
Protect them from all harm !
Thy presence still be with them,
Wherever they may be ;
Though far from us who love them,
Still let them be with Thee !

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

1034

87, 87, 47.

T. H. GILL.

I will ... make them joyful in My house of prayer.—Isaiah lvi. 7.

- 1 **B**RIGHT Thy presence when it breaketh,
Lord, on some rapt soul apart;
Sweet Thy Spirit when it speaketh
Peace unto some lonely heart;
Blest the raptures
From unaided lips that start.
- 2 But more bright Thy presence dwelleth
In a waiting, burning throng;
Yet more sweet the rapture swelleth
Of a many-voicèd song:
More divinely
Glowe each soul glad souls among.
- 3 Not alone, each angel waiteth;
Not apart, each seraph sings;
Lo! the Heavenly Host dilateth,
Circling bright the King of kings:
Hark! the rapture
From ten thousand voices rings.
- 4 With that radiant throng supernal
Grant me Lord to shine for Thee;
With that harmony eternal
Blend my song eternally!
Let me love Thee
Dearer still in company.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

35

10, 10, 11, 11.
Psalm lxxxiv.

CONDER.*

- 1 **H**OW honoured, how dear,
That sacred abode
Where Christians draw near
Their Father and God !
'Mid worldly commotion,
My wearied soul faints
For the house of devotion,
The home of Thy saints.
- 2 Oh, happy the choirs,
Who praise Thee above !
What joy tunes their lyres,
Their worship is love.
Yet, safe in Thy keeping,
And happy they be,
In this world of weeping,
Whose strength is in Thee.
- 3 Though rugged their way,
They drink as they go,
Of springs that convey
New life as they flow.
The God they rely on
Their strength shall renew,
Till each, brought to Zion,
His glory shall view.
- 4 Thou Hearer of prayer,
Still grant me a place,
Where Christians repair,
To the courts of Thy grace.
More blest beyond measure,
One day so employed,
Than years of vain pleasure
Without Thee enjoyed.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 5 The Lord is a sun ;
The Lord is a shield :
What grace has begun,
With glory is sealed.
He hears the distressed,
He succours the just,
And they shall be blessed,
Who make Him their trust.

1036

L.M.
Psalm lxxxiv.

WATTS.

- 1 GREAT God, attend while Sion sings
The joy that from Thy presence springs,
To spend one day with Thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.
- 2 God is our sun ; He makes our day ;
God is our shield ; He guards our way
From all the assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without, and foes within.
- 3 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too,
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.
- 4 O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
And devils at Thy presence flee ;
Blessed is the man that trusts in Thee.

1037

668, 668.
Psalm cxxii.

WATTS.

- 1 HOW pleased and blest was I
To hear the people cry—
Come, let us seek our God to-day ;
Yes, with a cheerful zeal
We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honours pay.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 2 Zion, thrice happy place,
Adorned with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round;
In thee our tribes appear,
To pray and praise and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.
- 3 There David's greater Son
Has fixed His royal throne,
He sits for grace and judgment there :
He bids the saint be glad,
He makes the sinner sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.
- 4 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait
To bless the soul of every guest :
The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest.
- 5 My tongue repeats her vows,
Peace to this sacred house !
For there my friends and kindred dwell ;
And since my glorious God
Makes thee His blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

1038

S.M.

MONTGOMERY.

*The nations of them which are saved shall
walk in the light of it.—Rev. xxi. 24.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD yon bright array
Before the sapphire throne ;
There, young nor old, nor rich nor poor,
There, bond nor free are known.
- 2 At once they strike their lyres,
At once break off—and all,
With trembling joy, and silent love,
In adoration fall.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 3 Whate'er their lot below,
As fellow-heirs of bliss,
In heaven their services are one ;
Let earth be heaven in this.
- 4 As brethren, thus may we
Worship with one accord ;
In stillness wait, in prayer bow down,
Stand up, and bless the Lord.
- 5 As pilgrims on their way,
Thousands these courts shall fill,
And travel on from strength to strength,
Abreast to Zion's hill.
- 6 May all those pilgrims meet,
When faith is changed to sight,
Where God the Lord Himself shall be
The temple and the light ;
- 7 Where on the sea of glass,
The ransomed nations sing,
And to the Lamb that once was slain
Eternal glory bring.

1039 7 6s. Double. T. H. GILL.
Ye are a spiritual house.—1 Pet. ii. 5.

- 1 LORD God ! of old who wentest
Where'er the ark removed,
Who Thine own presence lentest,
To Sion's hill beloved ;
Who in the cloud didst render
Thine Israel's camp divine,
And in the fiery splendour
Amidst her host didst shine ;
- 2 Where now is seen Thy glory ?
Where makest Thine abode ?
Where now on earth doth tarry
The presence of our God ?

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

For still Thine arm Thou showest,
For still Thou dost appear,
Thy presence Thou bestowest
Still in Thy temple here.

- 3 Where'er Thy saints confess Thee
With lifted hearts and hands,
Where'er Thy people bless Thee,
There, there Thy temple stands.
Thy presence thence they carry,
Thy presence thither bring ;
Thou stayest where they tarry,
Still with them goes their King.
- 4 Thou dwellest, Heavenly Father,
Where Thine own children meet ;
Where His redeemèd gather,
The Saviour there they greet.
Where linkèd souls are yearning
The Spirit yearneth there ;
Where hearts and lips are burning
He breathes the praise and prayer.

- 5 Lord, come and with us tarry !
Lord, come and with us go !
Be this Thy sanctuary,
Thy presence here bestow.
Here spread Thy consecration,
Here spend Thine utmost grace ;
Our souls Thy habitation,
Our songs Thy dwelling-place.

040 L.M. MONTGOMERY.*
*Where two or three are gathered together
in My name, there am I.—Matt. xviii. 20.*

- 1 NOT here, as to the prophet's eye,
The Lord upon His throne appears ;
Nor seraph tongues responsive cry,
Holy, thrice holy ! in our ears.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 2 Yet God is present in this place,
Veiled in serener majesty !
So full of glory, truth, and grace,
That faith alone such light can see.
- 3 Nor as He in the temple taught,
Is Christ within these walls revealed,
When blind and deaf and dumb were brought,
Lepers, and lame ; and all were healed.
- 4 Yet here, when two or three shall meet,
Or thronging multitudes are found,
All may sit down at Jesus' feet,
And hear from Him the joyful sound.

1041

**L.M. Six lines. TERSTEEGEN,
tr. JOHN WESLEY.**

Surely the Lord is in this place.—Gen. xxviii. 16.

- 1 **L**O! God is here! let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place;
Let all within us feel His power,
And silent bow before His face;
Who know His power, His grace who prove,
Serve Him with awe, with reverence love.
- 2 **L**O! God is here; Him day and night
The united choirs of angels sing;
To Him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring;
Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
Who praise Thee with a stammering tongue.
- 3 **G**reat God of glory, may Thy grace
Our souls with strength and rapture fill;
Now may we see Thee face to face,
Now learn to do Thy holy will;
To Thee may all our thoughts arise,
Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

1042 L.M. PIERPONT.
*In every place incense shall be offered unto
My name.—Malachi i. 11.*

- 1 O THOU, to whom in ancient time
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung ;
Whom kings adored in song sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing tongue ;
- 2 Not now on Zion's height alone,
Thy favoured worshippers may dwell,
Nor where at sultry noon Thy Son
Sat weary by the patriarch's well ;
- 3 From every place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,
The incense of the heart may rise
To heaven, and find acceptance there.
- 4 To Thee shall age with snowy hair,
And strength and beauty bend the knee ;
And childhood lisp, with reverent air,
Its praises and its prayers to Thee.
- 5 O Thou, to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of prophet bards was strung,
To Thee at last, in every clime,
Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.

1043 7 8, 7 8, 8 8. CLAUSNITZER,
tr. C. WINKWORTH.
*Now therefore are we all here present before
God.—Acts x. 33.*

- 1 BLESSED Jesus, at Thy word
We are gathered all to hear Thee ;
Let our hearts and souls be stirred
Now to seek and love and fear Thee ;
By Thy teachings sweet and holy
Drawn from earth to love Thee solely.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 2 All our knowledge, sense, and sight
Lie in deepest darkness shrouded,
Till Thy Spirit breaks our night
With the beams of truth unclouded;
Thou alone to God canst win us,
Thou must work all good within us.
- 3 Glorious Lord, Thyself impart !
Light of light from God proceeding,
Open Thou our ears and heart,
Help us by Thy Spirit's pleading ;
Hear the cry Thy people raises,
Hear and bless our prayers and praises.

1044 7 5, 7 5, 7 5, 7 5, 8 8. H. BONAR.
*Hear Thou from heaven, Thy dwelling place,
and forgive.*—2 Chron. vi. 30.

- 1 **W**HEN the weary, seeking rest,
To Thy goodness flee ;
When the heavy-laden cast
All their load on Thee ;
When the troubled, seeking peace,
On Thy name shall call ;
When the sinner, seeking life,
At Thy feet shall fall ;
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.
- 2 When the worldling, sick at heart,
Lifts his soul above ;
When the prodigal looks back
To his Father's love ;
When the proud man, in his pride,
Stoops to seek Thy face ;
When the burdened brings his guilt
To Thy throne of grace ;
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

When the stranger asks a home
All his toils to end ;
When the hungry craveth food,
And the poor a friend ;
When the sailor on the wave
Bows the fervent knee ;
When the soldier on the field
Lifts his heart to Thee ;
Hear, then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

When the man of toil and care
In the city crowd ;
When the shepherd on the moor
Names the name of God ;
When the learnèd and the high,
Tired of earthly fame,
Upon higher joys intent,
Name the blessèd Name ;
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

When the child, with grave fresh lip,
Youth, or maiden fair ;
When the agèd, weak and gray,
Seek Thy face in prayer ;
When the widow weeps to Thee
Sad and lone and low ;
When the orphan brings to Thee
All his orphan woe ;
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

When creation, in her pangs,
Heaves her heavy groan ;
When Thy Salem's exiled sons
Breathe their bitter moan ;

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

When Thy widowed, weeping church,
Looking for a home,
Sendeth up her silent sigh,
Come, Lord Jesus, come !
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

THOMAS H. GILL

1045

The living God.—1 Tim. iv. 10.

- 1 NOT, Lord, Thine ancient works alone,
Thy wonders to past ages shown,
Make our glad spirits glow.
Our eyes behold Thy works of might ;
On us full beam Thy wonders bright ;
The living God we know.
- 2 We joy not only to be told,
How with Thy saints and seers of old
Thou madest sweet abode.
We of Thy presence bright can tell,
Thou in Thy living saints dost dwell ;
We feel the living God.
- 3 Thou settest us each task divine ;
We bless that helping hand of Thine,
This strength by Thee bestowed.
Thou minglest in the glorious fight,
Thine own the cause—Thine own the might,
We serve the living God.
- 4 Ah ! soon we droop ! ah ! soon we tire ;
Our fainting hearts new strength require,
Again would quickened be.
We ask no priest ; we seek no shrine ;
To Thee we come for life divine,
Thou living God, to Thee.
- 5 O more than satisfy our need ;
Our most divine desire exceed ;
Our constant Quickener be.
Thou living God, possess us still ;
Thy wondrous life in us fulfil,
Our blessed life in Thee.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

046 668, 668, 3366. W. TIDD MATSON.
*In His temple doth every one speak of His
glory.—Psalm xxix. 9.*

- 1 **G**OD is in His temple,
The Almighty Father !
Round His footstool let us gather :—
Him with adoration
Serve the Lord most holy,
Who hath mercy on the lowly.
Let us raise
Hymns of praise,
For His great salvation :—
God is in His temple !
- 2 Christ comes to His temple :
We, His word receiving,
Are made happy in believing.
Lo ! from sin delivered !
He hath turned our sadness,
Our deep gloom to light and gladness !
Let us raise
Hymns of praise,
For our bonds are severed :—
Christ comes to His temple !
- 3 Come, and claim thy temple,
Gracious Holy Spirit !
In our hearts Thy home inherit :—
Make in us Thy dwelling ;
Thy high work fulfilling,
Into ours Thy will instilling ;
Till we raise
Hymns of praise,
Beyond mortal telling,
In the eternal temple !

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

1047 109, 109, 10 108, 10 108. W. TIDD MATSON
Glory to God in the highest.—Luke ii. 14.

- 1 **G**LORY, glory to God in the highest !
Angels in chorus joyfully cry ;
Glory, glory to God in the highest !
Trembling and weak our voices reply.
Fain would we echo their anthem above,
Fain would we sing to the fountain of love,
Glory to God in the highest !
What though but feebly our accents arise,
Deigning to hearken, He bends from the skies,
Glory to God in the highest !
 - 2 Glory, glory to God in the highest !
Bright-beaming stars of midnight proclaim,
Glory, glory to God in the highest !
All nature peals forth in praise to His name,
Warbles the woodland, and whispers the breeze,
Roar out the torrents and tempest-tossed seas,
Glory to God in the highest !
Loud His creation still ceaseless prolongs,
Praise to her Maker in all her glad songs,
Glory to God in the highest !
 - 3 Glory, glory to God in the highest !
Joining the choir, our tribute we bring ;
Glory, glory to God in the highest !
Mortals break silence, gratefully sing ;
Reigning in majesty, thronèd above,
Yours is the royalest gift of His love.
Glory to God in the highest !
Spread through creation, His grandeur we trace,
Only in man He revealeth His grace,
Glory to God in the highest !
-

PUBLIC WORSHIP : COMMENCEMENT.

1048

87, 87, 47.

KELLY.*

Speak; for thy servant heareth.

1 Sam. iii. 10.

- 1 **I**N Thy name, O Lord, assembling,
We, Thy people, now draw near;
Teach us to rejoice with trembling,
Speak, and let Thy servants hear;
Hear with meekness,
Hear Thy word with godly fear.
- 2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord, to Thee;
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
May we run, nor weary be,
Till Thy glory,
Without cloud, in heaven we see.
- 3 There, in worship purer, sweeter,
All Thy people shall adore;
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Than they could conceive before;
Full enjoyment;
Full, unmixed for evermore.

1049

C.M.

WATTS.

Psalm lxxv.

- 1 **P**RAISE waits in Zion, Lord, for Thee :
There shall our vows be paid :
Thou hast an ear when sinners pray;
All flesh shall seek Thine aid.
- 2 Lord, our iniquities prevail,
But pardoning grace is Thine;
And Thou wilt grant us power and skill
To conquer every sin.

PUBLIC WORSHIP :

- 3 Blest are the men whom Thou wilt choose,
To bring them near Thy face ;
Grant them a dwelling in Thy house,
To feast upon Thy grace.
- 4 In answering what Thy church requests,
Thy truth and terror shine ;
And works of dreadful righteousness
Fulfil Thy kind design.
- 5 Thus shall the wondering nations see
The Lord is good and just ;
And distant islands fly to Thee,
And make Thy name their trust.
- 6 They dread Thy glittering tokens, Lord,
When signs in heaven appear ;
But they shall learn Thy holy word,
And love as well as fear.

1050 C.M. C. WESLEY.
Accepted in the beloved.—Eph. i. 6.

- 1 FATHER, behold, with gracious eyes,
Those who through Christ draw near
To pay their living sacrifice,
And worship in Thy fear.
- 2 Well-pleased in Him, Thyself declare ;
Thy pardoning love reveal ;
The peaceful answer of our prayer
To every conscience seal.
- 3 On each, on all, some gift bestow,
Some blessing now impart ;
The seed of life eternal sow
In every waiting heart.
- 4 O Father, glorify Thy Son,
And grant what we require :
For Jesus' sake the gift send down,
And answer us by fire.

: COMMENCEMENT.

- 5 Kindle the flame of love within,
Which may to heaven ascend ;
And now the work of grace begin,
Which shall in glory end.

1051 C.M. TOPLADY.*
With the Holy Ghost and with fire.
Matt. iii. 11.

- 1 NOW may the Spirit's holy fire,
Descending from above,
His waiting family inspire
With joy and peace and love.
2 Great Comforter ! our souls confess,
Without Thy presence here
Our songs of praise are vain address,
We utter heartless prayer.
3 Touch with a living coal the lip
That shall proclaim Thy word !
And bid us all devoutly keep
Attention to the Lord.

1052 8888, 11. HEBER.
Hosanna in the highest.—Matt. xxi. 9.

- 1 HOSANNA to the living Lord !
Hosanna to the incarnate Word !
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heaven, Hosanna sing.
Hosanna, Lord ! Hosanna in the highest !
2 Hosanna, Lord, Thine angels cry ;
Hosanna, Lord, Thy saints reply ;
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound.
Hosanna, &c.
3 O Saviour, with protecting care
Return to this Thy house of prayer ;
Assembled in Thy sacred name,
Where we Thy parting promise claim.
Hosanna, &c.

thy nock, redeemed from sin
Shall swell the sound of praise :
Hosanna, &c.

[WEEK DAY SERVICE.]

1053 C.M. JOHN
Do all in the name of the Lord
Col. iii. 17.

- 1 **B**EHOLD us, Lord, a little space
From daily toil set free,
And met within this peaceful place
To rest awhile with Thee.
Around us rolls the ceaseless tide
Of business, toil and care ;
And scarcely dare we turn aside
For one brief hour of prayer.
- 2 Yet these are not the only walls
Wherein Thou mayst be sought
On homeliest work Thy blessing
In truth and patience wrought
Thine is the forge, the loom, the sea ;
The wealth of land and sea ;
The worlds of science and of art
Revealed and ruled by Thee.

PUBLIC WORSHIP : CLOSE.

1054 87, 87, 47. [MADAN.
And blessed them.—Luke xxiv 50.

1 LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace :
Let us all, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace :
O refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For Thy gospel's joyful sound :
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound.
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey.
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

1055 87s. Double. NEWTON.
Grace be with thee. Amen.—1 Tim. vi. 21.

1 MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above.

2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord ;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

PUBLIC WORSHIP:

1056 ^{7s.} *Perfect in every good work.*—Heb. xiii. 21. ^{NEWTON.®}

- 1 **N**OW may He who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
All our souls in safety keep.
- 2 May He teach us to fulfil
What is pleasing in His sight:
Perfect us in all His will,
And preserve us day and night.
- 3 To that great Redeemer's praise
Who the covenant sealed with blood,
Let our hearts and voices raise
Loud thanksgivings to our God.

1057 ^{C.M.} *O God, Thou art my God.*—Ps. lxiii. 1. ^{W. BRIGHT.}

- 1 **A**ND now the wants are told, that brought
Thy children to Thy knee;
Here lingering still, we ask for nought,
But simply worship Thee.
- 2 The hope of heaven's eternal days
Absorbs not all the heart
That gives Thee glory, love, and praise,
For being what Thou art.
- 3 For Thou art God, the One, the Same,
O'er all things high and bright;
And round us, when we speak Thy Name,
There spreads a heaven of light.
- 4 O wondrous peace, in thought to dwell
On excellence divine;
To know that nought in man can tell
How far Thy beauties shine.
- 5 O Thou, above all blessing blest,
O'er thanks exalted far,
Thy very greatness is a rest
To weaklings as we are;



CLOSE.

- 6 For when we feel the praise of Thee
A task beyond our powers,
We say—A perfect God is He,
And He is fully ours.
- 7 All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee.
While endless ages run.

[AFTER EVENING SERVICE.]

1058 *The Lord will bless His people with peace.*
JOHN ELLERTON.
Psalm xxix. 11.

- 1 SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear Name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise ;
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease,
Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.
- 2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way ;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day,
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from
shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy Name.
- 3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro' the coming
night,
Turn 'Thou for us its darkness into light ;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.
- 4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife ;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

THE LORD'S DAY.

1059 L.M. DODDRIDGE.*
Lord also of the Sabbath — Mark-ii 28.

- 1 **L**ORD of the Sabbath! hear our vows,
 On this Thy day, in this Thy house :
 Accept, as grateful sacrifice,
 The songs which from the desert rise.
- 2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
 But there's a nobler rest above,
 To that our labouring souls aspire,
 With ardent hope and strong desire.
- 3 No more fatigue, no more distress ;
 No guilt the conscience to oppress ;
 No groans to mingle with the songs
 Resounding from immortal tongues :
- 4 No rude alarms of raging foes,
 No cares to break the long repose,
 No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
 But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 5 O long-expected day begin !
 Dawn on these realms of woe and sin.
 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love ;
 But wait the nobler rest above.

1060 7s. Double. SANDYS.*
Psalm xcii.

- 1 **T**HOU who art enthroned above,
 Thou by whom we live and move.
 O how sweet, with joyful tongue,
 To resound Thy praise in song !
 When the morning paints the skies,
 When the sparkling stars arise,
 All Thy favours to rehearse,
 And give thanks in grateful verse.

THE LORD'S DAY.

- 2 Sweet the day of sacred rest,
When devotion fills the breast :
When we dwell within Thy house,
Hear Thy word and pay our vows :
Notes to heaven's high mansions raise,
Fill its courts with joyful praise ;
With repeated hymns proclaim
Great Jehovah's awful name.
- 3 From Thy works our joys arise,
O Thou only good and wise !
Who Thy wonders can express ?
All Thy thoughts are fathomless.
Warm our hearts with sacred fire ;
Grateful fervours still inspire ;
All our powers, with all their might,
Ever in Thy praise unite.

1061

C.M.
Psalm cxviii.

WATTS.

- 1 **T**HIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours His own ;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.
- 2 To-day He rose and left the dead ;
And Satan's empire fell ;
To-day the saints His triumph spread,
And all His wonders tell.
- 3 Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son !
Help us, O Lord ! descend and bring
Salvation from Thy throne.
- 4 Blessed be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace ;
Who comes in God His Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

THE LORD'S DAY.

- 5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise ;
The highest heavens in which He reigns
Shall give Him nobler praise.

1062 S.M. S. WESLEY, JUN.*
This is the day which the Lord hath made.
Psalm cxviii. 24.

- 1 THE Lord of Sabbath let us praise,
In concert with the blest ;
Who, joyful in harmonious lays,
Employ an endless rest.
- 2 Thus, Lord, while we remember Thee,
We blest and happy grow ;
By hymns of praise we learn to be
Triumphant here below.
- 3 On this glad day a brighter scene
Of glory was displayed
By God, the Eternal Word, than when
This universe was made.
- 4 He rises who mankind has bought
With grief and pain extreme ;
'Twas great to speak the world from naught,
'Twas greater to redeem.

1063 S.M. [BULMFR.]
God be with us, as he was with our fathers.
1 Kings viii. 57.

- 1 TO Thee, in ages past,
Our pious fathers came ;
On Thee, O Lord, their cares they cast,
Nor were they put to shame.
- 2 Thy holy day they loved ;
They loved the means of grace ;
And oft Thy faithfulness they proved.
When they had sought Thy face.

THE LORD'S DAY.

- 3 Their faith in Thee was strong ;
Their godliness was pure ;
And while Thou wast their strength and song
They all things could endure.
- 4 Their steps may we pursue,
As they obeyed their Lord ;
So may our hearts and lives be new,
And with Thy will accord.
- 5 O be 'Thou with us here,
And Thy rich grace display ;
For our salvation, Lord, appear,
On this Thy hallowed day.

064

7s. Double.

KLOPSTOCK,

tr. HYMNS LAND OF LUTHER.

In the Spirit on the Lord's Day.—Rev. i. 10.

- 1 LORD, remove the veil away,
Let us see Thyself to-day !
Thou who camest from on high,
For our sins to bleed and die,
Help us now to cast aside
All that would our hearts divide ;
With the Father and the Son
Let Thy living church be one.
- 2 Oh, from earthly cares set free ;
Let us find our rest in Thee ;
May our toils and conflicts cease
In the calm of Sabbath peace ;
That Thy people, here below,
Something of the bliss may know,
Something of the rest and love
In the Sabbath home above.
- 3 From beyond the grave's dark night
What mild radiance meets my sight ?
Softly stealing on the ear,
What strange music do I hear ?

THE LORD'S DAY.

'Tis the golden crowns on high,
'Tis the chorus of the sky !
Lord, Thy sinful child prepare
For a place and portion there.

- 4 Give my soul the spotless dress
Of Thy perfect righteousness ;
Then at length a welcome guest,
I shall enter to the feast,
Take the harp, and raise the song,
All Thy ransomed ones among ;
Earthly cares and sorrows o'er,
Joys to last for evermore !

1065 7 6s. Double. [BULMER.]
He is thy Lord, and worship Thou Him.
Psalm xlv. 11.

- 1 **L**ORD of the vast creation,
Support of worlds unknown,
Desire of every nation,
Behold us at Thy throne.
We come for mercy crying,
Through thine atoning blood ;
And, on Thy grace relying,
We seek each promised good.
- 2 We bless that condescension
Which brought Thee down to earth,
Of which the seers made mention,
Who prophesied Thy birth.
We celebrate the glory
That marked Thy wondrous way,
And own the joyful story
Which claims this hallowed day.
- 3 Oh, when shall Thy salvation
Be known through every land,
And men in every station
Obey Thy great command ?

THE LORD'S DAY.

In God's own Son believing,
From sin may they be free ;
And, gospel grace receiving,
Find life and peace in Thee.

66 C.M. SIMON BROWNE.*
*My soul cleaveth to the dust ; quicken Thou
me according to Thy word.—Ps. cxix. 25.*

FREQUENT the day of God returns
To shed its quickening beams,
And yet how slow devotion burns !
How languid are its flames !

Accept our faint attempts to love ;
Our frailties, Lord, forgive ;
We would be like Thy saints above,
And praise Thee while we live.

Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
The Sabbath ne'er shall end.

Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,
With heavenly lustre shine ;
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine.

Where we shall never rest nor tire,
But sound immortal lays ;
Keep consort with the heavenly choir,
And live and breathe in praise.

67 7s. Six lines. H. BONAR.
He is risen from the dead.—Matt. xxviii. 7.

1 GLORY to the glorious One,
Good and great, our God alone,
Who this day hath glorified,
First and best of all beside,
Making it for every clime,
Of all times the sweetest time.

THE LORD'S DAY :

- 2 On this day the Son of God
Left His three days' dark abode ;
In the greatness of His might,
Rising to the upper light.
On this day the church puts on
Glory, beauty, robe, and crown.
- 3 Glory, glory, glory be,
Gracious God and Lord, to Thee !
To the Father and the Son,
To the Spirit, Three in One ;
Thus we now Thy mercy praise,
Thus through everlasting days.
-

THE LORD'S DAY : MORNING.

1068

886, 886.

MERRICK *

*From one Sabbath to another shall all flesh
come to worship.—Isa. lxvi. 23.*

- 1 **T**HE festal morn, my God, is come,
That calls me to Thy hallowed dome,
Thy presence to adore ;
My feet the summons shall attend,
With willing steps Thy courts ascend,
And tread the sacred floor.
- 2 What joy while thus I view the day
That warns my thirsting soul away !
What transports fill my breast !
For lo ! my great Redeemer's power
Unfolds the everlasting door,
And leads me to His rest.

MORNING.

- 3 E'en now, to my expecting eyes,
The heaven-built towers of Salem rise ;
 E'en now, with glad survey,
I see her mansions, that contain
The angelic forms, a glorious train,
 And shine with cloudless day.
- 4 Hither, from earth's remotest end,
Lo ! the redeemed of God ascend,
 Their tribute hither bring :
Here, crowned with everlasting joy,
In hymns of praise their tongues employ,
 And hail the Immortal King.

069 86, 86, 88. [LUCY F. MASSEY.]
It is a good thing to give thanks unto the
Lord.—Psalm xcii. 1.

- 1 SWEET day of worship, day of rest,
 Heaven's impress on our life,
May weary heart and brain oppressed
 Now cease from care and strife ;
And in communion still and sweet,
Sit lowly at the Master's feet.
- 2 It comes, long looked-for ; weary eyes
 Have pined its light to see,
Have waited for this morn to rise,
 As prisoners to be free ;
For thus by sign and shadow known
Is God's eternal Sabbath shown.
- 3 We, gazing up through cloud and mist,
 The pearly gates behold,
The jasper and the amethyst,
 The streets of shining gold ;
Until, without, we yet begin
The thankful song they chant within.

THE LORD'S DAY :

- 4 May the fair blessing of the time
Hold every heart in peace,
And echoes of the eternal chime
Linger when songs must cease ;
May God, who dwelleth everywhere,
Make all the world our house of prayer ;
- 5 Till we abide where perfectly
God's love shall rule our days,
Where all our work a prayer shall be,
And all our prayer be praise ;
'Till Sabbath light gleam far and wide,
To set no more in eventide.

1070 C.M. GREGOR
The first day of the week.—Luke xxiv. 1.

- 1 **T**HIS day, the blessèd Lord of Life,
The universe began ;
'This day the world's Creator rose,
O'ercoming death for man.
- 2 Father of lights ! keep us this day
From sinful passions free ;
Grant us, in every word, and deed
And thought, to honour Thee.
- 3 While here, on this Thy holy day,
At this most sacred hour,
Our prayers and praises heavenward rise,
Do Thou Thy blessings shower.
- 4 Stretch out Thy mighty hand to save !
O hear us in thy love !
Cleanse us from guilt, our souls restore
To their blest home above.
- 5 Saviour divine ! Thy presence grant,
Wash Thou our sins away ;
Breathe on us peace—grant us with Thee
The joys of endless day.

MORNING.

071 7 6, 7 6, 7 6, 7 6. ADA CAMBRIDGE.*
Early in the morning the first day of the
week.--Mark xvi. 2.

1 **T**HE dawn of God's dear Sabbath
Breaks o'er the earth again,*

As some sweet summer morning
After a night of pain.

It comes as cooling showers
To some exhausted land,
As shade of clustered palm trees,
'Mid weary wastes of sand ;

2 As bursts of glorious sunshine
Across a stormy sea,
Revealing to the sailors
That port where they would be—
The calm and peaceful haven,
The dazzling golden shore
The home of saints and angels,
Where sin is known no more.

3 O day ! when earthly sorrow
Is merged in heavenly joy,
And trial changed to blessing
That foes may not destroy ;--
When want is turned to fulness,
And weariness to rest,
And pain to wondrous rapture,
Upon the Saviour's breast !

4 O we would bring for offering,
Though marred with earthly soil,
A week of earnest labour,
Of steady, faithful toil ;
Fair fruits of self-denial,
Of strong, deep love to Thee,
Fostered by Thine own Spirit
In our humility.

* *Except at very early services, sing.--*
The light of God's dear Sabbath
Shines o'er the earth again.

THE LORD'S DAY :

- 5 And we would bring our burden
Of sinful thought and deed,
In Thy pure presence kneeling,
From bondage to be freed ;
Our heart's most bitter sorrow
For all Thy work undone—
So many talents wasted,
So few bright laurels won !
- 6 May we in joy and gladness,
Reach Thy fair home at last,
When life's short week of sorrow,
And sin, and strife is past ;
When angel-hands have gathered
The fair, ripe fruit for Thee,
O Father, Lord, Redeemer,
Most Holy Trinity.

1072 6666, 88. [ELIZABETH SCOTT.*]
Call the Sabbath a delight.—Isa. lviii. 13.

- 1 **A**LL hail, triumphant Lord !
Heaven with hosannas rings,
And earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings,
Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
Through endless years to live and reign.
- 2 On this auspicious morn
The Lord of life arose ;
He burst the bars of death,
And vanquished all our foes ;
And now He pleads our cause above,
And reaps the fruit of all His love.
- 3 Great King ! gird on Thy sword,
Ascend Thy conquering car ;
While justice, power, and love
Maintain the glorious war ;
This day let sinners own Thy sway,
And rebels cast their arms away.

MORNING.

073 7s. Six lines. JULIA ANNE ELLIOTT.
I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day.
Revelation i. 10.

- 1 HAIL, thou bright and sacred morn,
Risen with gladness in Thy beams !
Light, which not of earth is born,
From thy dawn in glory streams ;
Airs of heaven are breathed around,
And each place is holy ground.
- 2 Sad and weary were our way,
Fainting oft beneath our load,
But for thee, thou blessed day,
Resting place on life's rough road !
Here flow forth the streams of grace,
Strengthened hence we run our race.
- 3 Saviour, who this day didst break
The dark prison of the tomb,
Bid my slumbering soul awake ;
Shine through all its sin and gloom.
Let me, from my bonds set free,
Rise from sin, and live to Thee.
- 4 Blessèd Spirit ! Comforter !
Sent this day from Christ on high,
Lord, on me Thy gifts confer,
Cleanse, illumine, sanctify !
All Thine influence shed abroad,
Lead me to the truth of God !
- 5 Soon, too soon, the sweet repose
Of this day of God will cease ;
Soon this glimpse of heaven will close,
Vanish soon the hours of peace ;
Soon return the toil, the strife,
All the weariness of life.

THE LORD'S DAY :

- 6 But the rest which yet remains
For Thy people, Lord, above,
Knows nor change, nor fears, nor pains,
Endless as their Saviour's love.
Oh, may every Sabbath here
Bring us to that rest more near !

1074 C.M. ANNA LETITIA BAREAU
He rose again.—1 Corinthians xv. 4.

- 1 **A** GAIN, the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.
2 Oh, what a night was that which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom !
Oh, what a Sun which broke this day
Triumphant from the tomb !
3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung ;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.
4 Ten thousand differing lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.
5 The powers of darkness leagued in vain
To bind His soul in death ;
He shook their kingdom when He fell
With His expiring breath.
6 And now His conquering chariot wheels
Ascend the lofty skies ;
While, broke beneath His powerful cross,
Death's iron sceptre lies.
7 Exalted high at God's right hand,
The Lord of all below,
Through Him is pardoning love dispenser
And boundless blessings flow.

MORNING.

- 8 And still, for erring, guilty man,
A brother's pity flows ;
And still His bleeding heart is touched
With memory of our woes.
- 9 To Thee, my Saviour and my King,
Glad homage let me give ;
And stand prepared like Thee to die,
With Thee that I may live !

1075 L.M. WARDLAW.
The first day of the week.—Mark xvi. 9.

- 1 HAIL, morning known among the blest !
Morning of hope and joy and love ;
Of heavenly peace and holy rest ;
Pledge of the endless rest above.
- 2 Blessed be the Father of our Lord,
Who from the dead hath brought His Son ;
Hope to the lost was then restored,
And everlasting glory won.
- 3 Scarce morning twilight had begun
To chase the shades of night away,
When Christ arose—unsetting Sun—
The dawn of joy's eternal day.
- 4 Mercy looked down with smiling eye
When our Immanuel left the dead ;
Faith marked His bright ascent on high,
And Hope with gladness raised her head.
- 5 Descend, O Spirit of the Lord !
Thy fire to every bosom bring ;
Then shall our ardent hearts accord,
And teach our lips God's praise to sing.

1076 L.M. [JOSEPH STENNETT.]
And rested the Sabbath day.—Luke xxiii. 56.

- 1 ANOTHER six days' work is done ;
Another Sabbath is begun ;
Return, my soul, enjoy the rest ;
Improve the day thy God hath blest.

THE LORD'S DAY:

- 2 Oh, that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense to the skies ;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows.
- 3 This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 4 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures pass away.
How blest a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

1077

C.M. Double.

H. AUBER.*

The first day of the week.—Matt. xxviii. 1.

- 1 **W**HILE all the golden harps above,
To lofty themes are strung,
And wonders of redeeming love
By seraphim are sung ;
Oh, let our humble sacrifice,
Devotion's grateful lay,
Upon the wings of faith arise,
And hail this blessed day.
- 2 Oh, let us on this hallowed morn,
When He who died to save,
He who our sins and woes had borne,
Rose victor o'er the grave,
Our best, our noblest powers employ,
Thy goodness to proclaim,
And celebrate in strains of joy
Our great Redeemer's name.
- 3 Then loudly strike the exulting chord,
Attuned to notes of praise ;
Let every voice, in sweet accord,
The song of triumph raise ;

MORNING.

Tell the glad tidings, Christ is risen,
And reigns for evermore,
Till every nation under heaven
Shall worship and adore.

078

S.M. Double.

LATIN HYMN,

tr. by EDWARD CASWALL.

*Even that which was made glorious had no glory
...by reason of the glory that excelleth.*

2 Corinthians iii. 10.

CHOIR.

1 **A** GAIN the Sunday morn
Calls us to prayer and praise ;
Waking our hearts to gratitude
With its enlivening rays.

CONGREGATION.

But Christ yet brighter shone,
Quenching the morning beam ;
When triumphing from death He rose,
And raised us up with Him.

CHOIR.

2 When first the world sprang forth,
In majesty arrayed,
And bathed in streams of purest light ;
What power was there displayed !

CONGREGATION.

But, oh, what love ! when Christ,
For our transgressions slain,
Was by the Eternal Father raised
For us to life again.

CHOIR.

3 His new-created world
The mighty Maker viewed,
With thousand lovely tints adorned,
And straight pronounced it good.

CONGREGATION.

But, oh, much more He joyed
That self-same world to see
Washed in the Lamb's all-saving blood,
From its impurity.

THE LORD'S DAY:

CHOIR.

- 4 Nature each day renews
Her beauty evermore ;
Whence to God's hidden majesty
The soul is taught to soar.

CONGREGATION.

But Christ, the Light of all,
The Father's image blest,
Gives us to see our God Himself
In flesh made manifest.

CHOIR AND CONGREGATION.

- 5 Blest Trinity ! vouchsafe
That to Thy guidance true,
What Thou forbiddest we may shun ;
What Thou commandest, do.

1079 ^{7s.} **MONTGOMERY.**
There I will meet with thee.—Ex. xxv. 22.

- 1 **T**O Thy presence I repair ;
Lord, I love to worship there,
When within the veil I meet
Christ before the mercy-seat.
- 2 While Thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue,
That my joyful soul may bless
Thee, the Lord, my righteousness.
- 3 While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love, to mine attend ;
Hear me, for Thy Spirit pleads,
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.
- 4 While I hearken to Thy law,
Fill my soul with humble awe,
Till Thy gospel bring to me
Life and immortality.

MORNING.

- 5 While Thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in Thy name,
Through their voice, by faith, may I
Hear Thee speaking from the sky.
- 6 From Thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn,
And at evening let me say—
I have walked with God to-day.

1080 L.M. Double. PLUMPTRE.
This is none other but the house of God.
Gen. xxviii. 17.

- 1 O GOD, whose angels once did bless
The wanderer in his lonely sleep,
Descending, rising, to and fro,
Their watch around his couch to keep;
Be with us now, let seraph tongues
Breathe forth their song of sin forgiven,
And tell us this is holy ground,
The house of God, the gate of heaven.
- 2 O Lord, whose glory once did shine
With mystic cloud the courts to fill,
Which David's son, in kingly state,
Had reared on Zion's holy hill.
Be with us now, as Priest and King,
In clouds and darkness claim Thine own,
Let this our temple see Thy light,
Thou Christ upon Thy Father's throne.
- 3 O Holy Spirit, Lord of Life,
Whose voice we hear in varying tones,
Revealing glories yet to come—
The temple built of living stones;
Cleanse Thou our hearts, our roughness
smooth,
And bring us daily nearer Thee,
Within Thine own eternal house,
As polished corner-stones to be.

THE LORD'S DAY.

- 4 O mystic Three, O Holiest One,
Thou Lord of Wisdom, Light, and Love,
Give strength to do Thy work on earth,
Give grace to sing Thy praise above ;
Let infant lips Thy glory speak,
On youth Thy choicest blessings send ;
Let manhood find its rest in Thee,
And age grow riper for the end.
- 5 So on through all the circling years,
May reverent footsteps mark the days,
And full-toned voices offer here
Their morning sacrifice of praise.
So guide us through earth's toilsome paths,
And bid us onward, upward rise,
That we, when all our work is done,
May rest with Thee in Paradise.
-

THE LORD'S DAY: EVENING.

1081 L.M. MONTGOMERY.
*The Lord's house...all nations shall flow
unto it.—Isaiah ii. 2.*

- 1 **M**ILLIONS within Thy courts have met,
Millions this day before Thee bowed ;
Their faces Zion-ward were set,
Their holy vows to Thee they vowed.
- 2 People of many a tribe and tongue,
Men of strange colours, climates, lands,
Have heard Thy truth, Thy glory sung,
And offered prayer with holy hands.

EVENING.

- 3 Still as the light of morning broke
O'er island, continent, or deep,
Thy far-spread family awoke,
Sabbath all round the world to keep.
- 4 And not a prayer, a tear, a sigh,
Hath failed this day some suit to gain ;
To those in trouble Thou wert nigh,
Not one hath sought Thy face in vain.
- 5 Thy poor were bountifully fed,
Thy chastened sons have kissed the rod,
Thy mourners have been comforted,
The pure in heart have seen their God.
- 6 Yet one prayer more ; and be it one
In which both heaven and earth accord ;
Fulfil Thy promise to Thy Son,
Let all that breathe call Jesus, Lord !

1082 87s. MRS. PARKER.*
The Lord is good unto them that wait for
Him, to the soul that seeketh Him.— Lam. iii. 25

- 1 **F**OR the gifts which have descended
From Thy gracious hand to-day,
Heavenly Father, we would thank Thee,
Ere the Sabbath dies away.
- 2 While the western glory waneth,
While the shadows lengthen fast,
We will gather round Thine altar,
Praising Thee for mercies past.
- 3 For a day of rest we thank Thee,
For the peace each hour has brought,
For the word of life imparted,
For Thy presence, found when sought ;
- 4 For the hope that has been strengthened,
Faith almost transformed to sight ;
For the love which, faint at morning,
Burns an ardent flame to-night.

THE LORD'S DAY.

- 5 Most of all, for those we thank Thee
Who have pardoning grace received,
Listened to the Spirit's pleading,
On the Son of God believed.
- 6 Raise we, then, exulting voices,
All Thy goodness to proclaim ;
May our songs, by Christ presented,
Find acceptance through His name

1083 87s.
*Now is our salvation nearer than when we
believed.—Romans xiii. 11.*

- 1 ONE more day of joy is ended,
Filled with holy peace and rest ;
Prayers and praises have ascended
Unto Thee, our Father blest.
- 2 May each Sabbath bring us nearer
To our glorious rest above ;
And our hopes grow brighter, clearer,
Till we reach the realms of love.

1084 L.M. Six lines. F. W. FABER.*
*He that followeth Me shall not walk in
darkness.—John viii. 12.*

- 1 DEAR Saviour, bless us ere we go ;
Thy word into our minds instil,
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life's long day and death's brief
night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.
- 2 The day is gone, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all,—
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day and death's brief night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

EVENING.

- 3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release ;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
Through life's long day and death's brief
night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.
- 4 Do more than pardon, give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And loving hearts without alloy,
That only long to be like Thee.
Through life's long day and death's brief
night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.
- 5 Labour is sweet, for Thou hast toiled ;
And care is light, for Thou hast cared ;
Let not our works with self be soiled,
Nor in unsimple ways ensnared.
Through life's long day and death's brief
night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.
- 6 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call ;
Oh, let Thy mercy make us glad ;
Thou art our Jesus and our all.
Through life's long day and death's brief
night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light. Amen.

1085

C.M.

[STOWELL.]

Let the peace of God rule in your hearts.

Colossians iii. 15.

- 1 THE day of rest is passed away,
The shades of evening fall ;
Jesus, in parting we would pray,
Shed down Thy peace on all.

THE LORD'S DAY.

- 2 Give every burdened spirit rest,
Each wandering heart recall ;
Receive the contrite to Thy breast,
And shed Thy peace on all.
- 3 On Thy kind arm may we repose,
Nor ills nor fears forestall ;
Enough if through life's cares and woes
Thy peace enshrine us all.
- 4 The storms of life will soon be o'er ;
Why should they then appal ?
The land is nigh where Christ shall pour
Eternal peace on all.

1086 ^{7s.} *At evening being the first day of the week.* [G. NOEL.]
John xx. 19.

- 1 **E**RE another Sabbath's close,
Ere again we seek repose,
Lord, our song ascends to Thee,
At Thy feet we bow the knee.
- 2 For the mercies of the day,
For this rest upon our way,
Thanks to Thee alone be given,
Lord of earth, and King of heaven.
- 3 Cold our services have been ;
Mingled all our prayers with sin ;
But Thou canst and wilt forgive ;
By Thy grace alone we live.
- 4 Whilst this thorny path we tread,
May Thy love our footsteps lead ;
When our journey here is past,
May we rest with Thee at last ;
- 5 Let these earthly Sabbaths prove
Foretastes of our joys above ;
While their steps Thy pilgrims bend
To the rest which knows no end.

MORNING.

1087 L.M. KENN.
My voice shalt thou hear in the morning.
Psalm v. 3.

- 1 **A** WAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Thy precious time, misspent, redeem ;
Each present day thy last esteem ;
Improve thy talent with due care ;
For the great day thyself prepare.
- 3 In conversation be sincere ;
Keep conscience as the noontide clear.
Think how all-seeing God thy ways,
Thy every secret thought surveys.
- 4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who, all night long, unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King.
- 5 I wake, I wake, ye heavenly choir ;
May your devotion me inspire,
That I, like you, my age may spend,
Like you may on my God attend.
- 6 All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept.
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.

MORNING.

- 7 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew ;
Scatter my sins as morning dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.
- 8 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.
- 9 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

1088

L.M.

KEBLE.

The Lord's mercies...are new every morning.
Lamentations iii. 22, 23.

- 1 **O** TIMELY happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise ;
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new.
- 2 New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove ;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life and power and thought.
- 3 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray ;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.
- 4 If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.
- 5 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask ;
Room to deny ourselves ; a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

MORNING.

6 Seek we no more ; content with these,
Let present rapture, comfort, ease,
As heaven shall bid them, come and go ;
The secret this of rest below.

7 Only. O Lord, in Thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above ;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

089

C.M.
Psalm v.

WATTS.*

1 LORD, in the morning Thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high ;
To Thee will I direct my prayer,
To Thee lift up mine eye ;

2 Up to the heavens, where Christ is gone
To plead for all His saints,
Presenting at His Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Oh, may Thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness ;
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

090

C.M. J. S. B. MONSELL.

*To show forth Thy lovingkindness in the
morning, and Thy faithfulness every night.*

Psalm xcii. 2.

1 I THINK of Thee, my God, by night,
And talk of Thee by day ;
Thy love my treasure and delight,
Thy truth my strength and stay.

2 Like pleasant thoughts of those we love,
Which are of self a part,
Which neither day nor night remove
Out of the loving heart ;

MORNING.

- 3 So all day long, and all the night,
Lord, let Thy presence be,—
Mine air, my breath, my shade, my light,
Myself absorbed in Thee.

1091 S.M. C. H. SPURGEON
I prevented the dawning of the morning
Psalm cxix. 147.

- 1 SWEETLY the holy hymn
Breaks on the morning air ;
Before the world with smoke is dim
We meet to offer prayer.
- 2 While flowers are wet with dews,
Dew of our souls descend ;
Ere yet the sun the day renews,
O Lord, Thy Spirit send.
- 3 Upon the battle field,
Before the fight begins,
We seek, O Lord, Thy sheltering shield,
To guard us from our sins.
- 4 Ere yet our vessel sails
Upon the stream of day,
We plead, O Lord, for heavenly gales
To speed us on our way.
- 5 On the lone mountain side,
Before the morning's light,
The Man of Sorrows wept and cried,
And rose refreshed with might.
- 6 Oh, hear us, then, for we
Are very weak and frail ;
We make the Saviour's name our plea,
And surely must prevail.

MORNING.

1092 C.M. WATTS.*
Day unto day uttereth speech.—Ps. xix. 2.

- 1 **O**NCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes ;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To Him that rules the skies.
- 2 Night unto night His name repeats,
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heaven on which He sits
To turn the seasons round.
- 3 'Tis He supports my mortal frame,
My tongue shall speak His praise ;
My sins would rouse His wrath to flame,
And yet His wrath delays.
- 4 Great God, let all my hours be Thine,
While I enjoy the light ;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasant night.

1093 IOS. JONES VERY.
When I awake, I am still with Thee.
Psalm cxxxix. 18.

- 1 **F**ATHER! there is no change to live with
Thee,
Save that in Christ I grow from day to day ;
In each new word I hear, each thing I see,
I but rejoicing hasten on my way.
- 2 The morning comes, with blushes overspread,
And I new-wakened, find a morn within,
And in its modest dawn around me shed,
Thou hear'st the prayer and the ascending
hymn.

MORNING.

- 3 Hour follows hour—the lengthening shades
descend;
Yet they could never reach as far as me,
Did not Thy love its kind protection lend,
That I, Thy child, might sleep in peace with
Thee.

1094

S.M.
Psalm xix.

WATTS.

- 1 **B**EHOLD, the morning sun
Begins his glorious way,
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.
- 2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light,
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.
- 3 How perfect is Thy word !
And all Thy judgments just ;
For ever sure Thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.
- 4 My gracious God, how plain
Are Thy directions given !
O may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven !
- 5 I hear Thy word with love,
And I would fain obey :
Send Thy good Spirit from above,
To guide me, lest I stray.
- 6 Warn me of every sin,
Forgive my secret faults,
And cleanse this guilty soul of mine,
Whose crimes exceed my thoughts.



MORNING.

- 7 While with my heart and tongue
I spread Thy praise abroad,
Accept the worship and the song,
My Saviour and my God.

1095 C.M.
*I will sing aloud of Thy mercy in the morn-
ing.*—Psalm lix. 16.

- 1 **T**O Thee, O Lord, with dawning light,
Our thankful voice we raise ;
Thy mighty power to celebrate,
Thy holy Name to praise.
- 2 For Thou, in helpless hours of night,
Hast compassèd our bed ;
And now, refreshed with peaceful sleep,
Thou liftest up our head.
- 3 Grant us, O God, Thy quickening grace,
Through this and every day,
That, guided and upheld by Thee,
Our feet may never stray.
- 4 Increase our faith, increase our hope,
Increase our zeal and love,
And fix our heart's affections all
On Christ and things above.

1096 L.M. WATTS.
Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel.
Ps. lxxiii. 24.

- 1 **G**OD of the morning ! at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant does rejoice
To run his journey through the skies.
- 2 From the fair chambers of the east
The circuit of his race begins ;
And without weariness or rest,
Round the whole earth he flies and shines.

MORNING.

- 3 O, like the sun, may I fulfil
The appointed duties of the day,
With ready mind and active will,
March on, and keep my heavenly way.
- 4 Lord, Thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlightening our beclouded eyes,
Thy threatenings just, Thy promise sure,
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.
- 5 Give me Thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to Thy bliss :
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold compared with this.

1097 C.M. AMBROSE.
Deliver us from evil.—Matt. vi. 13.

- 1 NOW that the sun is beaming bright,
Once more to God we pray,
That He, the uncreated Light,
May guide our souls this day.
- 2 O may no sin our hands defile,
Or cause our minds to rove ;
Upon our lips be simple truth,
And in our hearts be love.
- 3 And while the hours in order flow,
O Christ, securely fence
Our gates beleaguered by the foe,
The gate of every sense.
- 4 And grant that to Thine honour, Lord,
Our daily toil may tend ;
That we begin it at Thy word,
And in Thy favour end.

MORNING.

1098 L.M. [AMBROSE, *tr.* NEALF.]
*In the morning will I direct my prayer unto
Thee, and will look up.*—Ps. v. 3.

- 1 **N**OW that the daylight fills the sky,
We lift our hearts to God on high,
That He, in all we do or say,
Would keep us free from harm to-day.
- 2 May He restrain our tongues from strife,
And shield from anger's din our life,
And guard with watchful care our eyes
From earth's absorbing vanities.
- 3 O may our inmost hearts be pure,
From thoughts of folly kept secure;
And pride of sinful flesh subdued
Through sparing use of daily food.
- 4 So we, when this day's work is o'er,
And shades of night return once more,
Our path of trial safely trod,
Shall give the glory to our God.

1099 L.M. LATIN, *tr.* JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.
*The Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly
out of temptations.*—2 Peter ii. 9.

- 1 **O** GOD, who canst not change nor fail,
Guiding the hours as they roll by,
Brightening with beams the morning pale,
And burning in the mid-day sky.
- 2 Quench Thou the fires of hate and strife,
The wasting fever of the heart;
From perils guard our feeble life,
And to our souls Thy peace impart.
- 3 Grant this, O Father, only Son,
And Holy Spirit, God of grace,
To whom all glory, Three in One,
Be given in every time and place.

MORNING.

1100 L.M. AMBROSE, *tr.* CHANDLER.
*He that followeth Me shall not walk in
darkness.—John viii. 12.*

- 1 O JESUS, Lord of heavenly grace,
Thou brightness of the Father's face ;
Thou Fountain of eternal light,
Whose beams disperse the shades of night ;
- 2 Come, Holy Sun of heavenly love,
Shower down Thy radiance from above,
And to our inward hearts convey
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.
- 3 So we the Father's help will claim,
And sing the Father's glorious Name ;
His powerful succour we implore,
That we may stand, to fall no more.
- 4 May faith, deep rooted in the soul,
Subdue our flesh, our minds control ;
May guile depart, and discord cease,
And all within be joy and peace.
- 5 O hallowed thus be every day ;
Let meekness be our morning ray,
Our faith like noontide splendour glow,
Our souls the twilight never know.
- 6 O Christ, with each returning morn,
Thine image to our hearts is borne ;
Oh may we ever clearly see
Our Saviour and our God in Thee.

1101 L.M. C. WESLEY.*
Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.
1 Cor. x. 31.

- 1 FORTH in Thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labour to pursue ;
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know,
In all I think, or speak, or do.

MORNING.

- 2 The task Thy wisdom has assigned,
O let me cheerfully fulfil ;
In all Thy works Thy presence find,
And prove Thy good and perfect will.
- 3 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost substance see ;
And labour on at Thy command,
And offer all my works to Thee.
- 4 Give me to bear Thine easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray ;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to Thy glorious day.
- 5 For Thee delightfully employ
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given ;
And run mine even course with joy,
And closely walk with Thee to heaven.

1102 L.M. [HAWKESWORTH.]
*I laid me down and slept ; I awaked ; for
the Lord sustained me.—Ps. iii. 5.*

- 1 I N sleep's serene oblivion laid,
I safely passed the silent night ;
Again I see the breaking shade,
I drink again the morning light.
- 2 New-born I bless the waking hour ;
Once more with awe rejoice to be ;
My conscious soul resumes her power,
And springs, my guardian God, to Thee.
- 3 O guide me through the various maze
My doubtful feet are doomed to tread ;
And spread Thy shield's protecting blaze
Where dangers press around my head.
- 4 A deeper shade shall soon impend ;
A deeper sleep mine eyes oppress ;
Yet then Thy strength shall still defend,
Thy goodness still delight to bless.

MORNING.

- 5 That deeper shade shall break away,
 That deeper sleep shall leave mine eyes;
 Thy light shall give eternal day,
 Thy love the rapture of the skies.

1103 C.M. THOMAS DAVIS.
Children of the day.—1 Thess. v. 5.

- 1 FATHER, vouchsafe us grace divine
 On each returning morn,
 To live as children of the day,
 To noblest life new-born.
 2 From deeds of darkness, and from words
 And thoughts unmeet for light,
 O grant our souls may shrink, as each
 Would shrink from endless night.
 3 And day by day, on wings of faith
 And love, may all arise;
 And sweetly thus foretaste the bliss
 That waits us in the skies.
 4 Then, when prepared to know on high
 The last, the heavenly birth,
 With gentle hand, O Father, break
 Each tie that binds to earth.

1104 886, 886. THOMAS DAVIS.
I shall be satisfied when I awake with Thy likeness.—Ps. xvii. 15.

- 1 'TIS sweet on earth to wake at morn
 Refreshed and glad, when faint and worn
 We laid us down at even;
 How sweet, when last we sink to rest
 Pallid and spent, amid the blest
 To wake once more in heaven!
 2 On earth, if oft at morning's dawn
 Lost strength return, that strength is gone
 When evening comes again:
 In heaven renewed, our angel powers
 Shall yield not to a few brief hours,
 But ever fresh remain.

MORNING.

- 3 On earth, though we may wake and smile
With new-born joy—a little while,
And tears may tell our woe :
In heaven who once with joy awake
Shall still unceasing bliss partake,
As endless ages flow.
- 4 O Father, grant us more and more
To prize that bliss, for all in store
Whose hearts to Thee are given ;
And when, at Thy well-chosen hour,
Fails utterly each mortal power,
O may we wake in Heaven.

1105 C.M. THOMAS DAVIS.
*If we walk in the light, as He is in the light,
we have fellowship one with another.—1 John i. 7.*

- 1 I THANK Thee, Lord, for every night
Of sweet refreshing rest ;
And every day's rekindled light—
Without, within my breast ;
- 2 The light revealing to mine eyes
Thy glorious works around ;
The light whereby my faith describes
In all things love profound.
- 3 O grant, that both throughout this day,
By Thy benign control,
With influence sweet may strongly sway
Toward heaven and Thee my soul.
- 4 And, brightening till I soar above,
May that within me be
A conscious pledge of deathless love,
In endless bliss with Thee !

EVENING.

1106

L.M.

KENN.®

I will both lay me down...and sleep.

Psalm iv. 8.

- 1 **G**LORY to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light.
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment day.
- 4 O may my soul on Thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close ;
Sleep that may me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.
- 5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply ;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.
- 6 Oh, when shall I, in endless day,
For ever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns with the supernal choir
Incessant sing, and never tire ?

EVENING.

- 7 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

1107 L.M. KEBLE.
He giveth His beloved sleep.—Ps. cxxvii. 2.

- 1 SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near ;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise,
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
- 2 When with dear friends sweet talk I hold,
And all the flowers of life unfold,
Let not my heart within me burn,
Except in all I Thee discern.
- 3 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast !
- 4 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live ;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.
- 5 Thou Framer of the light and dark,
Steer through the tempest Thine own ark ;
Amid the howling, wintry sea,
We are in port if we have Thee.
- 6 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day, the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin ;
Let him no more lie down in sin.
- 7 Watch by the sick ; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store .
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infants' slumbers, pure and light.

EVENING.

- 8 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

1108: ^{IOS.} *Abide with us...the day is far spent.* ^{LYTL*}
Luke xxiv. 29.

- 1 **A**BIDE with me! fast falls the eventide;
The darkness thickens; Lord with me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me.
- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away.
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.
- 3 Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,
But as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord;
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come not to sojourn, but abide with me.
- 4 Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me.
- 5 I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me.
- 6 I fear no foe; with Thee at hand to bless,
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.



EVENING.

- 7 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the
skies ;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain
shadows flee ;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

1109 10s. Six lines. C. WORDSWORTH.
I am come a light into the world.
John xii. 46.

- 1 THE day is gently sinking to a close,
Fainter and yet more faint the sunlight glows ;
Oh, brightness of Thy Father's glory, Thou
Eternal Light of Light, be with us now ;
Where Thou art present darkness cannot be,
Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord, with Thee.
- 2 Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end,
Onward to darkness and to death we tend ;
O conqueror of the grave, be Thou our guide,
Be Thou our light in death's dark eventide ;
Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,
No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.
- 3 Thou who, in darkness, walking didst appear
Upon the waves, and Thy disciples cheer,
Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when storms
assail,
And earthly hopes and human succours fail ;
When all is dark, may we behold Thee nigh,
And hear Thy voice—Fear not, for it is I !
- 4 The weary world is mouldering to decay ;
Its glories wane, its pageants fade away ;
In that last sunset, when the stars shall fall,
May we arise, awakened by Thy call,
With Thee, O Lord, for ever to abide
In that blest day which has no eventide.

EVENING.

1110 L.M. GREGORY, *tr.* E. CASWALL.
And God divided the light from the darkness.—Genesis i. 4.

- i O BLEST Creator of the light !
Who didst the dawn from darkness bring,
And framing nature's depth and height,
Didst with the new-born light begin ;
- 2 Who gently blending eve with morn,
And morn with eve, didst call them day ;
Now night's dark shade is o'er us borne,
Oh, hear us, as to Thee we pray.
- 3 Let not our souls, by guilt depressed,
Or vexed by thoughts impure and vain,
So lose the way to endless rest,
Drawn down by sin to earth again.
- 4 Teach us to knock at heaven's high door,
Teach us the prize of life to win ;
Teach us all evil to abhor,
And purify ourselves within.
- 5 Father of mercies, hear our cry ;
Hear us, O sole-begotten Son ;
Hear us, O Holy Ghost, most high,
Now, and while endless ages run.

1111 84, 84, 88 84. HERER, WHATELEY,
AND LORD NELSON.
God called the light Day, and the darkness He called Night.—Gen. i. 5.

- i GOD, that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light !
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night !
May Thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night !

EVENING.

2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping :
And, when we die,
May we, in Thy mighty keeping,
All peaceful lie !
When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not Thou, our God, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us,
With Thee on high !

3 Most high and glorious Trinity,
Whom now we bless,
To Thee may we eternally
Our praise address ;
Ever in the new creation
May we sing of Thy salvation,
And with joyful adoration
Thy love confess !

1112

5 5 5 5, 10, 5 6, 5 6, 10.

[GERHARDT
tr. MASSIE.]

*Thou makest the outgoings of the morning and
evening to rejoice.—Ps. lxxv. 8.*

1

EVENING and morning,
Sunset and dawning,
Wealth, peace, and gladness,
Comfort in sadness,
These are Thy works ; all the glory be Thine.
Times without number,
Awake or in slumber,
Thine eye observes us,
From danger preserves us,
Causing Thy mercy upon us to shine.

2

Father, O hear me !
Pardon and spare me !
Quench all my terrors,
Blot out my errors,

EVENING.

That by Thine eyes they may no more be
scanned.

Order my goings,
Direct all my doings ;
As it may please Thee,
Retain or release me,
All I commit to Thy fatherly hand.

- 3 Griefs of God's sending,
All have an ending ;
Clouds may be pouring,
Wind and wave roaring,
Sunshine will come when the tempest has passed.
Joys still increasing,
And peace never ceasing,
Faith lost in vision,
And hope in fruition,
These are the joys which I look for at last.

1113 7s. G. W. DOANE.
*The shadows of the evening are stretched
out.—Jerem. vi. 4.*

- 1 **S**OFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away ;
Free from care, from labour free,
Lord, I would commune with Thee !
- 2 Thou whose all-pervading eye
Nought escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault and secret sin.
- 3 Soon for me the light of day
Shall for ever pass away ;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee !
- 4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity ;
Then, from Thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

EVENING.

114 86, 86, 86, 88, and C.M. GREGORY,
tr. JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.
Save me, and I shall keep Thy testimonies.
Psalm cxix. 146.

- 1 FATHER of lights, by whom each day
Is kindled out of night,
Who, when the heavens were made, didst lay
Their rudiments in light ;
Thou who didst bind and blend in one
The glistening morn and evening pale,
Hear Thou our plaint, when light is gone,
And lawlessness and strife prevail.
- 2 Hear, lest the whelming weight of crime
Wreck us with life in view ;
Lest thoughts and schemes of sense and time
Earn us a sinner's due.
So may we knock at heaven's door,
And strive the immortal prize to win,
Continually and evermore,
Guarded without, and pure within.
- 3 Grant this, O Father, only Son,
And Spirit, God of grace,
To whom all worship shall be done
In every time and place.

115 L.M. AMBROSE. tr. MRS. CHARLES.
The darkness hideth not from Thee.
Psalm cxxxix. 12.

- 1 CHRIST, who art both our light and day,
Shine with Thy face the night away ;
For very Light of Light Thou art,
Who dost most blessed light impart.
- 2 We pray Thee, O most holy Lord,
Defence to us this night afford ;
With quiet let our home be blest,
And, calm in Thee, Lord, be our rest.

Defender of the soul, be near !

1116 ^{7s.} *The darkness and the light are* ^{w.}
Thee.—Psalm cxxxix. 12.

- 1 **S**LOWLY, by God's hand unf
Down around the weary we
Falls the darkness ; oh, how stil
Is the working of His will !
- 2 Mighty Maker, ever nigh,
Work in me as silently ;
Veil the day's distracting sights ;
Show me heaven's eternal lights.
- 3 Living worlds to view be broug
In the boundless realms of thou
High and infinite desires,
Flaming like those upper fires !
- 4 Holy Truth, eternal Right—
Let them break upon my sight ;
Let them shine unclouded still,
And with light my being fill.

EVENING

- 2 **Keep** Thou still in my heaven ; for n^o
The sun makes not the day, but Thee ;
O Thou, whose nature cannot sleep,
O'er my closed eyelids sentry keep.
- 3 **Guard** me against those watchful foes,
Whose eyes are open while mine close ;
Let no ill dreams my sleep infest,
But such as Jacob's slumbers blessed ;
- 4 **That** so I may, my rest being wrought,
Awake into some holy thought,
And with an active vigour run
My course, as doth the unwearied sun.
- 5 **Sleep** is a death ; oh, make me try,
By sleeping, what it is to die,
And then as gently lay my head
Upon my grave, as now my bed.

118 76, 76, 88. ANATOLIUS (?) *tr.* NEALE.*
*Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by
night.*—Psalm xci. 5.

- 1 **T**HE day is past and over ;
We lift our hearts to Thee,
And pray Thee now that sinless
The hours of night may be.
O Jesus, keep us in Thy sight,
And save us through the coming night.
- 2 **The** toils of day are over ;
We raise our hymns to Thee,
And ask that free from danger
The hours of night may be.
O Jesus, keep us in Thy sight,
And guard us through the coming night.
- 3 **Be** 'Thou our souls' Defender,
Good Lord, for Thou dost know
How varied are the perils
Through which we have to go.
Thou, ever watchful, hear our call,
And guard and save us from them all.

EVENING

1119 C.M. Double. A. A. PROCTER.
Thou shalt lie down, and none shall make thee afraid.—Job xi. 19.

1 THE shadows of the evening hours
 Fall from the darkening sky ;
 Upon the fragrance of the flowers
 The dews of evening lie.
 Before Thy throne, O Lord of heaven,
 We kneel at close of day ;
 Look on Thy children from on high,
 And hear us while we pray.

2 The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord,
 Oh, do not Thou despise ;
 But let the incense of our prayers
 Before Thy mercy rise ;
 The brightness of the coming light
 Upon the darkness rolls ;
 With hopes of future glory chase
 The shadows on our souls.

3 Let peace, O Lord, Thy peace, O God,
 Upon our souls descend ;
 From midnight fears and perils, Thou
 Our trembling hearts defend ;
 Give us a respite from our toil,
 Calm and subdue our woes ;
 Through the long day we suffer, Lord,
 Oh, give us now repose !

1120 C.M. H. K. WHITE.
We are...the sheep of His hand.—Ps. xcv. 7.

1 O LORD, another day is flown,
 And we, a feeble band,
 Are met once more before Thy throne,
 To bless Thy fostering hand.

EVENING.

- 2 Thy heavenly grace to each impart
All evil far remove ;
And shed abroad in every heart
Thine everlasting love.
- 3 Our souls, obedient to Thy sway,
In Christian bonds unite ;
Let peace and love conclude the day,
And hail the morning light.
- 4 Thus, cleansed from sin, and wholly Thine,
A flock by Jesus led, -
The Sun of Righteousness shall shine
In glory on our head.
- 5 O still restore our wandering feet,
And still direct our way,
Till worlds shall fail, and faith shall greet
The dawn of endless day.

1121 L.M. WATTS.
As for me I will call upon God.—Ps. lv. 16.

- 1 **T**HUS far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far His power prolongs my days,
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of His grace.
- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I perhaps am near my home ;
But He forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to come.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep,
Peace is the pillow for my head ;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.
- 4 Faith in His name forbids my fear ;
O may Thy presence ne'er depart
And in the morning make me hear
The love and kindness of Thy heart.

EVENING.

- 5 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait Thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

1122 664, 6664. GEORGE RAWSON.¹
*Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by
night.*—Ps. xci. 5.

- 1 FATHER of love and power,
Guard Thou our evening hour,
Shield with Thy might.
For all Thy care this day
Our grateful thanks we pay,
And to our Father pray—
Bless us to-night.

- 2 Jesus, Immanuel,
Come in Thy love to dwell
In hearts contrite :
For all our sins we grieve,
But we Thy grace receive,
And in Thy word believe ;
Bless us to-night.

- 3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving Holy Dove,
Shed forth Thy light ;
Heal every inward smart,
Still every throbbing heart,
And Thine own peace impart ;
Bless us to-night.

1123 C.M. WATTS.²
The evening sacrifice.—Psalm cxli. 2.

- 1 DREAD Sovereign, let my evening song
Like holy incense rise ;
Assist the offerings of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.

EVENING.

- 2 Through all the dangers of the day
Thy hand was still my guard :
And still to drive my wants away
Thy mercy stood prepared.
- 3 Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass me around,
But O how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found !
- 4 What have I done for Him that died
To save my sinful soul ;
How are my follies multiplied,
Fast as my minutes roll !
- 5 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine
To Thy dear cross I flee ;
And to Thy grace my soul resign,
To be renewed by Thee.

1124 L.M. [COX.]
He shall give His angels charge over thee.
Psalm xci. 11.

- 1 **S**UNK is the sun's last beam of light,
And darkness wraps the world in night :
Christ, light us with Thy heavenly ray,
Nor let our feet in darkness stray.
- 2 Thanks, Lord, that Thou throughout the day
Hast kept all grief and harm away :
That angels tarried round about
Our coming in and going out.
- 3 Whate'er of wrong we've done or said,
Let not on us the charge be laid ;
That through Thy free forgiveness blest,
In peaceful slumber we may rest.
- 4 Thy guardian angels round us place,
All evil from our couch to chase ;
Both soul and body, while we sleep,
In safety, Gracious Father, keep.

EVENING.

1125 S.M. [J. M. NEALE.]
Under His wings shalt thou trust.—Ps. xci. 4.

- 1 THE day, O Lord, is spent ;
 Abide with us and rest ;
 Our hearts' desires are fully bent
 On making Thee our guest.
- 2 Our sun is sinking now ;
 Our day is almost o'er :
 O Sun of Righteousness, do Thou
 Shine on us evermore.

1126 86, 84. [S. T. TREGELLES.]
Joy cometh in the morning.—Ps. xxx. 5.

- 1 THE gloomy night will soon be past,
 The morning star appear ;
 The rays of blessed light at last
 Each eye will cheer.
- 2 Thou bright and Morning Star, Thy light
 Will to our joy be seen ;
 Thou, Lord, wilt meet our longing sight,
 No cloud between.
- 3 Thy love sustains us on our way
 While pilgrims here below ;
 Thou dost, O Saviour, day by day,
 Thy grace bestow.
- 4 But, oh ! the more we learn of Thee,
 And Thy rich mercy prove,
 The more we long Thy face to see
 And know Thy love.

1127 L.M. LATIN. tr. E. CASWALL.
The Lord shall be a light unto me.
 Micah vii. 8.

- 1 O THOU, true Life of all that live !
 Who dost, unmoved, all motion sway,
 Who dost the morn and evening give,
 And through its changes guide the day ;

EVENING.

- 2 Thy light upon our evening pour ;
So may our souls no sunset see ;
But death to us an open door
To an eternal morning be.
- 3 Father of mercies, hear our cry ;
Hear us, O sole-begotten Son !
Who, with the Holy Ghost most high,
Reignest while endless ages run.

1128 C.M. [MASON
Let my prayer be set forth...as incense.
Psalm cxli. 2.

- 1 **N**OW from the altar of our hearts,
Let incense flames arise.
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.
- 2 Awake ! our love ; awake ! our joy ;
Awake ! our heart and tongue ;
Sleep not when mercies loudly call ;
Break forth into a song.
- 3 Minutes and mercies multiplied
Have made up all this day ;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More fleet and free than they.
- 4 New time, new favours, and new joys
Do a new song require ;
'Till we shall praise Thee as we would,
Accept our hearts' desire.
- 5 Lord of our time, whose hand hath set
New time upon our score ;
Thee may we praise for all our time,
When time shall be more.

EVENING.

1129 L.M.
I form the light and create darkness.
Isaiah xlv. 7.

- 1 MY God, how endless is Thy love !
Thy gifts are every evening new ;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil, like early dew.
- 2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours !
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.
- 3 I yield my powers to Thy command ;
To Thee I consecrate my days ;
Perpetual blessings from Thine hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

1130 87s. [PARR]
He shall give his angels charge concerning thee.—Matthew iv. 6.

- 1 HEAR my prayer, O heavenly Father,
Ere I lay me down to sleep ;
Bid Thine angels, pure and holy,
Round my bed their vigil keep.
- 2 Great my sins are, but Thy mercy
Far outweighs them every one ;
Down before the cross I cast them,
Trusting in Thy help alone.
- 3 Keep me, through this night of peril,
Underneath its boundless shade ;
Take me to Thy rest, I pray Thee,
When my pilgrimage is made.
- 4 None shall measure out Thy patience
By the span of human thought ;
None shall bound the tender mercies
Which Thy holy Son hath wrought.

EVENING.

- 5 Pardon all my past transgressions ;
Give me strength for days to come ;
Guide and guard me with Thy blessing,
Till Thine angels bid me home.

131 L.M. G. RAWSON.
He was asleep.—Matthew viii. 24.

- 1 **T**HOU who hast known the careworn
breast,
The weary need of sleep's deep balm,
Come, Saviour, ere we go to rest,
And breathe around Thy perfect calm.
- 2 Thy presence gives us childlike trust,
Gladness and hope without alloy ;
The faith that triumphs o'er the dust,
And gleamings of eternal joy.
- 3 Stand in our midst, dear Lord, and say,
Peace be to you this evening hour
Then all the struggles of the day
Vanish before Thy loving power.
- 4 Blest is the pilgrimage to heaven !
A little nearer every night !
Christ to our earthly darkness given,
Till in His glory there is light.

132 8 7s. [EDMESTON.]
Neither shall any plague come nigh Thy dwelling.—Psalm xci. 10.

- 1 **S**AVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal,
Sin and want we come confessing ;
Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.
- 2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel guards from Thee surround us ;
We are safe, for Thou art nigh.

EVENING.

- 3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee.
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.
- 4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

1133

C.M.
Psalm iv.

WATTS.

- 1 **L**ORD, Thou wilt hear me when I pray,
I am for ever Thine ;
I fear before Thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.
- 2 And while I rest my weary head,
From cares and business free,
'Tis sweet communing on my bed
With my own heart and Thee.
- 3 I pay this evening sacrifice ;
And when my work is done,
Great God, my faith and hope relies
Upon Thy grace alone.
- 4 Thus, with my thoughts composed to peace,
I'll give mine eyes to sleep ;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

1134

C.M.

C. WESLEY

He shall give His angels charge over thee.
Psalm xci. 11.

- 1 **A**LL praise to Him who dwells in bliss,
Who made both day and night ;
Whose throne is darkness, in the abyss
Of uncreated light.



EVENING.

- 2 Each thought and deed His piercing eyes
With strictest search survey ;
The deepest shades no more disguise
Than the full blaze of day.
- 3 Whom Thou dost guard, O King of kings,
No evil shall molest ;
Under the shadow of Thy wings
Shall they securely rest.
- 4 Thy angels shall around their beds
Their constant stations keep ;
Thy faith and truth shall shield their heads.
For Thou dost never sleep.
- 5 May we with calm and sweet repose,
And heavenly thoughts refreshed,
Our eyelids with the morn unclose,
And bless the Ever-blessed !

1135

8888.

TOPLADY.*

*The angel of the Lord encampeth round
about them that fear Him.—Ps. xxxiv. 7.*

- 1 INSPIRER and hearer of prayer,
Thou Shepherd and Guardian of Thine,
My all to Thy merciful care,
I, sleeping and waking, resign.
- 2 If Thou art my shield and my sun,
The night is no darkness to me ;
And fast as my moments roll on,
They bring me but nearer to Thee.
- 3 Thy ministering spirits descend,
To watch while Thy saints are asleep ;
By day and by night they attend,
The heirs of salvation to keep.
- 4 Bright seraphs, despatched from the throne,
Repair to their stations assigned ;
And angels elect are sent down,
To guard the elect of mankind.

EVENING.

5: Their worship no interval knows ;
Their fervour is still on the wing ;
And while they protect my repose,
They chant to the praise of my King.

6 I, too, at the season ordained,
Their chorus for ever shall join ;
And love and adore, without end,
Their faithful Creator, and mine.

1136 C M. AMBROSE, *tr.* J. H. NEWMAN.
Lord, lift Thou up the light of Thy countenance upon us.—Ps. iv. 6.

- 1 **O** GOD, unchangeable and true,
Of all the Life and Power,
Dispensing light in silence through
Every successive hour ;
- 2 Lord, brighten our declining day,
That it may never wane,
Till death, when all things round decay,
Brings back the morn again.
- 3 This grace on Thy redeemed confer,
Father, co-equal Son,
And Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
Eternal Three in One.

1137 C.M. LATIN, *tr.* J. H. NEWMAN.
He setteth an end to darkness, and searcheth out all perfection.—Job xxviii. 3.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies infinite,
Ruling all things that be,
Who, shrouded in the depth and height,
Art One, and yet art Three ;
- 2 Purge Thou with fire the o'ercharged mind,
Its sores and wounds profound ;
And with the watcher's girdle bind
The limbs which sloth hath bound ;

EVENING.

- 3 That they who with their songs by night
Before Thy presence come,
All may be filled with strength and light
From their eternal home.

138 L.M. [W. TWELLS.]
*At even, when the sun did set, they brought
unto Him all that were diseased.—Mark i. 32.*

- 1 **A**T even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay ;
Oh, in what divers pains they met !
Oh, in what joy they went away !
- 2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we,
Oppressed with various ills, draw near ;
What if Thy form we cannot see ?
We know and feel that Thou art here.
- 3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel ;
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had ;
- 4 And some are pressed with worldly care ;
And some are tried with sinful doubt ;
And some such grievous passions tear,
That only Thou canst cast them out ;
- 5 And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free ;
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee.
- 6 O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man ;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried ;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide ;
- 909

EVENING.

- 7 Thy touch has still its ancient power ;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall ;
Hear, in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all.

SATURDAY EVENING.

1139 S.M. MRS. J. CONDLLE
To-morrow is the rest of the holy Sabbath.
Exodus xvi. 23.

- 1 THE hours of evening close ;
The lengthened shadows, drawn
O'er scenes of earth, invite repose,
And wait the Sabbath-dawn.
- 2 So let its calm prevail
O'er forms of outward care ;
Nor thought for many things assail
The still retreat of prayer.
- 3 Our guardian Shepherd near
His watchful eye will keep ;
And, safe from violence or fear,
Will fold His flock to sleep.
- 4 So may a holier light
Than earth's, our spirits rouse,
And call us, strengthened by His might,
To pay the Lord our vows.

1140 7s. Six lines. NEWTON.
And the Sabbath drew on.—Luke xxiii. 54.

- 1 SAFELY through another week,
God has brought us on our way ;
Let us now a blessing seek,
On the approaching Sabbath-day,
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 2 Mercies multiplied each hour,
Gracious Lord, our praise demand ;
Guarded by Thy mighty power,
Nourished by Thy bounteous hand,
Now from worldly care set free,
May we rest this night with Thee.
- 3 When the morn shall bid us rise,
May we feel Thy presence near.
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
When we in Thy house appear ;
And may all our Sabbaths prove
Foretastes of the joys above.

141 87s.
Labour...to enter into that rest.
Hebrews iv. 11.

- 1 **N**EARING Sabbath, how I bless thee !
Let thy calmness fill my breast ;
Let me even now possess thee,
And anticipate thy rest.
 - 2 Is my journey full of sadness,
Through a desert wild and drear ?
Be to me a well of gladness ;
Bid me quite forget my fear.
 - 3 So when life's long week is over,
Blessèd it will be to die ;
Angels whispering, as they hover,
Rest is coming, rest is nigh.
-

THE SEASONS.

1142

C.M.

WATTS.

Psalm cxlvii.

- 1 **W**ITH songs and honours sounding loud,
Address the Lord on high ;
Over the heavens He spreads His cloud,
And waters veil the sky.
- 2 He sends His showers of blessing down
To cheer the plains below ;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in valleys grow.
- 3 His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year ;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.
- 4 His hoary frost, His fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground ;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.
- 5 He sends His word and melts the snow ;
The fields no longer mourn :
He calls the warmer gales to blow, -
And bids the spring return.
- 6 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey His mighty word :
With songs and honours sounding loud,
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

SPRING.

1143

C.M.

T. H. GILL.

Thou renewest the face of the earth.—
Ps. civ. 30.—Be renewed in the spirit
of your mind.—Ep. iv. 23.

- 1 **T**HE glory of the spring how sweet !
The newborn life how glad !
What joy the happy earth to greet
In new, bright raiment clad ;
- 2 The blessed vernal airs to hail
In their renewing power,
The new song of each nightingale,
The new birth of each flower !
- 3 Divine Renewer ! Thee I bless ;
I greet Thy going forth :
I love Thee in the loveliness
Of Thy renewed earth.
- 4 But O these wonders of Thy grace,
These nobler works of Thine,
These marvels sweeter far to trace,
These new-births more divine !
- 5 These sinful souls Thou hallowest,
These hearts Thou makest new,
These mourning souls by Thee made blest,
These faithless hearts made true :
- 6 This new-born glow of faith so strong,
This bloom of love so fair ;
This new-born ecstasy of song
And fragrancy of prayer !
- 7 Creator Spirit, work in me
These wonders sweet of Thine !
Divine Renewer, in glory
Renew this heart of mine !

THE SEASONS :

- Grant me the grace of the new birth,
 The joy of the new song !
 The vernal bloom, the vernal mirth
 In my new heart prolong !
 9 Still let new life and strength upspring,
 Still let new joy be given !
 And grant the glad new song to ring
 Through the new earth and heaven !

C.M. Double. [J. S. B. MONSELL.]
I will be as the dew unto Israel.—Hosea xiv. 5.

1144

1 THE spring-tide hour brings leaf and flower
 With songs of life and love ;
 And many a lay wears out the day
 In many a leafy grove.

Bird, flower, and tree seem to agree
 Their choicest gifts to bring ;
 But this poor heart bears not its part,
 In it there is no spring.

2 Dew drops fall apace, the dews of grace,
 Upon this soul of sin ;
 And love Divine delights to shine
 Upon the waste within :
 Yet year by year fruits, flowers, appear,
 And birds their praises sing ;
 But this poor heart bears not its part,
 Its winter has no spring.

3 Lord, let Thy love, fresh from above,
 Soft as the south wind blow
 Call forth its bloom, wake its perfume
 And bid its spices flow !
 And when Thy voice makes earth re-
 And the hills laugh and s-
 make this heart to bear its
 + join the praise of

SPRING.

45 C.M. KEBLEN
*Thou visitest the earth and waterest it; Thou
greatly enrichest it.—Ps. lxxv. 9.*

- 1 **L**ORD, in Thy name Thy servants plead,
And Thou hast sworn to hear;
Thine is the harvest, Thine the seed,
The fresh and fading year.
- 2 Our hope, when autumn winds blew wild,
We trusted, Lord, with Thee,
And still, now spring has on us smiled,
We wait on Thy decree.
- 3 The former and the latter rain,
The summer sun and air,
The green ear, and the golden grain,
All Thine, are ours by prayer.
- 4 Thine too by right, and ours by grace,
The wondrous growth unseen,
The hopes that soothe, the fears that brace,
The love that shines serene.
- 5 So grant the precious things brought forth,
By sun and moon below,
That Thee in Thy new heaven and earth
We never may forego.

146 Irregular.
Thou blessest the springing thereof.
Psalm lxxv. 10.

- 1 **W**E plough the fertile meadows,
We sow the furrowed land;
But all the growth and increase
Are in God's mighty hand.
He gives the shower and sunshine
To swell the quickening grain,
The springing corn He blesses,
He clothes the golden plain.

THE SEASONS :

- Every bounteous blessing
His faithful love bestows
Then magnify His glorious Name
From whom all goodness flows.
- 2 By Him all things were fashioned
Around us and afar,
He formed the earth and ocean,
He kindled every star.
His love ordained the seasons,
By Him are all things fed :
He for the sparrow careth,
He gives our daily bread.
Every bounteous blessing
His faithful love bestows,
Then magnify His glorious Name,
From whom all goodness flows.
- 3 All praise to Thee, great Father,
Thou Giver of all good ;
Upon whose care dependeth
Our life, and health, and food :
We bring our glad thanksgiving,
Our gifts of love and praise ;
Be Thine our grateful service,
The harvest of our days.
Every bounteous blessing
His faithful love bestows,
Then magnify His glorious Name
From whom all goodness flows.
-

SUMMER.

147 ^{65.} *There is nothing hid from the heat thereof*
Psalm xix. 6.

1 SUMMER suns are glowing
Over land and sea,
Happy light is flowing
Bountiful and free.

2 Every thing rejoices
In the mellow rays,
All earth's thousand voices
Swell the psalm of praise.

3 God's free mercy streameth
Over all the world,
And His banner gleameth
Everywhere unfurled.

4 Broad and deep and glorious
As the heaven above,
Shines in might victorious
His eternal love.

HARVEST.

148 ^{7s. Eight lines.} ^{ALFORD *}
The harvest is the end of the world, and the
reapers are the angels.—Matt. xiii. 39.

1 COME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home;
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin.

THE SEASONS :

- God our Maker doth provide
 For our wants to be supplied ;
 Come to God's own presence, come,
 Raise the song of Harvest-home !
- 2 All the world is God's own field,
 Fruit unto His praise to yield ;
 Wheat and tares together sown,
 Unto joy or sorrow grown ;
 First the blade and then the ear,
 Then the full corn shall appear.
 Lord of harvest, grant that we
 Wholesome grain and pure may be.
- 3 For the Lord our God shall come,
 And shall take His Harvest-home ;
 From His field shall in that day
 All offences purge away ;
 Give His angels charge at last
 In the fire the tares to cast ;
 But the fruitful ears to store
 In His garner evermore.
- 4 Even so, Lord, quickly come,
 To Thy final Harvest-home !
 Gather Thou Thy people in,
 Free from sorrow, free from sin ;
 There, for ever purified,
 In Thy presence to abide.
 Come, with all Thine angels, come,
 Raise the glorious Harvest-home.

1149 87, 87, 87, 87. J. S. B. MONSELL
*He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing
 precious seed, shall doubtless come again with
 rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.*
 Psalm cxxvi. 6.

- 1 **B**OUNTEOUS Blessor of the seed time,
 Sweet Refresher of the soil,
 Great Ingatherer of the harvest,
 For which all 'Thy people toil ;

HARVEST.

- O Thou Fount of every blessing,
Showered daily from above,
Stoop to hear our hearts confessing
All their gladness in Thy love.
- 2 Blessed be the hand that gave us
Thought and feeling, life and limb,
Blest His heart who died to save us,
Blessings evermore to Him !
Blest the tender love which makes us
Fit to serve Him as we ought,
Never leaves us nor forsakes us,
Till into His garner brought.
- 3 With Thy dews and sunshine tend us
Through life's long and changeful year ;
From the enemy defend us,
Lest the tares of sin appear ;
Ever in Thy mercy sparing,
Watching late and waiting long,
And Thy judgment still forbearing
Lest Thy children suffer wrong.
- 4 Bounteous Blessor of the seed time,
Sweet Refresher of the heart,
Great Ingatherer of the harvest,
Oh, how full of love Thou art !
Let Thine eye and hand the keepers
Of our souls for ever be,
Till Thine angel harvest-reapers
Life's full bundles bind for Thee.

1150

87, 87, 87, 87.

W. C. DIX.

Peculiar Accent.

He...filletth thee with the finest of the wheat.

Psalm cxlvii. 14.

- 1 **T**O Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise,
In hymns of adoration ;
To Thee bring sacrifice of praise,
With shouts of exultation.

THE SEASONS :

Bright robes of gold the fields adorn,
The hills with joy are ringing ;
The valleys stand so thick with corn,
That even they are singing.

2 We bear the burden of the day,
And often toil seems dreary,
But labour ends with sunset ray,
And rest is for the weary :
May we, the Angel-reaping o'er,
Stand at the last accepted,
Christ's golden sheaves for evermore
To garner bright elected.

3 O blessed is that land of God,
Where saints abide for ever ;
Where golden fields spread fair and broad,
Where flows the crystal river.
The strains of all its holy throng
With ours to-day are blending ;
Thrice blessed is that harvest song,
Which never hath an ending.

664,6664. MONTGOMER

1151

Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness
Psalm lxxv. 11.

1 THE God of harvest praise
In loud thanksgivings, raise
Hand, heart, and voice :
The valleys laugh and sing,
Forests and mountains ring,
The plains their tribute bring,
The streams rejoice.

2 Garden and orchard ground,
Autumnal fruits have crowned,
The vintage glows :
Here plenty pours her horn ;
There the full tide of corn,
Swayed by the breath of morn,
The land o'erflows.

HARVEST.

- 3 The wind, the rain, the sun
Their genial work have done ;
 Wouldst thou be fed ?
Man to thy labour bow,
Thrust in the sickle now,
Reap where thou once didst plough,
 God sends thee bread.
- 4 Thy few seeds scattered wide
His hand hath multiplied
 Here thou may'st find
Christ's miracle renewed ;
With self-producing food
He feeds a multitude—
 He feeds mankind.
- 5 The God of harvest praise ;
Hands, hearts, and voices raise
 With one accord :
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along ;
And in your harvest song,
 Bless ye the Lord.
- 6 Yea, bless His Holy Name,
And happy thanks proclaim
 Through all the earth :
To glory in your lot
Is comely ; but be not
His benefits forgot
 Amidst your mirth.

- 1 **P**RAISE, O praise our God and King,
Hymns of adoration sing,
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

THE SEASONS :

2 Praise Him that He made the sun
Day by day his course to run,
For His mercies, &c.

3 And the silver moon by night,
Shining with her gentle light,
For His mercies, &c.

4 Praise Him that He gave the rain
To mature the swelling grain,
For His mercies, &c.

5 And hath bid the fruitful field
Crops of precious increase yield,
For His mercies, &c.

6 Praise Him for our harvest store ;
He hath filled the garner-floor ;
For His mercies, &c.

7 And for richer food than this,
Pledge of everlasting bliss,
For His mercies, &c.

8 Glory to our bounteous King,
Glory let creation sing ;
Glory to the Father, Son,
And blest Spirit, Three in One.

1153 L.M. C. WORDSWORTH
The Lord of the Harvest.—Matt. ix. 38.

1 OUR hearts and voices let us raise,
In songs of thankfulness and praise,
Our heavenly Father's love to bless,
Which crowns the year with fruitfulness.

2 Cheered by Thy sun and fostering rain,
The valleys wave with golden grain,
The corn-fields teem with ripened shocks,
The stalls with herds, the folds with flocks.

HARVEST.

- 3 For what Thy bounteous hand imparts
Give us the grace of thankful hearts,
Hearts which their thankfulness may prove
By hymns of praise and gifts of love.
- 4 O Thou that art the harvest's Lord,
Send forth the sowers of Thy word ;
Speed them, oh ! speed them on the wings
Of prayers and cheerful offerings.
- 5 May distant climes Thy word receive,
Land after land, till all believe,
And bear the fruit that never dies,
Till earth shall bloom like Paradise.
- 6 Shine on us with Thy glorious face,
Refresh us with Thy gifts of grace ;
The gifts which, by the Holy Ghost,
Were shed from heaven at Pentecost.
- 7 Oh, may we, like a fruitful field,
To Thee a rich abundance yield ;
And, as the fields with harvests wave,
Rise from the furrows of the grave.
- 8 So when the angel reapers come,
And Thou shalt keep Thy harvest home,
We in Thy barn may garnered be,
Thy heavenly barn, eternally.

1154 L.M. Six lines. JOSEPH ANSTICE.*
The floors shall be full of wheat.—Joel ii. 24.

- 1 LORD of the harvest, once again
We thank Thee for the ripened grain.
For crops safe carried, sent to cheer
Thy servants through another year ;
For all sweet holy thoughts supplied,
By seed time and by harvest tide.

THE SEASON

2 Praise Him that He
Day by day his course
For His mercy

3 And the silver moon
Shining with her gentle
For His mercy

4 Praise Him that He
To mature the swelling
For His mercy

5 And hath bid the fruit
Crops of precious increase
For His mercy

6 Praise Him for our
He hath filled the ground
For His mercy

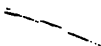
7 And for richer food
Pledge of everlasting
For His mercy

8 Glory to our bounty
Glory let creation sing
Glory to the Father
And blest Spirit, Thou

1153 *The Lord of the Harvest*

1 OUR hearts and voices
In songs of thankfulness
Our heavenly Father's love
Which crowns the year

2 Cheered by Thy sun and
The valleys wave with gold
The corn-fields teem with
The stalls with herds, the



THE SEASONS :

- 2 The bare dead grain, in autumn sown,
Its robe of vernal green puts on ;
Glad from its wintry grave it springs,
Fresh garnished by the King of kings ;
So, Lord, to those who sleep in Thee,
Shall new and glorious bodies be.
- 3 Nor vainly of Thy word we ask
A lesson from the reaper's task :
So shall Thine angels issue forth,
The tares be burnt ; the just of earth,
To wind and storm exposed no more,
Be gathered to their Father's store.
- 4 Daily, O Lord, our prayer be said,
As Thou hast taught, for daily bread ;
But not alone our bodies feed,
Supply our fainting spirits' need ;
O Bread of Life, from day to day,
Be Thou our comfort, food, and stay.

1155 8888, 44, 8. J. H. GUR:
*While the earth remaineth, seed time
harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and wi
and day and night shall not cease.—Genesis vi*

- 1 LORD of the harvest ! Thee we hail ;
L Thine ancient promise doth not fail
The varying seasons haste their round,
With goodness all our years are crown'd
Our thanks we pay
This holy day ;
Oh, let our hearts in tune be found.
- 2 If spring doth wake the song of mirth
If summer warms the fruitful earth,
When winter sweeps the naked plain,
Or autumn yields its ripened grain,
Still do we sing
To Thee, our King ;
Through all their changes Thou dost

HARVEST.

3 But chiefly, when, Thy liberal hand
Scatters new plenty o'er the land,
When sounds of music fill the air,
As homeward all their treasures bear ;
 We too will raise
 Our hymn of praise,
For we Thy common bounties share.

4 Lord of the harvest, all is Thine,
The rains that fall, the suns that shine,
The seed once hidden in the ground,
The skill that makes our fruits abound !
 New every year
 Thy gifts appear ;
New praises from our lips shall sound.

1156 L.M. [BUTCHER.*]
The joy in harvest.—Isaiah ix. 3.

- 1 GREAT God, as seasons disappear,
And changes mark the rolling year,
'Thy favour still has crowned our days,
And we would celebrate Thy praise.
- 2 The harvest-song would we repeat ;
'Thou givest us the finest wheat ;
The joys of harvest we have known ;
The praise, O Lord, is all Thine own.
- 3 Our tables spread, our garners stored,
Oh, give us hearts to bless Thee, Lord ;
Forbid it, Source of Light and Love,
'That hearts and lives should barren prove.
- 4 Another harvest comes apace ;
Ripen our spirits by Thy grace,
'That we may calmly meet the blow
'The sickle gives to lay us low.

THE SEASONS :

- 5 That so, when angel-reapers come
To gather sheaves to Thy blest home,
(Our spirits may be borne on high
To Thy safe garner in the sky.

1157 C.M. [FLOWERDEW
Seed time and harvest...shall not cease.
Genesis viii. 22.

- 1 FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,
How rich Thy bounties are !
The changing seasons, as they move,
Proclaim Thy constant care.
- 2 When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness wrought its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.
- 3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was Th
The plants in beauty grew ;
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
And soft refreshing dew.
- 4 These varied mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain ;
A kindly harvest crowns Thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.
- 5 We own and bless Thy gracious sway ;
Thy hand all nature hails ;
Seed time nor harvest, night nor day,
Summer nor winter, fails.
- 6 Fountain of love, our praise is Thine
To Thee our songs we'll raise,
And all created nature join
In sweet harmonious praise.

HARVEST.

18 65,65,65,65,65,65. J. S. B. MONSELL.*
*Thou openest Thine hand, and satisfiest the
desire of every living thing.*—Psalm cxlv. 16.

- 1 EARTH below is teeming,
Heaven is bright above,
Every brow is beaming
With the joy of love ;
Every eye rejoices,
Every thought is praise ;
Happy hearts and voices
Gladden nights and days ;
O Almighty Giver,
Bountiful and free,
With the joy of harvest
Joy we before Thee.
- 2 Every youth and maiden
On the harvest plain,
Round the waggons laden
With their golden grain,
Swells the happy chorus
On the evening air,
Unto Him who o'er us
Bends with constant care.
O Almighty Giver, &c.
- 3 For the sun and showers,
For the rain and dew,
For the happy hours
Spring and summer knew ;
For the golden autumn
And its precious stores,
For the love that brought them
Teeming to our doors.
O Almighty Giver, &c.

THE SEASONS :

- 4 Earth's broad harvest whitens
In a brighter Sun
Than the orb that lightens
All we tread upon.
Send out labourers, Father,
Where fields ripening wave,
And the nations gather,
Gather in and save.
O Almighty Giver,
Bountiful and free,
Then with joy of harvest
We shall joy in Thee !

AUTUMN.

1159 7 6, 7 6, 7 6, 7 6. H. F. LY
We all do fade as a leaf.—Is. lxiv. 6,

- 1 THE leaves around me falling
Are preaching of decay ;
The hollow winds are calling,
Come, pilgrim, come away !
The day in night declining,
Says I must too decline ;
The year, its life resigning,—
Its lot foreshadows mine.
- 2 The light my path surrounding,
The love to which I cling,
The hopes within me bounding,
The joys that round me sing,—
All melt like stars of even
Before the morning's ray,
Pass upward into heaven,
And chide the day.



WINTER.

- 3 The friends gone there before me
Are calling me from high,
And joyous angels o'er me
Tempt sweetly to the sky.
Why wait, they say, and wither
'Mid scenes of death and sin
O, rise to glory hither,
And find true life begin.
- 4 I hear the invitation,
And fain would rise and come,
A sinner to salvation,
An exile to his home ;
But while I here must linger,
Thus, thus let all I see
Point on with faithful finger
To heaven, O Lord, and Thee.
-

WINTER.

160 ^{7s.} *Thou hast made...winter.*—Ps. lxxiv. 17.

- 1 **W**INTER reigneth o'er the land,
Freezing with its icy breath ;
Dead and bare the tall trees stand ;
All is chill and drear as death.
- 2 Yet it seemeth but a day
Since the summer flowers were here,
Since they stacked the balmy hay,
Since they reaped the golden ear.
- 3 Sunny days are past and gone ;
So the years go, speeding fast,
Onward ever, each new one
Swifter speeding than the last.

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR

1. 'TIS A WONDERFUL YEAR THAT'S
 'GONE BY, AND THE FUTURE IS
 DARK AND DEEP, BUT THE LIGHT OF
 GOD'S LOVE IS WITH US.
2. FOR THE LORD HAS BEEN GOOD TO US
 ALL THE YEAR, AND HIS LOVE IS
 WITH US, AND HIS LOVE IS
 WITH US, AND HIS LOVE IS
 WITH US.
3. YES, LORD, YOUR LOVE IS WITH US
 ALL THE YEAR, AND YOUR LOVE IS
 WITH US, AND YOUR LOVE IS
 WITH US, AND YOUR LOVE IS
 WITH US.

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR

[FOR THE LAST SUNDAY OF THE YEAR]

116] L.M. Six lines. J. E. B. M. 11
Emmanuel... God with us.—NAT. 11.

1. A'T Sunday of the work-day year,
 How sweetly falls on heart and ear
 That blessed name by which we know
 That God, through all our weal and woe
 Is with us, and will ever make
 Our cause His own, for Jesus' sake.
2. When toiling through this world of care,
 Depressed in faith, and faint in prayer,
 Distracted by life's sinful ways,
 With baffled hopes and cloudy days,
 What pledge in that one word is given
 To weary earth of watchful heaven!

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

- 3 When on the losses, which have cast
Their shadow o'er the year that's past,
Or on the cares, whose trembling gloom
Is hanging o'er the year to come,
The troubled heart despondent dwells,
How, ' God with us,' all gloom dispels !
- 4 If God be with us, who hath power
To harm us in the weakest hour?
If God be with us, loss and pain,
'Touched by His presence, turn to gain !
All clouds and darkness then will take
The hues of heaven for Jesus' sake !
- 5 Alas ! that we should ever prove
Unthankful for such tender love ;
Alas ! that we, when God would thus
For ever be a God with us,
Should force Him from the gentle path,
To be far from us in His wrath.

1162 L.M. DODDRIDGE.*
Having...obtained help of God.
Acts xxvi. 22.

- 1 GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand
By which supported still we stand ;
The opening year Thy mercy shows,
That mercy crowns it till its close.
- 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad
Still are we guarded by our God ;
By His incessant bounty fed,
By His unerring counsel led.
- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own ;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to Thy guardian care commit,
Content with what Thou deemest fit.

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

- 4 Life is waning, life is brief ;
Death, like winter, standeth nigh ;
Each one, like the falling leaf,
Soon shall fade, and fall, and die.
- 5 But the sleeping earth shall wake,
And the flowers shall burst in bloom,
And all nature rising break
Glorious from its wintry tomb.
- 6 So, Lord, after slumber blest,
Comes a bright awakening,
And our flesh in hope shall rest
Of a never-fading spring.
-

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

[FOR THE LAST SUNDAY IN THE YEAR.]

1161 L.M. Six lines. J. S. B. MONSELL
Emmanuel...God with us.—Matt. i. 23.

- 1 **L**AST Sunday of the work-day year,
How sweetly falls on heart and ear
That blessèd name by which we know
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THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

In our weakness and distress,
Rock of strength, be Thou our stay !
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living way !

- 3 Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread ?
With Thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort Thou his dying head.
- 4 Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore Thine own,
Help, oh ! help us to endure,
Fit us for the promised crown !
- 5 So within Thy palace gate
We shall praise, on golden strings,
Thee the only Potentate,
Lord of lords, and King of kings.

1165 86, 86, 88, 66. A. T. RUSSELL.
Thou art my portion, O Lord.—Ps. cxix. 57.

- 1 **A**NOTHER year hath fled ; renew,
Lord, with our days Thy love !
Our days are evil here and few ;
We look to live above :
We will not grieve, though day by day
We pass from earthly joys away ;
Our joy abides in Thee ;
Our joy abides in Thee !
- 2 Yet, when our sins we call to mind,
We cannot fail to grieve ;
But Thou art pitiful and kind,
And wilt our prayer receive :
O Jesu, evermore the same,
Our hope we rest upon Thy Name ;
Our hope abides in Thee ;
Our hope abides in Thee !

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Our hope we rest upon Thy Name ;
Our hope abides in Thee ;
Our hope abides in Thee !

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

- 4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Thou art our joy, and Thou our rest ;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored throughout our changing days.
- 5 When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our Helper, God, in whom we trust,
Shall keep our souls, and guard our dust.

1163 L.M. DODDRIDGE.*
Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.
1 Samuel vii. 12.

- 1 OUR Helper, God, we bless His name,
Whose love for ever is the same ;
The tokens of whose gracious care
Open and crown and close the year.
- 2 Amidst ten thousand snares we stand,
Supported by His guardian hand ;
And see, when we review our ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.
- 3 Thus far His arm hath led us on ;
Thus far we make His mercy known ;
And while we tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.
- 4 Our grateful souls, on Jordan's shore,
Shall raise one sacred pillar more ;
Then bear in His bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love.

1164 7s. HENRY DOWNTON.
*So teach us to number our days, that we may
apply our hearts unto wisdom.—Ps. xc. 12.*

- 1 FOR Thy mercy and Thy grace
Faithful through another year,
Hear our song of thankfulness ;
Father, and Redeemer hear !

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

- In our weakness and distress,
Rock of strength, be Thou our stay !
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living way !
- 3 Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread ?
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Our hope we rest upon Thy Name ;
Our hope abides in Thee ;
Our hope abides in Thee !

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

- 3 For all the future, Lord, prepare
Our souls with strength divine ;
Help us to cast on Thee our care,
And on Thy servants shine :
Life without Thee is dark and drear ;
Death is not death if Thou art near ;
Our life abides in Thee ;
Our life abides in Thee !

1166 L.M. DODDRIDGE.*
Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness.
Ps. lxxv. 11.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Source of every joy !
Well may Thy praise our lips employ,
While in Thy presence we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.
- 2 Seasons and months and weeks and days
Demand successive songs of praise ;
Still be the cheerful homage paid,
With opening light and evening shade.
- 3 Here in Thy house shall incense rise,
As circling Sabbaths bless our eyes ;
Still will we make Thy mercies known,
Around Thy board, and round our own.
- 4 O may our more harmonious tongues
In worlds unknown renew their songs ;
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more.

1167 L.M. DODDRIDGE.*
O how great is Thy goodness.—Ps. xxxi. 19.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Source of light and grace,
We bless Thy sacred name ;
Through every year's revolving round
Thy goodness is the same.

THE NEW YEAR.

- 2 On our unworthy souls, O Lord,
Thy blessings all unite—
Blessings more numerous than the stars,
More lasting and more bright.
- 3 Inconstant service we repay
And treacherous vows renew,
False as the morning's scattering cloud,
And transient as the dew.
- 4 Again, O Lord, our guilt we mourn,
Again implore Thy grace,
To bear our feeble footsteps on
In all Thy righteous ways.

THE NEW YEAR.

[FOR A MIDNIGHT SERVICE.]

1168 *Great is Thy faithfulness.*—Lam. iii. 23. C.M. T. H. GILL.

- 1 **B**REAK, New-born Year, on glad eyes break !
Melodious voices move !
On, rolling Time ! thou canst not make
The Father cease to love.
- 2 The parted year had wingèd feet ;
The Saviour still doth stay :
The New Year comes ; but, Spirit sweet,
Thou goest not away.
- 3 Our hearts in tears may oft run o'er ;
But, Lord, Thy smile still beams ;
Our sins are swelling evermore ;
But pardoning grace still streams.

THE NEW YEAR.

- 4 Lord ! from this year more service win,
More glory more delight !
O make its hours less sad with sin,
Its days with Thee more bright !
- 5 Then we may bless its precious things
If earthly cheer should come
Or gladsome mount on angel wings
If Thou wouldst take us home.
- 6 O golden then the hours must be ;
The year must needs be sweet :
Yes, Lord, with happy melody
Thine opening grace we greet.

[FOR A MIDNIGHT SERVICE.]

1169 L.M. [FORD
Thou hast kept me alive.—Ps. xxx. 3.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY Father, heavenly Friend !
On whom our life and breath depend ;
We solemnize this midnight hour,
To sing Thy goodness and Thy power.
- 2 Supported by Thy gracious hand,
Here, in Thy courts, alive we stand ;
And, living, bless His tender care,
Who sends the mercies that we share.
- 3 Our vows, O Lord ! we here renew,
Resolved, whatever others do,
That we will love Thy glorious Name,
Will bear the cross, despise the shame.
- 4 Our souls to Thee we now commend,
To save, establish, and defend ;
Be Thou our portion, and our all,
And ever keep us, lest we fall !
- 5 The year, which has this hour begun,
Shall then its course serenely run ;
Or, if that year our last should be,
Its wings shall bear our souls to Thee.

THE NEW YEAR.

1170 555, 11. Irregular. C. WESLEY.*
Let me die the death of the righteous.
Numb. xxiii. 10.

- 1 COME, let us anew our journey pursue,
Our home is not here,
We never can rest till the Master appear.
- 2 Our life is a dream ; our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away ;
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.
- 3 The arrow is flown ; the moment is gone ;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.
- 4 O that each in the day of His coming may say,
"I have fought my way through ;
I have finished the work Thou didst give me to
do."
- 5 O that each from his Lord may receive the glad
word,
"Well and faithfully done ;
Enter into My joy, and sit down on My throne."

1171 C.M. MRS. CHARLES.
Uphold me according to Thy word.
Psalm cxix. 116.

- 1 WHAT marks the dawning of the year
From any other morn ?
No festal garb doth nature wear
Because a year is born.
- 2 The sky is not more full of light,
The air more full of song,
And silent from the caves of night
Glide the gray hours along.
- 3 And I, to whose awakened eyes
So fair this morn appears,
How know I where to-morrow lies ?
God grants not life by years.

THE NEW YEAR.

- 4 Father ! to-day upon my head
Thy hand in blessing lay ;
Give us this day our daily bread,
Renew our hearts to-day.
- 5 Our Lord and Saviour ! all we ask
Is that, through Thee, forgiven,
To us each day our daily task,
Our daily strength be given ;
- 6 That when at last the trump of doom
Sends its long peal abroad,
We glad within Thy heavenly home,
May keep the Day of God.

1172 C.M. [HEGINBOTHAM]
Goodness...shall follow me all the days of my
life.--Psalm xxiii. 6.

- 1 **G**OD of our life ! Thy various praise
Let mortal voices sound :
Thy hand revolves our fleeting days,
And brings the seasons round.
- 2 To Thee shall annual incense rise,
Our Father and our Friend ;
While annual mercies from the skies
In genial streams descend.
- 3 In every scene of life Thy care,
In every age, we see ;
And constant as Thy favours are,
So let our praises be.
- 4 Still may Thy love, in every scene,
In every age appear ;
And let the same compassion deign
To bless the opening year.
- 5 O keep this foolish heart of mine
From anxious passion free ;
Each comfort teach me to resign,
And trust my all to Thee.

THE NEW YEAR.

If mercy smile, let mercy bring
My wandering soul to God ;
And in affliction I will sing,
If Thou wilt bless the rod.

87s. HENRY DOWNTON.
3 *O Lord, Righteousness belongeth unto Thee,
but unto us confusion of faces.—Dan. ix. 7.*

- J**OIN we brethren, faithful-hearted,
Lift the solemn voice again,
O'er another year departed
Of our threescore years and ten !
Lo ! a theme for deepest sadness,
In ourselves with sin defiled ;
Lo ! a theme for holiest gladness,
In our Father reconciled !
- 3** In the dust we bend before Thee,
Lord of sinless hosts above ;
Yet in lowliest joy adore Thee,
God of mercy, grace, and love !
- 4** Gracious Saviour ! Thou hast lengthened
And hast blest our mortal span,
And in our weak hearts hast strengthened
What Thy grace alone began !
- 5** Still when danger shall betide us,
Be Thy warning whisper heard ;
Keep us at Thy feet and guide us
By Thy Spirit and Thy word !
- 6** Let Thy favour and Thy blessing
Crown the year we now begin ;
Let us all, Thy strength possessing,
Grow in grace and vanquish sin !
- 7** Storms are round us, hearts are quailing,
Signs in heaven and earth and sea ;
But when heaven and earth are failing,
Saviour ! we will trust in Thee !

THE NEW YEAR.

1174 L.M. DODDRIDGE*
My times are in Thy hand.—Ps. xxxi. 15.

- 1 **G**OD of our life, Thy constant care
 With blessings crowned the vanished year;
 Our fragile lives Thy love prolongs,
 And wakes anew our annual songs.
- 2 Our breath is Thine, eternal God;
 'Tis Thine to fix our souls' abode;
 We hold our life from Thee alone,
 On earth or in the world unknown.
- 3 To Thee our spirits we resign;
 Make us and ever keep us Thine;
 Be Thou our God—we know no fear,
 Though death should blast the rising year.
- 4 Thy children, eager to be gone,
 Bid Time's impetuous stream roll on,
 And land them on that radiant shore
 Where years and death are known no more.

1175 C.M. NEWTON.
I beseech Thee, show me Thy glory.
 Exodus xxxiii. 18.

- 1 **N**OW, gracious Lord, Thine arm reveal,
 And make Thy glory known;
 Now let us all Thy presence feel,
 And soften hearts of stone.
- 2 Help us to venture near Thy throne,
 And plead our Saviour's name;
 For all that we can call our own
 Is vanity and shame.
- 3 From all the guilt of former sin
 May mercy set us free;
 And let the year we now begin,
 Begin and end with Thee.

THE NEW YEAR.

- 4 Send down Thy Spirit from above,
That saints may love Thee more,
And sinners now may learn to love,
Who never loved before.
- 5 And when before Thee we appear
In our eternal home,
May growing numbers worship here,
And praise Thee in our room.

1176 L.M. FAWCETT.
*In Him we live and move and have our
being.—Acts xvii. 28.*

- 1 O GOD, my Helper, ever near,
Crown with Thy smile the opening year;
Preserve me by Thy favour still,
And fit me for Thy sacred will.
- 2 My safety, each succeeding hour,
Depends on Thy supporting power;
Accept my thanks for mercies past,
And be my Guard while life shall last.
- 3 Let me not murmur or complain
At what Thy wisdom shall ordain;
Sickness or health may blessings prove,
As ordered by Thy sovereign love.
- 4 My moments move with wingèd haste,
Nor know I which shall be the last;
Danger and death are ever nigh,
And I this year perhaps may die.
- 5 Prepare me for the trying day,
Then call my willing soul away;
I'll quit the world at Thy command,
And trust my spirit to Thy hand.

THE NEW YEAR

1177 C.M. LATIN, *tr.* HYMNS A.
My hope is in Thee.—Psalm xxxix. 7.

- 1 THE year is gone, beyond recall,
With all its hopes and fears,
With all its bright and gladdening smiles
With all its mourners' tears ;
- 2 Thy thankful people praise Thee, Lord,
For countless gifts received,
And pray for grace to keep the faith
Which saints of old believed.
- 3 To Thee we come, O gracious Lord,
The new-born year to bless ;
Defend our land from pestilence,
Give peace and plenteousness ;
- 4 Forgive this nation's many sins,
The growth of vice restrain,
And help us all with sin to strive,
And crowns of life to gain.
- 5 From evil deeds that stain the past
We now desire to flee ;
And pray that future years may all
Be spent, good Lord, for Thee.
- 6 O Father, let Thy watchful eye
Still look on us in love,
That we may praise Thee, year by
As angels do above.
- 7 All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While endless ages run.

THE NEW YEAR.

8 L.M. WORDSWORTH.*
The Lord is thy Keeper.—Ps. cxxi. 5.

ANOTHER year has now begun
With silent pace its course to run ;
Our hearts and voices let us raise
To God, in songs of prayer and praise.
Father, Thy boundless love we bless,
For gifts and mercies numberless ;
For life and health, for grace and peace,
And hopes of joys that never cease.

3 O Son of God, in faith and fear,
Teach us to walk as strangers here,
With hearts in heaven that we may come
To where Thou art, our Father's home.

4 Grant us, O Comforter, Thy grace,
And speed us on our earthly race,
In body, spirit, and in soul,
Right onward to the heavenly goal.

5 Blest Three in One, to Thee we pray ;
Defend and guide us on our way ;
That we at last with joy may see
The new year of eternity.

[179 8, 7s. Double. J. D. BURNS.
*Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel, and
afterward receive me into glory.*—Ps. lxxiii 24.

1 AT Thy feet, our God and Father,
Who hast blest us all our days,
We with grateful hearts would gather,
To begin the year with praise ;
Praise for light so brightly shining
On our steps from heaven above ;
Praise for mercies daily twining
Round us golden cords of love.

THE NEW YEAR.

- 2 Jesus, for Thy love most tender,
On the cross for sinners shown,
We would praise Thee, and surrender
All our hearts to be Thine own.
With so blest a Friend provided,
We upon our way would go,
Sure of being safely guided
Guarded well from every foe.
- 3 Every day will be the brighter,
When Thy gracious face we see ;
Every burden will be lighter,
When we know it comes from Thee.
Spread Thy love's broad banner o'er us,
Give us strength to serve and wait,
Till Thy glory break before us,
Through the city's open gate.

1180 7s. Double. NEWTON.
Thou carriest them away as with a flood.
Psalm xc. 5.

- 1 **W**HILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here.
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below ;
We a little longer wait,
But how little none can know.
- 2 As the wingèd arrow flies,
Speedily the mark to find
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind,
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream ;
Upwards, Lord, our spirits raise ;
All below is but a dream.

THE NEW YEAR.

- 3 Thanks for mercies past receive ;
Pardon for our sins renew ;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view.
Bless Thy word to young and old
Fill us with a Saviour's love ;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with Thee above.

181. 7s. Five lines. F. R.,
(*People's Hymnal.*)
Casting all your care upon Him ; for He
careth for you.—1 Pet. v. 7.

- 1 ONWARD in God's name we wend,
Praying Him His grace to lend ;
For Thine aid we sue to Thee,
O Thou blessed Trinity.
Lord, have mercy as we pray.
- 2 Onward in God's name we wend,
To the Father prayers ascend ;
Lord, let us from hell be freed,
Help us in the time of need.
Lord, &c.
- 3 Onward in God's name we wend,
And we cry to Christ, the Friend,
Through the precious blood He spilt,
We may be made clean from guilt.
Lord, &c.
- 4 Onward in God's name we wend,
To the Holy Ghost we bend,
Praying Him on us to shine,
With His radiancy divine.
Lord, &c.

THE NEW YEAR.

- 5 Onward in God's name we wend,
Trust Thee, Saviour, to the end ;
Guard us from the devil's might
Which besets us day and night.
Lord, &c.
- 6 Onward in God's name we wend,
Hoping till He comfort send ;
In our time vouchsafe us peace,
And from sorrow grant release.
Lord, &c.
- 7 Onward in God's name we wend,
On His promise true depend ;
Earth's fruits in Thy mercy give,
By which, year by year, we live.
Lord, &c.
- 8 Onward in God's name we wend,
Only Helper He and Friend ;
From fell dearth and pestilence,
Grant us, gracious Lord, defence.
Lord, &c.
- 9 Onward in God's name we wend,
Unto Him our souls commend ;
Cleanse Thy church from error's creed,
And our hearts in Truth's ways lead.
Lord, &c.
- 10 Onward in God's name we wend,
Unto whom all prayers ascend ;
Shield us, mighty Lord, from ill,
Let Thine angels guard us still.
Lord, &c.
-



SERVICES FOR THE YOUNG.

[182 664, 6664. [CLEMENS ALEXANDRINUS.]
He shall gather the lambs with His arm.
Isaiah xl. 11.

- 1 **S**HEPHERD of tender youth,
Guiding, in love and truth,
Through devious ways ;
Christ, our triumphant King,
We come Thy name to sing,
And here our children bring,
To shout Thy praise.
- 2 Thou art our Holy Lord,
The All-subduing Word,
Healer of strife :
Thou didst Thyself abase,
That from sin's deep disgrace
Thou mightest save our race,
And give us life.
- 3 O wisdom's great High Priest ;
Thou hast prepared the feast
Of holy love ;
And in our mortal pain,
None calls on Thee in vain :
Help Thou dost not refrain—
Help from above.
- 4 Be ever near our side,
Our Shepherd and our Guide,
Our staff and song :
Jesus, Thou Christ of God,
By Thy perennial word,
Lead us where Thou hast trod ;
Make our faith strong.

SERVICES FOR THE YOUNG.

- 5 So now, and till we die,
Sound we Thy praises high,
And joyful sing.
Infants, and the glad throng
Who to Thy church belong
Unite, and swell the song
To Christ our King.

1183

S.M.

GURNE

*From a child thou hast known the Ho
Scriptures.—2 Tim. iii. 15*

- 1 FAIR waved the golden corn
In Canaan's pleasant land,
When full of joy some shining morn
Went forth the reaper-band.
- 2 To God, so good and great,
Their cheerful thanks they pour,
Then carry to His temple gate
The choicest of their store.
- 3 For thus the holy word,
Spoken by Moses, ran—
"The first ripe ears are for the Lord,
The rest He gives to man."
- 4 Like Israel, Lord, we give
Our earliest fruits to Thee,
And pray that, long as we shall live,
We may Thy children be.
- 5 Thine is our youthful prime,
And life and all its powers:
Be with us in our morning time,
And bless our evening hours.

SERVICES FOR THE YOUNG.

In wisdom let us grow
As years and strength are given,
That we may serve Thy church below,
And join Thy saints in heaven.

184

C M. T. H. GILL.
Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.—Ecc. xii. 1.

How good it is to close with Christ betimes.—[Oliver Cromwell.]

¹ **L**ORD! in the fulness of my might
I would for Thee be strong;
While runneth o'er each dear delight,
To Thee should soar my song.

² I would not give the world my heart,
And then profess Thy love;
I would not feel my strength depart
And then Thy service prove.

³ I would not with swift-wingèd zeal
On the world's errands go;
And labour up the heavenly hill
With weary feet and slow.

⁴ O! not for Thee my weak desires,
My poorer, baser part!
O! not for Thee my fading fires,
The ashes of my heart!

⁵ O choose me in my golden time!
In my dear joys have part!
For Thee the glory of my prime—
The fulness of my heart!

⁶ I cannot, Lord, too early take
The covenant divine;
O! ne'er the happy heart may break
Whose earliest love was Thine.

SERVICES FOR THE YOUNG.

1185 ^{59, 59, 11, 55, 97.} *I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life*
John xiv. 6.

- 1 **T**HOU ! who art "The Way,"
While now our youthful hearts are tender,
Lest our footsteps stray,
Be Thou our Guide and our Defender !
Thou hast trod and pointed out the heavenly
road ;
May we walk therein,
Pure and without sin,
Trusting, as we follow to Thy bright abode,
We shall surely enter in.
- 2 Thou ! who art "The Truth !"
Our eager minds are now awaking,
Strong and fresh with youth ;
The golden morn of life is breaking !
Precious be to us Thy holy word of light !
May its sacred page
Our best thoughts engage ;
Mystic pillar ! cloud by day and fire by night—
Guiding, cheering youth and age.
- 3 Thou ! who art "The Life !"
Creator ! soul of all creation !
Love from Thee is life—
That inner life, the true salvation.
Hark ! celestial voices raise a holy song ;
Listen, for they say,
"Jesus is the way ;"
He the Truth, the Life ;" to Him our souls
belong :
Praise to Him, all praise for aye !

SERVICES FOR THE YOUNG.

L.M.

*So teach us to number our days that we
apply our hearts unto wisdom.—Ps xc, 12.*

liveth long who liveth well ;

All other life is short and vain ;

liveth longest who can tell

of living most for heavenly gain.

liveth long who liveth well ;

All else is being flung away ;

liveth longest who can tell

Of right things rightly done each day.

Taste not thy being ; back to Him

Who freely gave it, freely give ;

Else is that being but a dream,

'Tis but to be, and not to live.

Fill up each hour with what will last ;

Improve the moments as they go ;

The life above, when this is past,

Is the ripe fruit of life below.

86,8886.

37 *Cause me to hear Thy loving-kindness in the
morning, for in Thee do I trust ; cause me to
know the way wherein I should walk, for I
lift up my soul unto Thee.—Ps cxliii. 8.*

THE morning hours of cheerful light

Of all the day are best ;

But as they speed their hasty flight,

If every hour is spent aright,

We sweetly sink to sleep at night,

And pleasant is our rest.

And life is like a summer's day,

It seems so quickly past ;

Youth is the morning, bright and gay,

And if 'tis spent in wisdom's way,

We meet old age without dismay,

And death is sweet at last.

SERVICES FOR THE YOUNG,

- 3 Lord, we our residue of days
Would consecrate to Thee ;
Oh, guide us in Thy sacred ways,
And then at death our spirits raise,
To do Thy will and sing Thy praise
To all eternity !

1188 76, 87, 86, 86.
I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.—Psalm xxxvii. 25.

- 1 **W**E thank our God and Saviour,
For all His mercies given ;
Which help to make our life a joy,
And guide our feet to heaven.
His bounteous hands our wants supply
With never-failing love,
And all who on His help rely
His best of blessings prove.
- 2 We thank our God and Saviour,
Who gives us everything,
Who sends the sunshine and the showers
And makes rich harvests spring.
He clothes the lilies of the field,
He feeds each bird and beast,
And all may share His tender care,
The greatest and the least.
- 3 We thank our God and Saviour,
Whose holy word of truth
Still bids us trust His providence,
Who guards us in our youth.
His love will nothing good withhold,
'Twill shield from every ill ;
O may we praise Him all our days,
And do His holy will.

SERVICES FOR THE YOUNG.

87, 87, 47.

Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel.

Psalm lxxiii. 24.

FATHER, let Thy benediction,
Gently falling as the dew,
And Thy ever-gracious presence,
Bless us all our journey through.

May we ever
Keep the end of life in view.

Young in years, we need the wisdom
Which can only come from Thee ;

In the morn of our existence
Let us Thy salvation see ;
Changed in spirit,
Then shall we Thy children be.

When temptation shall assail us,
When we falter by the way,
Let Thine arm of strength defend us ;
Saviour, hear us when we pray.
Thou art mighty,
Be Thou then our rock and stay.

Praise and blessing, power and glory,
Will we render, Lord, to Thee ;
For the news of Thy salvation
Shall extend from sea to sea.
All the nations
Joyfully shall worship Thee.

190

76, 76.

*Remember now thy Creator in the days of
thy youth.*—Ecclesiastes xii. 1.

1 O COME in life's gay morning,
Ere in thy sunny way
The flowers of hope have withered,
And sorrow ends thy day.

GENERAL CHARITIES

- 2 Come, while from joy's bright fountain
The streams of pleasure flow ;
Come ere thy buoyant spirits
Have felt the blight of woe.
- 3 Remember thy Creator
Now in thy youthful days,
And He will guide thy footsteps
Through life's uncertain maze.
- 4 Remember thy Creator ;
He calls in tones of love,
And offers endless pleasure
In brighter worlds above.
- 5 And in the hour of sadness
When earthly joys depart,
His love shall be thy solace,
And cheer thy drooping heart.
- 6 And when life's storms are over,
And thou from earth art free,
Thy God will be thy portion
Throughout eternity.

GENERAL CHARITIES.

1191 ^{888, 4.} C. WORDSWORTH.
*He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto
the Lord.—Proverbs xix. 17.*

- 1 **O** LORD of heaven and earth and sea,
To Thee all praise and glory be ;
How shall we show our love to Thee,
Giver of all?

GENERAL CHARITIES.

- 2 The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruits Thy love declare,
Where harvests ripen Thou art there,
Giver of all !
- 3 For peaceful homes and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
Giver of all.
- 4 Thou didst not spare Thine only Son,
But gav'st Him for a world undone,
And e'en that gift Thou dost outrun,
And give us all.
- 5 Thou giv'st the Spirit's blessèd dower,
Spirit of life and love and power,
And dost His sevenfold graces shower
Upon us all.
- 6 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
Father, what can to Thee be given,
Who givest all !
- 7 We *lose* what on ourselves we spend,
We *have* as treasures without end
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
Who givest all.
- 8 Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee,
Repaid a thousandfold will be ;
Then gladly will we give to Thee,
Giver of all.
- 9 To Thee, from Whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give ;
Oh, may we ever with Thee live,
Giver of all !

GENERAL CHARITIES.

1192 7s. Double. J. S. B. MONSELL.
A living sacrifice.—Romans xii. 1.

- 1 **H**OLY offerings, rich and rare,
 Offerings of praise and prayer !
 Purer life and purpose high,
 Clasped hands and lifted eye.
 Lowly acts of adoration,
 To the God of our salvation ;
 On His altar laid we leave them,
 Christ present them ; God receive them
- 2 Promises in sorrow made,
 Left, alas ! too long unpaid ;
 Fervent wishes, earnest thought,
 Never into action wrought ;
 Long withheld, we now restore them
 On Thy holy altar pour them,
 There in trembling faith to leave them,
 Christ present them ; God receive them.

1193 C.M. BODEN.*
Pure religion...is to visit the fatherless and widows.—James i. 27.

- 1 **B**RIGHT Source of everlasting love,
 To Thee our souls we raise,
 And to Thy sovereign bounty rear
 A monument of praise.
- 2 Thy mercy gilds the paths of life
 With every cheering ray ;
 Kindly restrains the rising tear,
 Or wipes that tear away.
- 3 To scenes of woe, to beds of pain,
 Our willing feet repair,
 And with the gifts Thy hand bestows,
 Relieve the mourners there.

GENERAL CHARITIES.

- 4 The widow's heart shall sing for joy,
The orphan shall be glad ;
And hungering souls we'll gladly point
To Christ, the Living Bread.
- 5 Thus passing through the vale of tears,
Our useful light shall shine,
And others learn to glorify
Our Father's name divine.

1194 ^{7s.} *Ye have done it unto Me.*—Matt. xxv. 40. C. H. SPURGEON.

- 1 JESUS, poorest of the poor !
Man of sorrows ! Child of grief !
Happy they whose bounteous store
Ministered to Thy relief.
- 2 Jesus, though Thy head is crowned,
Crowned with loftiest majesty,
In Thy members Thou art found,
Plunged in deepest poverty.
- 3 Happy They who wash Thy feet,
Visit Thee in Thy distress !
Honour great, and labour sweet,
For Thy sake the saints to bless !
- 4 They who feed Thy sick and faint
For Thyself a banquet find ;
They who clothe the naked saint
Round Thy loins the raiment bind.
- 5 Thou wilt keep their soul alive,
From their foes protect their head ;
Languishing, their strength revive,
And in sickness make their bed.
- 6 Thou wilt deeds of love repay ;
Grace shall generous hearts reward
Here on earth, and in the day
When they meet their reigning Lord.

GENERAL CHARITIES.

1195 C.M. Double. W. CROSWELL.
Who went about doing good.—Acts x. 38.

- 1 LORD, lead the way the Saviour went,
 By street and lane obscure,
 And let love's treasures still be spent,
 Like His upon the poor ;
 Like Him, through scenes of deep distress,
 Who bore the world's sad weight,
 We in their crowded loneliness,
 Would seek the desolate.
- 2 For Thou hast placed us side by side,
 In this wide world of ill,
 And that Thy followers may be tried,
 The poor are with us still.
 Mean are all offerings we can make,
 But Thou hast taught us, Lord,
 If given for the Saviour's sake,
 They lose not their reward.

1196 C.M. F. R., (*People's Hymnal*).
The poor have the gospel preached to them
 Matthew xi. 5.

- 1 O GOD, whose Sole-Begotten left
 His glory and His throne,
 And, of all pleasant things bereft,
 Dwelt here on earth alone ;
- 2 Dwelt Man with men, that He might teach
 How we may best endure,
 And King of kings, vouchsafed to preach
 His Gospel to the poor ;
- 3 Pour down upon us from above
 The Spirit which He sends,
 That we, made like to Him in love,
 May bless the poor, His friends.
- 4 O, fill us, Lord of might divine,
 With loving charity ;
 All things which we possess are Thine,
 And Thine we give to Thee.

GENERAL CHARITIES.

197 7 6s. Double. J. S. B. MONSEI.
*The needy shall not alway be forgotten : the
expectation of the poor shall not perish for
ever.—Ps. ix. 18.*

1 CHRIST, incarnate in His poor,
Oft in deep dejection
Stands unnoticed at the door,
Trying our affection :
O, we think, what costly love,
Were He here, we'd show Him,
Yet neglectful of Him prove,
For we do not know Him.

2 When the sick prefer their prayer
O, what wretched blindness,
Not to see the Saviour there,
Asking us for kindness :
Not to hear His voice intreat,
Pleading pain or danger,
Not to see Him in the street,
Naked or a stranger.

3 Let the rich His love declare,
Since He stoops to need them ;
Let the poor their sorrows bear
Gently, since He'll plead them.
Ever more His praise shall be
Offered deep and endless ;
The poor commits himself to Thee,
Thou Helper of the friendless.

198 C. M. DODDRIDGE.*
Go and do thou likewise.—Luke x. 37.

FATHER of mercies ! send Thy grace
All powerful from above,
To form in our obedient souls
The image of Thy love.

GENERAL CHARITIES.

- 2 O may our sympathizing breast
That generous pleasure know,
Freely to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe.
- 3 Where'er the helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.
- 4 Since Christ, to save our guilty souls,
On wings of mercy flew,
We, whom the Saviour thus hath loved,
Should love each other too.

1199 C.M. J. S. B. MONSELL
Luke, the beloved physician.—Col. iv. 14.

- 1 O GOD ! most mighty, listen now
While we with earnest prayer
All those who heal throughout our land
Commend to Thy good care.
 - 2 Keep them from pestilence by night,
From sickness at noonday,
Though thousands by their side may fall
Drive noisome things away.
 - 3 And make them hallowed means of good,
In all they think and do,
While truthful to their healing art,
Not unto Thee less true.
 - 4 Physicians of the body they—
By grace's soft control,
May they become, like good St. Luke,
Physicians of the soul !
-

LAYING THE FIRST STONE
OF A PLACE OF WORSHIP.

1200 L M. MONTGOMERY.
*Will God in very deed dwell with men on
the earth?—2 Chron. vi. 18.*

- 1 THIS stone to Thee in faith we lay :
We build the temple, Lord, to Thee :
Thine eye be open night and day,
To guard this house and sanctuary.
- 2 Here, when Thy people seek Thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live ;
Hear Thou, in heaven, Thy dwelling-place,
And, when Thou hearest, O forgive !
- 3 Here, when Thy messengers proclaim
The blessèd gospel of Thy Son,
Still, by the power of His great Name,
Be mighty signs and wonders done.
- 4 Hosanna to their heavenly King !
When children's voices raise that song,
Hosanna let their angels sing,
And heaven with earth the strain prolong.
- 5 But will, indeed, Jehovah deign
Here to abide—no transient guest ?
Here will the world's Redeemer reign ?
And here the Holy Spirit rest ?
- 6 That glory never hence depart !
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone ;
Thy kingdom come to every heart ;
In every bosom fix Thy throne.

LAYING THE FIRST STONE OF A PLACE OF WORSHIP.

1201

C M.

MONTGOMERY •

The hour cometh, when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father.—John iv. 21.

- 1 **T**HE ground on which this day we stand,
Holy henceforth shall be,
For thus, Lord God of sea and land,
Thine own we render Thee.
- 2 **M**aker and Builder Thou, of all
Around us and above,
On Thine Almighty Name we call
To crown our work of love.
- 3 **A**n earthly temple to Thy praise,
Our labouring hands would pile;
Do Thou a better temple raise
Within its walls, the while.
- 4 **O**f living stones that temple frame,
Founded on Christ alone,
Inscribed with His exalted Name,
By all men read and known.
- 5 **F**rom thence, as time and tide roll by,
May ransomed souls ascend,
Safe in their Father's home on high,
Eternity to spend.

1202

6 6 6 6, 4 4 4 4.

LATIN HYMN, tr. J. CHANDLER.

Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner-stone.—Ep. ii. 20.

- 1 **C**HRIST is our corner-stone,
On Him alone we build:
With His true saints alone
The courts of heaven are filled:
On His great love
Our hopes we place
Of present grace,
And joys above.



OPENING A PLACE OF WORSHIP.

- 2 O, then, with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring
Our voices we will raise
The Three in One to sing :
And thus proclaim,
In joyful song,
Both loud and long,
That glorious Name.
- 3 Here, gracious God, do Thou
For evermore draw nigh,
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh :
In copious shower,
On all who pray
Each holy day,
Thy blessing pour.
- 4 Here may we gain from heaven
The grace which we implore,
And may that grace, once given,
Be with us evermore :
Until that day
When all the blest
To endless rest
Are called away.

OPENING A PLACE OF WORSHIP.

1203

C.M.

HARR'

The glory of the Lord filled the house.

2 Chron. vii. 1.

- 1 **L**IGHT up this house with glory, Lord ;
Enter, and claim Thine own ;
Receive the homage of our souls,
Erect Thy temple-throne.

OPENING A PLACE OF WORSHIP.

- 2 We rear no altar—Thou hast died ;
We deck no priestly shrine ;
What need have we of creature-aid ?
The power to save is Thine.
- 3 We ask no bright shekinah-cloud
To glorify the place ;
Give, Lord, the substance of that sign—
A plenitude of grace.
- 4 No rushing, mighty wind we ask ;
No tongues of flame desire ;
Grant us the Spirit's quickening light,
His purifying fire.
- 5 Light up this house with glory, Lord—
The glory of that love
Which forms and saves a church below,
And makes a heaven above.

1204 L.M. DODDRIDGE
This and that man was born in her.
Psalm lxxxvii. 5.

- 1 **A**ND will the great eternal God
On earth establish His abode ?
And will He, from His radiant throne,
Avow our temples for His own ?
- 2 We bring the tribute of our praise,
And sing that condescending grace
Which to our notes will lend an ear,
And call us sinful mortals near.
- 3 These walls we to Thine honour raise :
Long may they echo with Thy praise ;
And Thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of Thy grace.
- 4 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of His train ;
While power divine His word attends,
To conquer foes, and cheer His friends.

OPENING A PLACE OF WORSHIP.

And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear,
Thousands were born to glory here.

05 C.M. NEWTON.
Peace be within Thy walls.—Ps. cxxii. 7.

DEAR Shepherd of Thy people, hear ;
Thy presence now display ;
As Thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

2 Within these walls let holy peace
And love and concord dwell :
Here give the troubled conscience ease ;
The wounded spirit heal.

3 May we in faith receive Thy word,
In faith present our prayers ;
And, in the presence of our Lord,
Unbosom all our cares.

4 And may the gospel's joyful sound,
Enforced by mighty grace,
Awaken many sinners round,
To come and fill the place.

[206 COWPER.*
*Where two or three are gathered together in
My name there am I.—Matt. xviii. 20.*

1 JESUS, where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat :
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind ;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And going, take Thee to their home.

OPENING A PLACE OF WORSHIP.

- 3 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care ;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.
- 4 Behold ! at Thy commanding word
We stretch the curtain and the cord ;
Come Thou, and fill this wider space,
And bless us with a large increase.
- 5 Lord, we are sure that Thou art near,
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear :
O rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts Thine own.

1207 C.M. W. C. BRYANT.
*Arise, O Lord, into Thy rest ; Thou and the
ark of Thy strength.—Ps. cxxxii. 8.*

- 1 **O** THOU, whose own vast temple stands
Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship Thee.
- 2 Lord, from Thine inmost glory send,
Within these courts to 'bide,
The peace that dwelleth, without end,
Serenely by Thy side.
- 3 May erring minds that worship here
Be taught the better way ;
And they who mourn, and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.
- 4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While round these hallowed walls the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

OPENING A PLACE OF WORSHIP.

208 L.M. H. WARE.●
All Thine own.—1 Chron. xxix. 16.

WITH praise and prayer our gift we bring,
And consecrate to Power divine ;
Great God, accept the offering,
And make it wholly, only Thine.

- 2 O that we may not look in vain
To see Thy glory here displayed !
As when, within thine ancient fane,
Thy royal servant knelt and prayed.
 - 3 We kneel—we pray—with earnest voice,
Our fervent supplications swell ;
Speak, Lord, and bid our souls rejoice
To know that here Thy grace shall dwell.
 - 4 O, let Thy presence ne'er depart ;
Far hence be earth and error driven ;
Come, Lord, and sanctify each heart,
And teach pure lips to plead for heaven.
 - 5 Here let the love of God engage
The spirit's purest, first desires ;
While Truth unfolds her ample page,
And zeal enkindles all her fires.
 - 6 Here, honouring and like their Lord,
May gifted bands of teachers rise
To bear His glorious name abroad
And train immortals for the skies.
-

RE-OPENING A PLACE OF WORSHIP.

1209 C.M. JOHN RIPPON and C. H. SPURGEON.
So worship I the God of my fathers.
Acts xxiv. 14.

- 1 **O** GOD, before whose radiant throne
The heavenly armies bend,
Now graciously incline Thine ear,
And to our suit attend.
- 2 Where our forefathers joined in praise,
We meet to praise Thy name,
Where they Thy faithful promise proved,
We find Thee still the same.
- 3 This house, these walls, re-edified,
Are raised, Lord, for Thee ;
In all the plenitude of grace,
In this assembly be.
- 4 Here may the dead be made alive,
Backsliding souls return ;
More grace by gracious souls be felt,
And saints like seraphs burn.
- 5 Here build Thy church, maintain Thy cause,
Nor let it e'er decline ;
But flourish till the Lord descends
In majesty divine.

1210 L.M. S. WOLCOTT.⁹
Where prayer was wont to be made.
Acts xvi. 13.

- 1 **T**HIS house, most holy Lord, is Thine ;
Its strength and beauty are Thine own ;
These courts we throng with praise divine,
And lift our homage to Thy throne.

OPENING AN ORGAN.

- 2 Thy covenant was our fathers' trust,
God of the faithful and the free !
Devoutly o'er their sleeping dust,
Our sacred tribute swells to Thee.
- 3 Thy dwelling consecrates this ground ;
Thy presence crowns Thy chosen seat ;
And from these hallowed walls shall sound
The call to worship at Thy feet.
- 4 The old and young shall hither flock ;
Here happy households join in prayer ;
The joyful saints here praise their Rock ;
The burdened cast on Christ their care.
- 5 And when the house we enter glad
Shall miss our presence and our praise,
In heaven above, with glory clad,
The song immortal shall we raise.

OPENING AN ORGAN.

211 C.M. Double. H. WARE.
*Praise Him with stringed instruments and
organs.—Psalm cl. 4.*

- 1 **A**LL nature's works His praise declare,
To whom they all belong ;
There is a voice in every star,
In every breeze a song.
Sweet music fills the world abroad
With strains of love and power ;
The stormy sea sings praise to God,
The thunder and the shower.
- 2 To God the tribes of ocean cry,
And birds upon the wing ;
To God the powers that dwell on high
Their tuneful tribute bring.

THANKS FOR RAIN.

Like them, let man the throne surround,
With them loud chorus raise,
While instruments of loftier sound
Assist his feeble praise.

- 3 Thy glory, Lord, we celebrate
With heaven's immortal throngs ;
The pealing organ consecrate
To aid our happy songs.
Oh, teach its rich and swelling notes
To lift our souls on high,
And while the music round us floats,
Let earth-born passion die.

THANKS FOR RAIN.

1212

5555.

A. L. P., PEOPLE'S HYMNAL

Thou, O God, didst send a plentiful rain.

Psalm lxxviii. 9.

- 1 **O** SING to the Lord,
Whose bountiful hand
Again doth accord
His gifts to the land.
- 2 His clouds have shed down
Their plenteousness here ;
His goodness shall crown
The hopes of the year.
- 3 In clefts of the hills
The founts He hath burst,
And poureth their rills
Through valleys athirst.
- 4 The river of God
The pastures hath blest,
The dry, withered sod
In greenness is dressed.

IN AN EPIDEMIC.

- 5 And every fold
Shall teem with its sheep
With harvests of gold
The fields shall be deep ;
- 6 The vales shall rejoice
With laughter and song,
And man's grateful voice
The music prolong.
- 7 So, too, may He pour
The Last and the First,
His graces in store
On spirits athirst ;
- 8 Till when the great day
Of harvest hath come,
He takes us away
To garner at home.

IN AN EPIDEMIC.

1213

C.M. Double.

[E. H. PLUMPTRE.]

They...brought unto Him all that were diseased ; and besought Him that they might only touch the hem of His garment : and as many as touched were made perfectly whole.—Matt. xiv. 35, 36.

- 1 **T**HINE arm, O Lord, in days of old
Was strong to heal and save ;
It triumphed o'er disease and death,
O'er darkness and the grave :
To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb,
The palsied and the lame,
The leper with his tainted life,
The sick with fevered frame.

IN AN EPIDEMIC.

- 2 And, lo, Thy touch brought life and health,
Gave speech, and strength, and sight ;
And youth renewed and frenzy calmed
Owned Thee, the Lord of Light.
And now, O Lord, be near to bless,
Almighty as of yore,
In crowded street, by restless couch,
As by Gennesareth's shore.
- 3 Be Thou our great Deliverer still,
Thou Lord of life and death,
Restore and quicken, soothe and bless
With Thine almighty breath :
To hands that work, and eyes that see,
Give wisdom's heavenly lore,
That whole and sick, and weak and strong,
May praise Thee evermore.

1214

L.M.
Psalm cii.

WATTS.

- 1 SPARE us, O Lord, aloud we pray,
Nor let our sun go down at noon ;
Thy years are one eternal day,
And must Thy children die so soon ?
- 2 Yet in the midst of death and grief,
The thought our sorrow should assuage,
Our Father and our Saviour live ;
Christ is the same, through every age.
- 3 'Twas He the earth's foundations laid ;
Heaven is the building of His hand ;
The earth grows old, these heavens shall fade,
And all be changed at His command.



AFTER AN EPIDEMIC.

- 4 The starry curtains of the sky,
Like garments, shall be laid aside ;
But still Thy throne stands firm and high,
Thy church for ever must abide.

AFTER AN EPIDEMIC.

215

L.M.
Psalm xxx.

WATTS.

- 1 I WILL extol Thee, Lord, on high ;
At Thy command diseases fly ;
Who but the Lord can speak and save
From the dark borders of the grave ?
- 2 Sing to the Lord, ye saints of His,
And tell how large His goodness is ;
Let all your powers rejoice and bless,
While you record His holiness.
- 3 His anger but a moment stays ;
His love is life and length of days ;
Though grief and tears the night employ,
The morning star restores the joy.

FOR SERVICES AT SEA.

216

C.M.
Psalm cvii.

ADDISON.*

- 1 HOW are Thy servants blest, O Lord !
How sure is their defence !
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.

FOR SERVICES AT SEA.

- 2 In foreign realms and lands remote,
Supported by Thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.
- 3 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know Thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.
- 4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to Thy will!
The sea that roars at Thy command,
At Thy command is still.
- 5 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we adore:
We praise Thee for Thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.
- 6 Our life, while Thou preservest life,
A sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to Thee.

1217 L.M.
O God of our salvation; who art the confidence...of them that are afar off upon the sea.—Psalm lxxv. 5.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY Father, hear our cry,
As o'er the trackless deep we roam;
Be Thou our haven always nigh,
On homeless waters Thou our home.
- 2 O Jesu, Saviour, at whose voice
The tempest sank to perfect rest,
Bid Thou the mourner's heart rejoice,
And cleanse and calm the troubled breast.

• FOR SERVICES AT SEA.

Holy Ghost, beneath whose power
The ocean woke to life and light,
Command Thy blessing in this hour,
Thy fostering warmth, Thy quickening might.

See, God, the Holy Trinity,
We love, we worship, we adore ;
Our refuge on time's changeful sea,
Our joy on heaven's eternal shore.

18 C.M.
*They that go down to the sea in ships, that
do business in great waters ; these see the
works of the Lord and His wonders in
the deep.—Ps. cvii. 23. 24.*

- 1 O LORD, be with us while we sail
Upon the lonely deep,
Our guard when on the silent deck
The midnight watch we keep.
- 2 We need not fear, though all around
'Mid rising winds we hear
The multitude of waters surge :
For Thou, O God, art near.
- 3 'The calm, the breeze, the gale, the storm,
That pass from land to land,
All, all, are Thine, are held within
The hollow of Thine hand.
- 4 If duty calls from threatened strife
To guard our native shore,
And shot and shell are answering
The booming cannon's roar ;
- 5 Be Thou the main-guard of our host
Till war and dangers cease,
Defend the right, put up the sword,
And through the world make peace.

ON BEHALF OF THOSE AT SEA.

6 To Thee the Father, Thee the Son,
Whom earth and sky adore,
And Spirit, moving o'er the deep,
Be praise for evermore !

ON BEHALF OF THOSE AT SEA.

1219 L.M. Six lines. [W. WHITING.]
He maketh the storm a calm.—Ps. cvii. 29.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bidst the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep.
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.
- 2 O Christ, whose voice the waters heard
And hushed their raging at Thy word,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amidst its rage didst sleep ;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.
- 3 Most Holy Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
And bid its angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace ;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.
- 4 O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour ;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go ;
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.



MARRIAGE.

220 386, 886. C. WORDSWORTH.
Marriage is honourable in all.—Heb. xiii. 4.

BLESS these Thy servants, gracious Lord,
Whom Thou dost join in sweet accord,
The bridegroom and the bride ;
In sorrow, sickness, and in health,
In tribulation and in wealth,
Be Thou their Help and Guide !

May they for ever have Thee near,
Making them to Thyself more dear,
And each to each in Thee ;
So when from earthly cares released
May they at Thine own Marriage Feast
Be blest eternally !

To Father, whose paternal love
Sends benedictions from above,
Eternal praises be ;
And God the Son, Incarnate Word,
With Holy Spirit be adored ;
One God and Persons Three !

221 87s. Double. [CARPENTER.*]
*There was a marriage in Cana...and...Jesus
was called...to the marriage.*—John ii. 1, 2.

1 LORD and Father of creation,
From Thy heavenly throne above,
Make Thy face to shine upon them,
Deign to bless their plighted love.
With Thy peace, Thy strength, Thy gladness,
Bless the bridegroom and the bride,
Through the years that lie before them
Let Thy light their footsteps guide.

MARRIAGE.

- 2 To the bride, beyond her beauty,
Give her still Thy grace to know :
To the bridegroom, for her portion,
On her heavenly gifts bestow.
So their bridal gifts shall never
Fade, as earthly things decay,
But the bride and bridegroom ever
Dwell with Thee in endless day.

1222 ^{7 6s.} *A threefold cord is not quickly broken.* J. KEBLE
Eccl. iv. 12.

- 1 **T**HE voice that breathed o'er Eden,
That earliest wedding day,
The primal marriage blessing,
It hath not passed away :
- 2 Still in the pure espousal
Of Christian man and maid,
The Holy Three are with us,
The threefold grace is said.
- 3 For dower of blessèd children,
For love and faith's sweet sake,
For high mysterious union
Which nought on earth may break ;
- 4 Be present, awful Father,
To give away this bride,
As Eve Thou gav'st to Adam
Out of his own pierced side ;
- 5 Be present, Son of Mary,
To join their loving hands,
As Thou didst bind two natures
In Thine eternal bands ;
- 6 Be present, Holiest Spirit,
To bless them as they kneel,
As Thou for Christ, the Bridegroom,
The heavenly spouse dost seal.

MARRIAGE.

O spread Thy pure wing o'er them,
Let no ill power find place,
When onward through life's journey
The hallowed path they trace,
To cast their crowns before Thee,
In perfect sacrifice,
Till to the home of gladness
With Christ's own Bride they rise.

223 76, 76, 76, 76. [J. S. B. MONSELL.*]
*God is love; and he that dwelleth in love
dwelleth in God, and God in him.*

1 John iv. 16.

- 1 **O** LOVE divine and golden,
Mysterious depth and height !
To Thee the world beholden,
Looks up for life and light :
O Love divine and gentle,
The Blesser and the blest !
Beneath Thy care parental
The world lies down in rest.
- 2 O Love divine and tender,
That through our homes dost move,
Veiled in the softened splendour
Of holy household love,
A throne without Thy blessing,
Were labour without rest,
And cottages, possessing
Thy blessedness, are blest.
- 3 Bless Thou those hands united ;
Bless 'Thou these hearts made one ;
Unsevered and unblighted
May they through life go on :
Here in earth's home preparing
For brighter scenes above ;
And there for ever sharing
Thy home of perfect love.

FOR A FAMILY.

1224 ^{8 7s.} ^{C. WESLEY.*}
If the house be worthy, let your peace come upon it.—Matthew x. 13.

- 1 **P**EACE be to this habitation,
Peace to all that dwell herein ;
Peace, the earnest of salvation,
Peace, the fruit of pardoned sin ;
Peace, that speaks the heavenly Giver ;
Peace to earthly minds unknown ;
Peace divine, that lasts for ever,
Peace that comes from God alone.
- 2 Prince of peace, be ever near us ;
Fix in all our hearts Thy home ;
With Thy gracious presence cheer us ;
Let Thy sacred kingdom come.
Raise to heaven our expectation ;
Give our raptured souls to prove
Glorious and complete salvation,
In the realms of bliss above.

1225 ^{6 5, 6 5, 6 6, 5.} [ALARIC A. WATTS.]
God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.—Revelation vii. 17.

- 1 **W**HEN shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever ?
When will peace wreathe her chain
Round us for ever ?
Our hearts will ne'er repose,
Safe from each blast that blows,
In this dark vale of woes ;
Never, no never.

FOR A FAMILY.

- 2 When shall love freely flow
Pure as life's river ?
When shall sweet friendship glow
Changeless for ever ?
When joys celestial thrill,
When bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill,
Never, no never.
- 3 Up to that world of light
Take us, dear Saviour ;
May we all there unite,
Happy for ever.
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel,
Never, no never.
- 4 Soon shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever ;
Soon shall peace wreath her chain
Round us for ever.
Our hearts will then repose,
Secure from earthly woes ;
Our song of praise shall close,
Never, no never.

26 C.M. DODDRIDGE.*
The Lord blessed the house.—1 Chron. xiii. 14.

SHINE on our souls, eternal God,
With rays of beauty shine ;
Oh, let Thy favour crown our days,
And all their round be Thine.

With Thee let every week begin ;
With Thee each day be spent ;
For Thee each fleeting hour improved,
Since each by Thee is lent.

FOR A FAMILY.

- 3 'Thus cheer us through the desert road,
Till all our labours cease,
And heaven refresh our weary souls
With everlasting peace.

1227 L.M. H. ALFORD.
*The voice of rejoicing and salvation is in
the tabernacles of the righteous.*—Ps. cxviii. 15.

- 1 SAVIOUR of them that trust in Thee,
Once more with supplicating cries,
We lift the heart, and bend the knee,
And bid devotion's incense rise.
- 2 For mercies past we praise Thee, Lord,
The fruits of earth, the hopes of heaven;
Thy helping arm, Thy guiding word,
And answered prayers, and sins forgiven.
- 3 Whene'er we tread on danger's height,
Or walk temptation's slippery way,
Be still, to steer our steps aright,
Thy word our guide, Thine arm our stay.
- 4 Be ours Thy fear and favour still,
United hearts, unchanging love;
No scheme that contradicts Thy will,
No wish that centres not above.
- 5 And since we must be parted here,
Support us when the hour shall come;
Wipe gently off the mourner's tear,
Re-join us in our heavenly home.

1228 C.M.
Shew piety at home.—1 Tim. v. 4.

- 1 HAPPY the home when God is there,
And love fills every breast;
Where one their wish, and one their prayer,
And one their heavenly rest.

FOR A FAMILY.

- Happy the home where Jesus' name
Is sweet to every ear ;
Where children early lisp His fame,
And parents hold Him dear.
- 3 Happy the home where prayer is heard,
And praise is wont to rise,
Where parents love the sacred word,
And live but for the skies.
- 4 Lord ! let us in our home agree,
This blessed peace to gain ;
Unite our hearts in love to Thee,
And love to all will reign.

1229 L.M. H. WARE.
Thou shalt see thy children's children.
Psalm cxxviii. 6.

- 1 **I**N this glad hour, when children meet,
And home with them their children bring,
Our hearts with one affection beat,
One song of praise our voices sing.
- 2 For all the faithful, loved and dear,
Whom Thou so kindly, Lord, hast given,
For those who still are with us here,
And those who wait for us in heaven ;—
- 3 For every past and present joy,
For honour, competence, and health,
For hopes which time may not destroy,
Our soul's imperishable wealth ;
- 4 For all, accept our humble praise ;
Still bless us, Father, by Thy love ;
And when are closed our mortal days,
Unite us in one home above.

FOR COLONISTS.

1230

8s. Eight lines.

[E. SWAINE.]

*Thus shall they know that I the Lord their
God am with them.—Ezek. xxxiv. 30.*

- 1 HAIL, blessèd communion of love—
Communion of saints with their Head,
United by grace from above,
And here by His providence led.
Our God, by whose hand we are brought
From homes in our loved fatherland,
Our God, by whose grace we are taught,
Thyself be our home in this land.
- 2 Some, wearied and worn in the way,
Scarce hoping a place of relief;
And some who had long gone astray,
Here find we a respite from grief.
A time to recover our strength,
To serve Thee a little below,
Till, ended our labours, at length,
Thy service in heaven we know.
- 3 Till then, we will echo the strain,
O'er mountain and valley and shore,
All glory to Him that was slain,
And liveth and loves evermore!
His banner we set up alone,
His truth and His laws to defend,
His foes to account as our own,
His people and cause to befriend.

NATIONAL HYMNS.
GENERAL.

1231 C.M. [WRETFORD]
*Blessed be the Lord, that hath given rest unto
His people.—1 Kings viii. 56.*

- 1 LORD, while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
O hear us for our native land ;—
The land we love the most.
- 2 Our fathers' sepulchres are here,
And here our kindred dwell ;
Our children too ;—how should we love
Another land so well !
- 3 O guard our shores from every foe,
With peace our borders bless :
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.
- 4 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and Thee :
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.
- 5 Here may religion pure and mild,
Upon our Sabbaths smile ;
And piety and virtue reign,
And bless our native isle.
- 6 Lord of the nations, thus to Thee
Our country we commend ;
Be Thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting Friend.

NATIONAL HYMNS :

1232 S.M. C. WORDSWORTH
O Lord, hear ; O Lord, forgive.—Dan. ix. 1

- 1 **F**ATHER, we humbly pray
 To Thee in whom we live ;
 Our countless sins, for Jesu's sake
 Forgive, O Lord, forgive.
- 2 We have unthankful been
 For all Thy tender care ;
 Thy righteous anger we deserve ;
 But spare, O Father, spare.
- 3 The creatures of Thy hand
 Made for 'Thy glory are ;
 But we Thy creatures have abused ;
 Spare us, O Father, spare.
- 4 From plague and pestilence,
 From famine, fire and sword,
 From storm and flood, from dearth and drough
 Deliver us, O Lord.
- 5 From hard and stubborn hearts
 Scorning Thy Holy Word,
 From discord, strife, and heresy,
 Deliver us, O Lord.
- 6 With genial rains and dews
 Temper the circling year,
 With golden sunshine and fresh breeze,
 Hear us, O Father, hear.
- 7 Sheepfolds and garners fill
 The homestead and the stall ;
 Orchards and gardens crown with fruits,
 Maker and Lord of all !
- 8 Love in our households breathe,
 Hearts ready to obey
 As in Thy sight, and as to Thee,
 Give us, O Lord, we pray.

GENERAL.

Bless, Lord, our gracious Queen
With Thy best bounties bless ;
Grant her a long and glorious reign
In peace and quietness.

Bless, Lord, Thy Holy Church,
With heavenly graces bless,
That it may flourish and abound
In love and godliness.

11 Bishops and deacons bless,
Holy, and grave, and wise,
Faithful and zealous may they be
In all their ministries.

12 Our schools of learning bless,
Our colleges and halls ;
May piety and wisdom dwell
Alway within their walls.

13 Counsel in senates give,
Justice and law maintain,
And make contentment in all hearts
And loyalty to reign.

14 Our fleets and armies bless
With courage from on high ;
And in all just and righteous wars
Give them the victory.

15 The widow desolate,
The children fatherless,
All who in grief and sorrow are
Comfort, O Lord, and bless.

16 The erring and in sin,
All, Lord, who from Thee stray,
Bring them, O bring them back again
To Thy most holy way.

NATIONAL HYMNS :

- 17 All who to heathen climes
Go forth and preach Thy Word,
Bearing glad tidings of good things,
Speed them, and help them, Lord.
- 18 May all who sit in gloom
Thy glorious light behold,
One faith, one Lord and Father own,
One shepherd, and one fold !
- 19 So may we all with Christ
To highest heaven ascend,
And Hallelujahs sing to Thee
For ages without end.

1233 8886. Double. HEBER.⁴
That we may lead a quiet and peaceable life.
1 Tim. ii. 2.

- 1 FROM foes that would the land devour;
From guilty pride and lust of power;
From wild sedition's lawless hour;
From yoke of slavery :
From blinded zeal by faction led;
From giddy change by fancy bred;
From poisonous error's serpent head,
Good Lord, preserve us free !
- 2 Defend, O God ! with guardian hand,
The laws and rulers of our land,
And grant Thy church Thy grace to stand
In faith and unity !
The Spirit's help of Thee we crave,
That Thou whose blood was shed to save
May'st at Thy second coming, have
A flock to welcome Thee !

1234 664, 6664. J. S. DWIGHT:
Save Thy people.—Psalm xxviii. 9.
1 GOD bless our native land,
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night ;

GENERAL.

When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of winds and wave,
Do Thou our country save,
By Thy great might.

- 2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God above the skies ;
On Him we wait.
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee alone we cry—
God save the State !

235 87s. Double. T. H. GILL.
*Render, therefore, unto Cæsar the things
which are Cæsar's, and unto God the
things that are God's.—Matt. xxii. 21.*

- 1 **L**ORD ! Thy gracious voice hath spoken,
Lord ! Thy faithful ones obey ;
Not by us be rudely broken
Christ's command or Cæsar's sway
God too greatly cannot task us—
Tribute glad we bring the Lord ;
Service slight must Cæsar ask us—
Tribute small can we afford.
- 2 Yet each holier soul desireth
Nobler Cæsars to appear :
Each diviner hour requireth
Powers and thrones more glorious here.
All our tribute, all our treasure
We would spend where we can love ;
Jesus ! come and be our Cæsar !
Sovereign herè as Lord above.
- 3 Low before Thy kingdom's splendour
Make the world's poor kingdoms bow
Lord to Thee our all we render—
Thou our gracious Cæsar, Thou !

NATIONAL HYMNS :

Thy mild monarchy victorious
 Half Thy Word shall needless make.
 Our least service shall be glorious—
 All our tribute God shall take.

1236

C.M.

WATTS.

*Render, therefore, unto Cæsar the things
 which are Cæsar's; and unto God the
 things that are God's.—Matt. xxii. 21.*

- 1 **E**TERNAL Sovereign of the sky,
 And Lord of all below,
 We mortals to thy Majesty
 Our first obedience owe.
- 2 Our souls adore Thy throne supreme,
 And bless Thy providence
 For magistrates of meaner name,
 Our glory and defence.
- 3 Kingdoms on firm foundations stand
 While virtue finds reward;
 And sinners perish from the land
 By justice and the sword.
- 4 Let Cæsar's due be ever paid
 To Cæsar and his throne;
 But consciences and souls were made
 To be the Lord's alone.

1237

Irregular.

*Pray unto the Lord for it; for in the peace
 thereof shall ye have peace.—Jer. xxix. 7.*

- 1 **N**OW pray we for our country,
 That England long may be
 The holy and the happy,
 And the gloriously free.
- 2 Who blesseth her is blessed,
 So peace be in her walls,
 And joy in all her palaces,
 Her cottages, and halls.

NATIONAL HYMNS:
THANKSGIVING.

238

L.M.
Psalm cxlvii.

WATTS.

- 1 **O** Britain, praise thy mighty God,
And make His honours known abroad ;
He bid the ocean round Thee flow ;
Not bars of brass could guard Thee so.
- 2 Thy children are secure and blest ;
Thy shores have peace, Thy cities rest ;
He feeds Thy sons with finest wheat,
And adds His blessing to their meat.
- 3 Thy changing seasons He ordains,
Thine early and Thy later rains ;
His flakes of snow like wool He sends,
And thus the springing corn defends.
- 4 He bids the southern breezes blow,
The ice dissolves, the waters flow ;
But He hath nobler works and ways
To call the Britons to His praise.
- 5 To all the isle His laws are shown,
His gospel through the nation known ;
He hath not thus revealed His word
To every land. Praise ye the Lord !

239

87. Double.

T. H. GILL.

*Shewing to the generation to come the praises
of the Lord, and His strength, and His wonder-
ful works that He hath done.—Ps. lxxviii. 4.*

- 1 **L**IFT Thy song among the nations,
England, of the Lord beloved ;
Sing the grace for generations
That hath kept Thy lamp unmoved ;

NATIONAL HYMNS :

- Sing how vainly hosts assembled
'Gainst the isle of His delight ;
Sing how tyrants turned and trembled
When His arm upheld Thy right !
- 2 Sing how He, the Lord, hath brought Thee
Onward still, from height to height,
How the heavenly lustre sought Thee,
Ere it made the world more bright.
Let the freedom long-descended
Gloriously uplift Thy voice—
In the good old cause defended
By Thy men of might, rejoice !
- 3 Sing how He His England crownèd,
When He loosed the yoke of Rome ;
Sing how He His truth enthronèd
In this consecrated home ;
How He trusts Thee with the treasure
Of His word to send it forth ;
Mightily fulfil His pleasure ;
Send His word o'er all the earth !
- 4 Sing, how gleamed His sword victorious,
In the hands of heroes Thine ;
How His fire more sweetly glorious
Streamèd from Thy souls divine !
Let no marvel of Thy story
Lose its place amidst the praise !
Praise Him for Thine olden glory !
Praise Him for these latter days !
- 5 Sing how freedom's fire abideth
Where it first did burn and shine ;
How for Thee, the Lord provideth
Boundless realms and tasks divine !
Costly gifts of old Thou broughtest,
Holy songs Thou once didst bring ;
Seek the Lord, as once Thou soughtest ;
Mighty serve and mighty sing !

THANKSGIVING.

O 10, 10, 11, 11. T. H. GILL.
He hath not dealt so with any nation.
Psalm cxlvii. 20.

'ER fulness of grace, blest Britain, rejoice ;
In fulness of heart triumphantly sing ;
A thousand the mercies that gladden thy voice,
But let thy chief glory most gloriously ring.

Rejoice in the King who gave thee each gift,
The freedom, the skill, the strength, and the
store ;

But songs yet more glad to the Giver uplift,
Who gave thee His gospel, who taught thee
His lore.

He loosed thy neck from Rome's grievous yoke ;
Before thee her power and pride He subdued ;
Her darkness He scattered, her idols He broke ;
Thy realm He redeemèd, thy soul He renewed.

4 He bade thee o'er earth His gospel make known ;
His fulness of grace on Britain He spent ;
Lo ! high He enthronèd His truth on thy throne,
And with His own glory thy glory He blent.

5 Because of His truth He widened thy reign ;
He crownèd the isle that welcomed His word ;
He made of far regions thy long-sweeping train,
And put in thine hand an invincible sword.

6 Remember thy chiefs His glory who sought ;
Remember thy seers His bidding who spake ;
Remember thy heroes His battles who fought ;
Remember thy martyrs who died for His sake.

7 Unlearn not the lore thy Wycliffe well learned ;
Forsake not the cause thy Milton approved ;
Forget not the fire where thy Latimer burned,
Nor turn from the truth that thy Cromwell so
loved.

NATIONAL HYMNS :

8 The yoke they cast off, of thee still be spurned;
The idols they broke, of thee be abhorred:
Still cleave where they cleavèd, still yearn as
they yearned;
Be glad with their gladness; be true to their
Lord!

9 His wonders adore, thy bright past respect;
To praise His great name thy glory employ;
Rejoice, thou beloved! be glad, thou elect!
Break forth into singing beneath the full joy!

1241 L.M. Six lines, triplets.
Pray unto the Lord for it.—Jer. xxix. 7.

1 WITH grateful hearts, with joyful tongues,
To God we raise united songs;
His power and mercy we proclaim.
Through every age may Britons own
Jehovah here has fixed His throne,
And triumph in His mighty name.

2 Long as the moon her course shall run,
Or men behold the circling sun,
O God, in Britain hold Thy reign!
Crown her just counsels with success,
With truth and peace her borders bless,
And all Thy sacred rights maintain.

1242 7s. Double.
*To give thee great and goodly cities, which
thou buildest not, and houses full of all good
things, which thou filledst not.*

Deuteronomy vi. 10, 11.

1 SWELL the anthem, raise the song;
Praises to our God belong;
Saints and angels, join to sing
Praises to the heavenly King.
Blessings from His liberal hand
Flow around this happy land:
Kept by Him, no foes annoy;
Peace and freedom we enjoy.



THANKSGIVING.

- 2 Here, beneath a virtuous sway,
May we cheerfully obey ;
Never feel oppression's rod,
Ever own and worship God.
Hark, the voice of nature sings
Praises to the King of kings ;
Let us join the choral song,
And the grateful notes prolong.

1243 L.M. JOHN ELLERTON.
*What nation is there so great, who hath God
so nigh unto them, as the Lord our God is
in all things that we call upon Him for ?*
Deut. iv. 7.

- 1 PRAISE to our God, whose bounteous hand
Prepared of old our glorious land ;
A garden fenced with silver sea ;
A people prosperous, bold, and free.
- 2 Praise to our God ; through all our past
His mighty arm hath held us fast ;
'Till wars and perils, toils and tears,
Have brought the rich and peaceful years.
- 3 Praise to our God ; the vine He set
Within our coasts is fruitful yet ;
On many a shore her seedlings grow ;
'Neath many a sun her clusters glow.
- 4 Praise to our God ; His power alone
Can keep unmoved our ancient throne ;
Sustained by counsels wise and just,
And guarded by a people's trust.
- 5 Praise to our God ; who still forbears,
Who still this guilty nation spares ;
Who calls us still to seek His face,
And lengthens out our day of grace.

NATIONAL HYMNS :

- 6 Praise to our God ; though chastenings stern
Our evil dross should throughly burn ;
His rod and staff, from age to age,
Shall rule and guide His heritage !

HUMILIATION.

1244 C.M. Double. J. H. GURNEY
We have sinned and have committed iniquity
Daniel ix. 5.

- 1 GREAT King of nations, hear our prayer,
While at Thy feet we fall,
And humbly, with united cry,
To Thee for mercy call.
The guilt is ours, but grace is Thine ;
O turn us not away ;
But hear us from Thy lofty throne,
And help us when we pray.
- 2 Our fathers' sins were manifold,
And ours no less, we own ;
Yet wondrously, from age to age,
Thy goodness hath been shown.
When dangers, like a stormy sea,
Beset our country round,
To Thee we looked, to Thee we cried,
And help in Thee we found.
- 3 With one consent we meekly bow
Beneath Thy chastening hand,
And, pouring forth confessions meet,
Mourn with our mourning land.
With pitying eye behold our need,
As thus we lift our prayer,
Correct us with Thy judgments, Lord,
Then let Thy mercy spare.

HUMILIATION.

245

C.M.

HART.*

Who can tell if God will turn ?
Jonah iii. 9.

- 1 LORD, look on all assembled here,
Who in Thy presence stand,
'To intercede with prayer sincere
For this our sinful land.
- 2 Oh, may we all, with one consent,
Fall low before Thy throne ;
With tears the nation's sins lament,
The churches' and our own.
- 3 Great God of hosts, deliverance bring ;
Guide those who hold the helm ;
Support the State, preserve the Queen,
And spare the guilty realm.
- 4 Or, should the dread decree be past,
And we must feel the rod,
Let faith and patience hold us fast
'To our correcting God.

246

C.M.

STEELE.*

Sanctify ye a fast.—Joel i. 14.

- 1 BEHOLD, O Lord, before Thy throne
Thy mourning people bend ;
'Tis on Thy sovereign grace alone
Our humble hopes depend.
- 2 Tremendous judgments from Thy hand
Thy dreadful power display ;
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And yet we live to pray.
- 3 Great God, and why is Britain spared,
Ungrateful as we are ?
Oh, make Thine awful warnings heard,
While mercy cries, Forbear !

NATIONAL HYMNS :

- 4 Turn us, oh ! turn us, blessèd Lord,
By Thine almighty grace ;
Then shall our hearts obey Thy word,
And humbly seek Thy face.
- 5 Hear Thou our prayers, and grant us aid ;
Bid war and discord cease ;
Heal the sad breach that sin has made,
And bless our land with peace.

1247 L.M. H. WARE.
O Lord, to us belongeth confusion of face.
Daniel ix. 8.

- 1 GREAT King of all, our nation's God,
Oh, hear Thy people's suppliant cry ;
We bow beneath Thy angry rod,
We raise to Thee the tearful eye.
- 2 Dark tempests brood upon our land,
And sorrow sits on every face ;
Oh, may we own Thy chastening hand !
Oh, may we seek and find Thy grace.
- 3 Thy favour, Lord, had raised us high,
High as our loftiest hopes could soar ;
But humbled now in dust we lie,
And peace and glory are no more.
- 4 For we abused the gifts of heaven,
Consumed Thy bounties on our lust,
Despised the word Thy grace had given.
And trod Thy promise in the dust.
- 5 Lord, we with penitence confess ;
We own Thy grace ; our sins we own ;
Deign yet to turn, receive, and bless,
Nor drive Thy children from Thy throne.

IN TIME OF WAR.

48

L.M.
Psalm lxxviii.

WATTS.

KINGDOMS and thrones to God belong ;
Crown Him, ye nations in your song ;
His wondrous names and powers rehearse ;
His honours shall enrich your verse.

In England are His mercies known ;
We'll speak the glories of His throne,
Proclaim Him King, pronounce Him blessed,
He's our defence, our joy, our rest.

God shall arise in all His might,
And put our enemies to flight ;
As smoke that sought to cloud the skies
Before the rising tempest flies.

49

7s. Double.

MILMAN.

*Which stilleth the noise of the seas...and
the tumult of the people....* Psalm lxxv. 7.

1 **L**ORD, Thou didst arise and say
To the troubled waters, Peace,
And the tempest died away ;
Down they sank, the foamy seas ;
And a calm and heaving sleep
Spread o'er all the glassy deep ;
All the azure lake serene
Like another heaven was seen.

2 Lord, Thy gracious word repeat
To the billows of the proud ;
Quell the tyrant's martial heat,
Quell the fierce and changing crowd ;

NATIONAL HYMNS :

Then the earth shall find repose
From its restless strife and woes ;
And an imaged heaven appear
On our world of darkness here.

1250

L.M.
Psalm xx.

WATTS.*

- 1 **N**OW may the God of power and grace
Attend His people's humble cry !
Oh, hear us in these evil days,
And send deliverance from on high.
- 2 In Thy salvation is our hope,
And in Thy name, O mighty God,
Our troops shall lift their banners up,
Our navies spread their flags abroad.
- 3 Now save us, Lord, from slavish fear ;
Now let our hopes be firm and strong,
Till Thy salvation shall appear,
And joy and triumph raise the song.

1251

L.M. SIR H. W. BAKER.
Lord, Thou wilt ordain peace for us.
Isaiah xxvi. 12.

- 1 **O** GOD of love ! O King of peace !
Make wars throughout the world to
cease ;
The wrath of sinful man restrain ;
Give peace, O God ! give peace again !
- 2 Remember, Lord, Thy works of old,
The wonders that our fathers told ;
Remember not our sin's dark stain ;
Give peace, O God ! give peace again !
- 3 Whom shall we trust but Thee, O Lord ?
Where rest but on Thy faithful word ?
None ever called on Thee in vain ;
Give peace, O God ! give peace again !

IN TIME OF WAR.

Where saints and angels dwell above,
All hearts are knit in holy love ;
Oh, bind us in that heavenly chain !
Give peace, O God ! give peace again !

1252

S.M. Double.
Psalm xlv.

C. WESLEY.*

1 **L**ET God, the mighty God,
The Lord of hosts, arise,
With terror clad, with strength endued,
And rend and bow the skies ;
Called down by faithful prayer,
Saviour, appear below ;
Thine hand lift up, Thine arm make bare,
Subdue and crush our foe.

2 Our refuge in distress,
In danger's darkest hour,
Appear as in the ancient days,
With full redeeming power ;
That Thy redeemed may sing
In glad triumphant strains,
The Lord is God, the Lord is King,
The Lord for ever reigns.

1253

11, 10, 11, 9. H. F. CHORLEY.
I make peace.—Is. xlv. 7.

1 **G**OD the all-terrible King, who ordainest
Great winds Thy clarions, the lightnings
Thy sword ;
Show forth Thy pity on high where Thou
reignest ;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

2 God the Omnipotent, mighty Avenger,
Watching invisible, judging unheard ;
Doom us not now in the hour of our danger ;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

NATIONAL HYMNS :

- 3 Lord God, we worship Thee !
Thou didst indeed chastise us ;
Yet still Thy anger spares,
And still Thy mercy tries us ;
Once more our Father's hand
Doth bid our sorrows flee.
And peace rejoice our land—
Lord God, we worship Thee !
- 4 Lord God, we worship Thee !
And pray Thee, who hast blest us,
That we may live in peace,
And none henceforth molest us.
Oh, crown us with Thy love ;
Fulfil our cry to Thee ;
O Father, grant our prayer ;
Lord God, we worship Thee !
-

T H E T H R O N E .

1256 L.M. Ten lines. C. WORDSWORTH.
*Kings shall be thy nursing fathers, and their
queens thy nursing mothers.—Is. xlix. 23.*

- 1 O SON of God, Eternal Word,
Conqueror of Satan, mighty Lord,
Who hast ascended up on high,
And reignest there eternally ;
To whom the Father now has given
All power and might in earth and heaven ;
Thee Lord and King the angels own,
And cast their crowns before Thy Throne ;
Thee shall all nations serve, to Thee
All kings shall humbly bow the knee.



THE THRONE.

- 2 How glorious will Thy kingdom be,
How awful, Lord, Thy majesty,
In that great day, the day of doom,
When Thou upon the clouds wilt come,
Like lightning's flash through darkness dim,
With legions of bright seraphim ;
When the last trump shall rend the skies,
When all shall from their graves arise,
And all be called their God to meet,
And stand before Thy judgment-seat !
- 3 May kings and queens Thy realm extend,
Thy gospel love, Thy truth defend ;
May they and all the world confess
That thrones subsist by righteousness ;
And, Lord, Thy best of blessings shed
Upon Thy chosen servant's head !
Give her what heaven alone imparts
A throne in all her people's hearts ;
Give blessings here, hereafter give
The crown and palm that ever live !

257 8 7s. Double.
God save the king.—1 Sam. x. 24.

- 1 LORD of heaven, and earth, and ocean,
Hear us from Thy bright abode,
While our hearts, with deep devotion,
Own their great and gracious God :
Now with joy we come before Thee ;
Countless have Thy mercies been ;
Lord of life, and strength, and glory,
Guard Thy church, and guide our Queen.
- 2 Thee, with humble adoration,
Lord, we praise for mercies past ;
Strength of this most favoured nation,
May Thy mercies ever last ;

NATIONAL HYMNS :

May our sons appear before Thee ;
 In Thy church Thy love be seen ;
 Lord of life, and light, and glory,
 Bless Thy people, bless our Queen.

1258 L.M.
The powers that be are ordained of God.
 Rom. xiii. 1.

- 1 **O** KING of kings, Thy blessing shed
 On our anointed Sovereign's head ;
 And, looking from Thy throne in heaven,
 Protect the crown Thyself hast given.
- 2 Her, for Thy sake, may we obey ;
 Uphold her right, and love her sway ;
 Remembering that the powers that be
 Are ministers ordained by Thee.
- 3 By her this favoured nation bless ;
 To all her councils give success ;
 In peace, in war, Thine aid be seen ;
 Confirm her strength : O save our Queen !
- 4 And O, when earthly thrones decay,
 And earthly kingdoms fade away,
 Give her a nobler throne on high,
 A crown of immortality.

1259 8 8 6, 8 8 6.
For kings, and all in authority.—1 Tim. ii. 2.

- 1 **L** ORD ! Thou hast bid Thy people pray,
 For all that bear the sovereign sway,
 And as Thy servants reign—
 Rulers, and governors, and powers ;
 Behold ! in faith, we pray for ours :
 Nor let us pray in vain.
- 2 Our Sovereign with Thy favour bless ;
 'Stablish the throne in righteousness :
 Let wisdom hold the helm



THE THRONE.

The counsels of our senate guide :
Let justice in our courts preside,
Rule 'Thou, and guard the realm.

260 ^{664, 6664.}
*And all the people shouted and said, God
save the king.—1 Sam. x. 24.*

1 GOD save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen :
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us :
God save the Queen.

2 O Lord, our God, arise,
Scatter her enemies,
And make them fall :
Confound their politics ;
Frustrate their knavish tricks ;
On Thee our hopes we fix ;
God save us all.

3 Thy choicest gifts in store
On her be pleased to pour ;
Long may she reign :
May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the Queen.



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NATIONAL HYMNS :

- 3 Lord God, we worship Thee !
Thou didst indeed chastise us ;
Yet still Thy anger spares,
And still Thy mercy tries us ;
Once more our Father's hand
Doth bid our sorrows flee.
And peace rejoice our land—
Lord God, we worship Thee !
- 4 Lord God, we worship Thee !
And pray Thee, who hast blest us,
That we may live in peace,
And none henceforth molest us.
Oh, crown us with Thy love ;
Fulfil our cry to Thee ;
O Father, grant our prayer ;
Lord God, we worship Thee !
-

THE THRONE.

1256 L.M. Ten lines. C. WORDSWORTH.
*Kings shall be thy nursing fathers, and their
queens thy nursing mothers.—Is. xlix. 23.*

- 1 O SON of God, Eternal Word,
Conqueror of Satan, mighty Lord,
Who hast ascended up on high,
And reignest there eternally ;
To whom the Father now has given
All power and might in earth and heaven ;
Thee Lord and King the angels own,
And cast their crowns before Thy Throne ;
Thee shall all nations serve, to Thee
All kings shall humbly bow the knee.



THE THRONE.

How glorious will Thy kingdom be,
How awful, Lord, Thy majesty,
In that great day, the day of doom,
When Thou upon the clouds wilt come,
Like lightning's flash through darkness dim,
With legions of bright seraphim ;
When the last trump shall rend the skies,
When all shall from their graves arise,
And all be called their God to meet,
And stand before Thy judgment-seat !

May kings and queens Thy realm extend,
Thy gospel love, Thy truth defend ;
May they and all the world confess
That thrones subsist by righteousness ;
And, Lord, Thy best of blessings shed
Upon Thy chosen servant's head !
Give her what heaven alone imparts
A throne in all her people's hearts ;
Give blessings here, hereafter give
The crown and palm that ever live !

57 8 7s. Double.
God save the king.—1 Sam. x. 24.

L ORD of heaven, and earth, and ocean,
Hear us from Thy bright abode,
While our hearts, with deep devotion,
Own their great and gracious God :
Now with joy we come before Thee ;
Countless have Thy mercies been ;
Lord of life, and strength, and glory,
Guard Thy church, and guide our Queen.

Thee, with humble adoration,
Lord, we praise for mercies past ;
Strength of this most favoured nation,
May Thy mercies ever last ;

NATIONAL HYMNS :

- 3 Lord God, we worship Thee !
Thou didst indeed chastise us ;
Yet still Thy anger spares,
And still Thy mercy tries us ;
Once more our Father's hand
Doth bid our sorrows flee.
And peace rejoice our land—
Lord God, we worship Thee !
- 4 Lord God, we worship Thee !
And pray Thee, who hast blest us,
That we may live in peace,
And none henceforth molest us.
Oh, crown us with Thy love ;
Fulfil our cry to Thee ;
O Father, grant our prayer ;
Lord God, we worship Thee !
-

THE THRONE.

1256 L.M. Ten lines. C. WORDSWORTH
*Kings shall be thy nursing fathers, and their
queens thy nursing mothers.—Is. xlix. 23.*

- 1 O SON of God, Eternal Word,
Conqueror of Satan, mighty Lord,
Who hast ascended up on high,
And reignest there eternally ;
To whom the Father now has given
All power and might in earth and heaven ;
Thee Lord and King the angels own,
And cast their crowns before Thy Throne ;
Thee shall all nations serve, to Thee
All kings shall humbly bow the knee.



THE THRONE.

- 2 How glorious will Thy kingdom be,
How awful, Lord, Thy majesty,
In that great day, the day of doom,
When Thou upon the clouds wilt come,
Like lightning's flash through darkness dim,
With legions of bright seraphim ;
When the last trump shall rend the skies,
When all shall from their graves arise,
And all be called their God to meet,
And stand before Thy judgment-seat !
- 3 May kings and queens Thy realm extend,
Thy gospel love, Thy truth defend ;
May they and all the world confess
That thrones subsist by righteousness ;
And, Lord, Thy best of blessings shed
Upon Thy chosen servant's head !
Give her what heaven alone imparts
A throne in all her people's hearts ;
Give blessings here, hereafter give
The crown and palm that ever live !

257 8 7s. Double.
God save the king.—1 Sam. x. 24.

- 1 LORD of heaven, and earth, and ocean,
Hear us from Thy bright abode,
While our hearts, with deep devotion,
Own their great and gracious God :
Now with joy we come before Thee ;
Countless have Thy mercies been ;
Lord of life, and strength, and glory,
Guard Thy church, and guide our Queen.
- 2 Thee, with humble adoration,
Lord, we praise for mercies past ;
Strength of this most favoured nation,
May Thy mercies ever last ;

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